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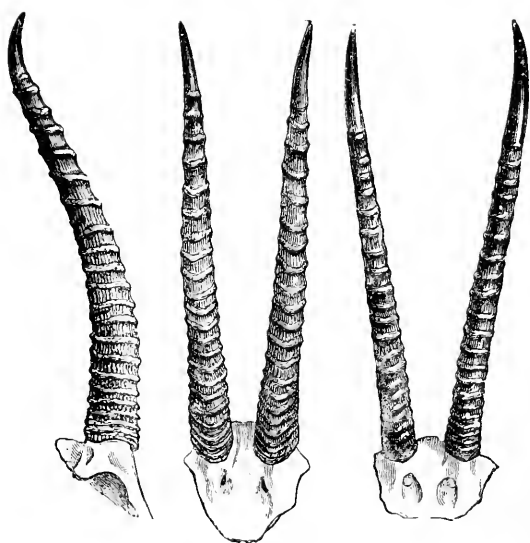
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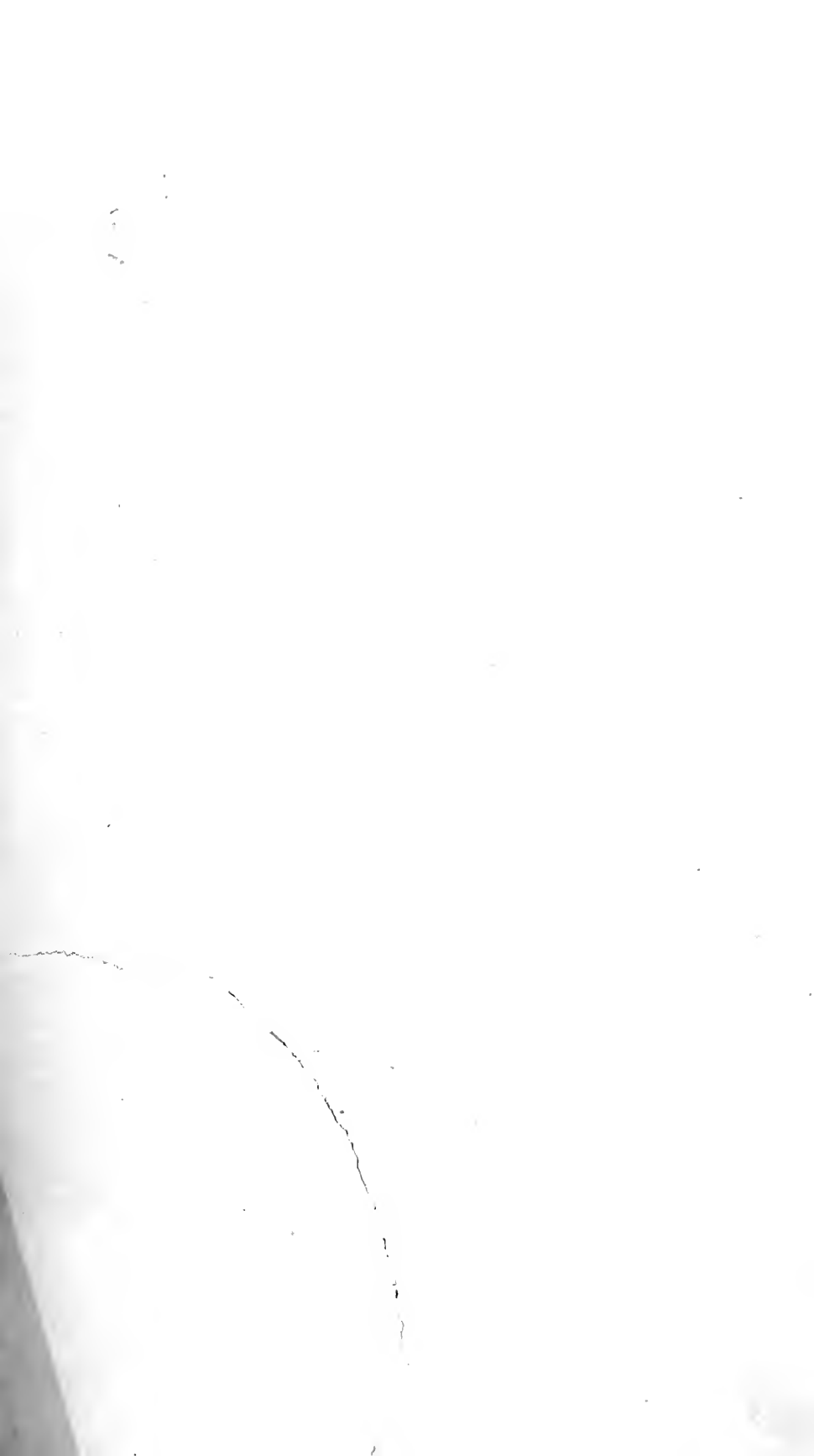
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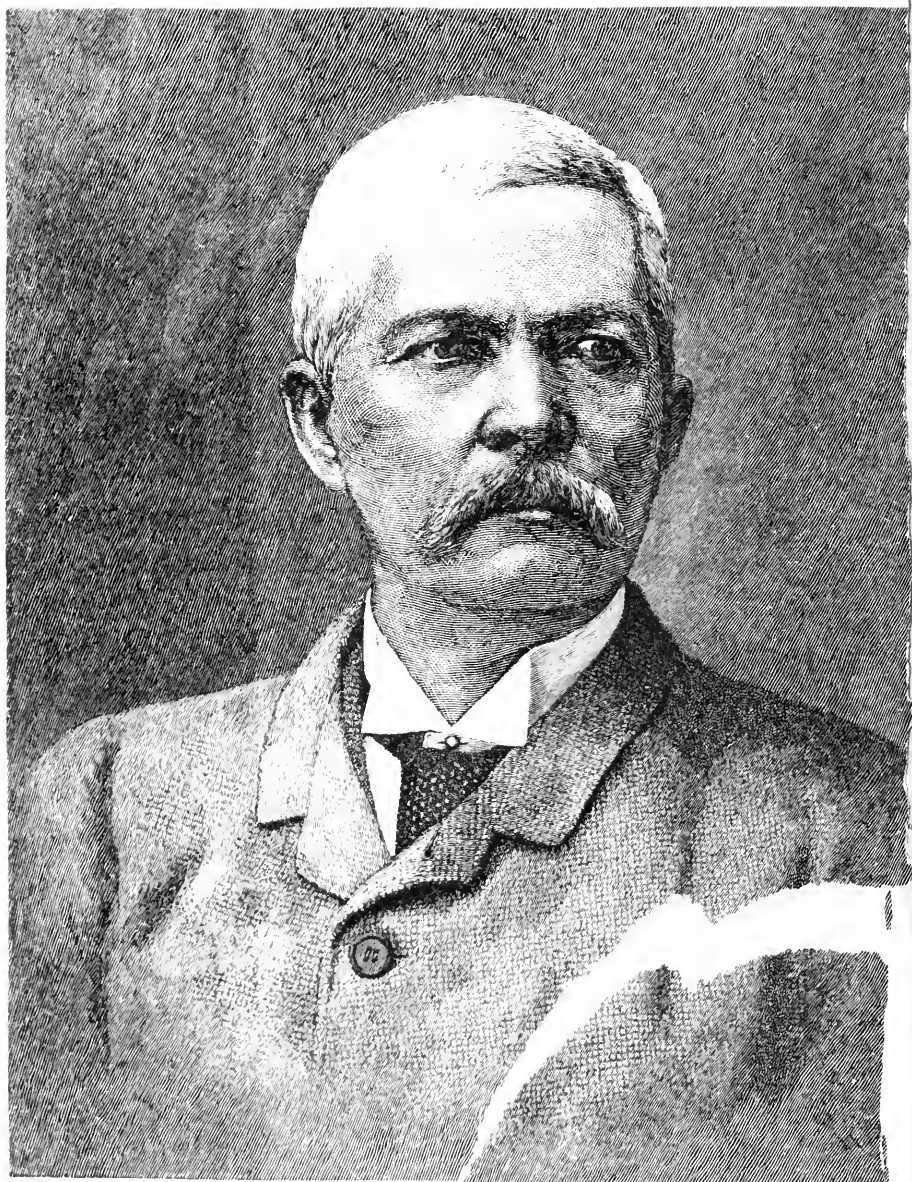
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AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORATION.



GAZELLA THOMSONI.





H. M.

STANLEY.

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AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORATION



AS TOLD BY
ITS EXPLORERS

Africa

MUNGO PARK
CLAPPERTON
THE LANDERS
BARTH
BARKIE
BURTON
CAPELLO

STANLEY
SPEKE
SCHWEINFURTH
GRANT
NACHTIGAL
MOHR
IVEN

LIVINGSTONE
SERPA PINTO
BAKER
THOMSON
KERR
EMIN
Etc. Etc.

WITH 600 ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

VOLUME II



LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND COMPANY

ST DUNSTAN'S HOUSE, FETTER LANE, E.C.

[1891?]

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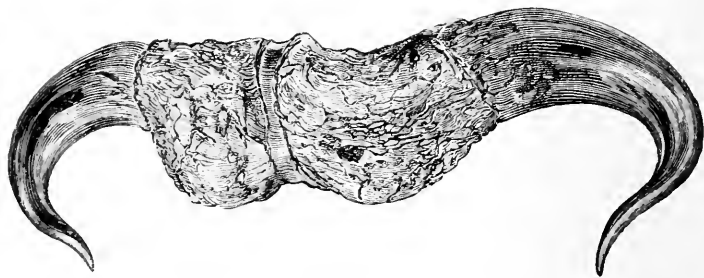
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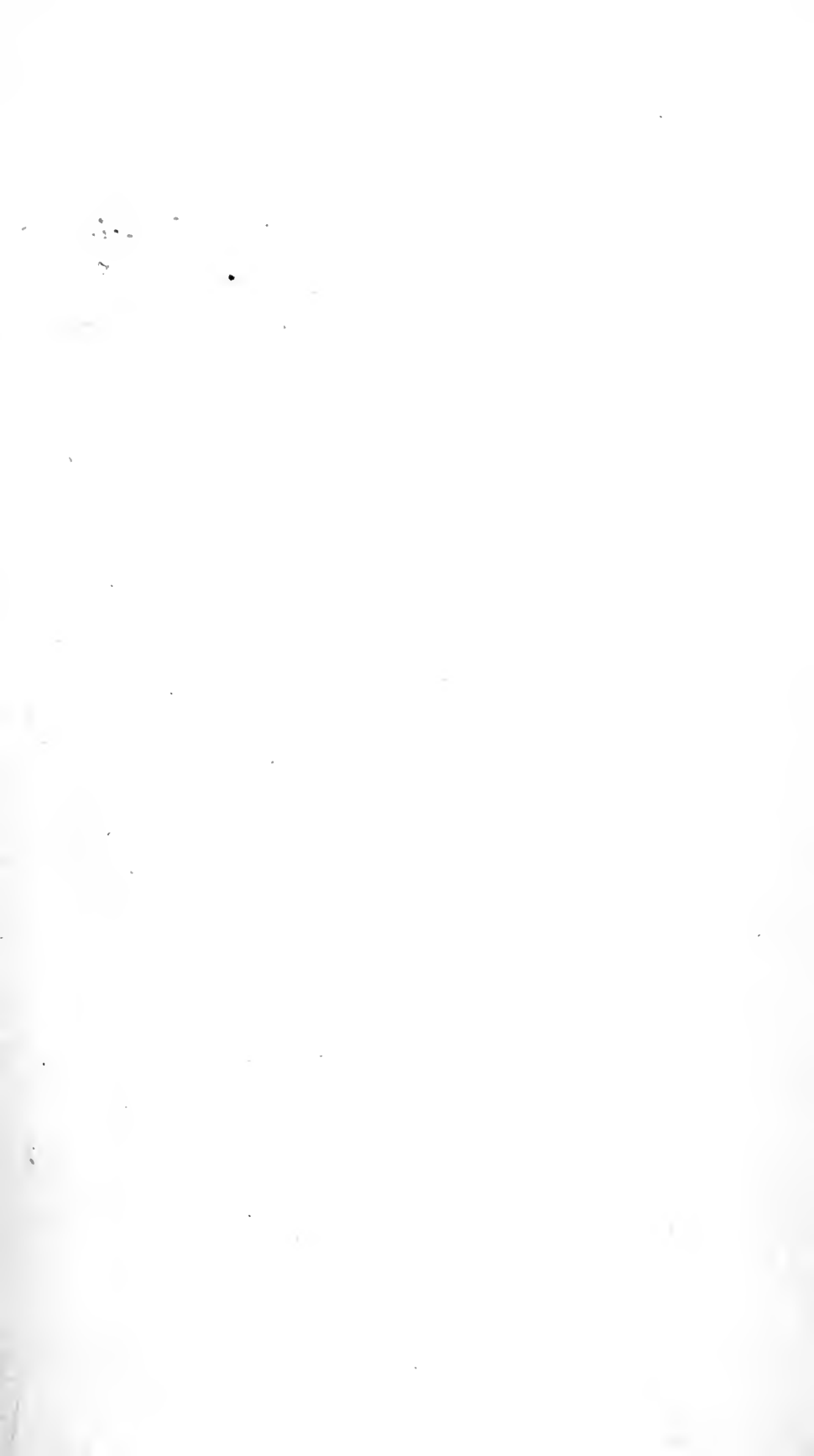
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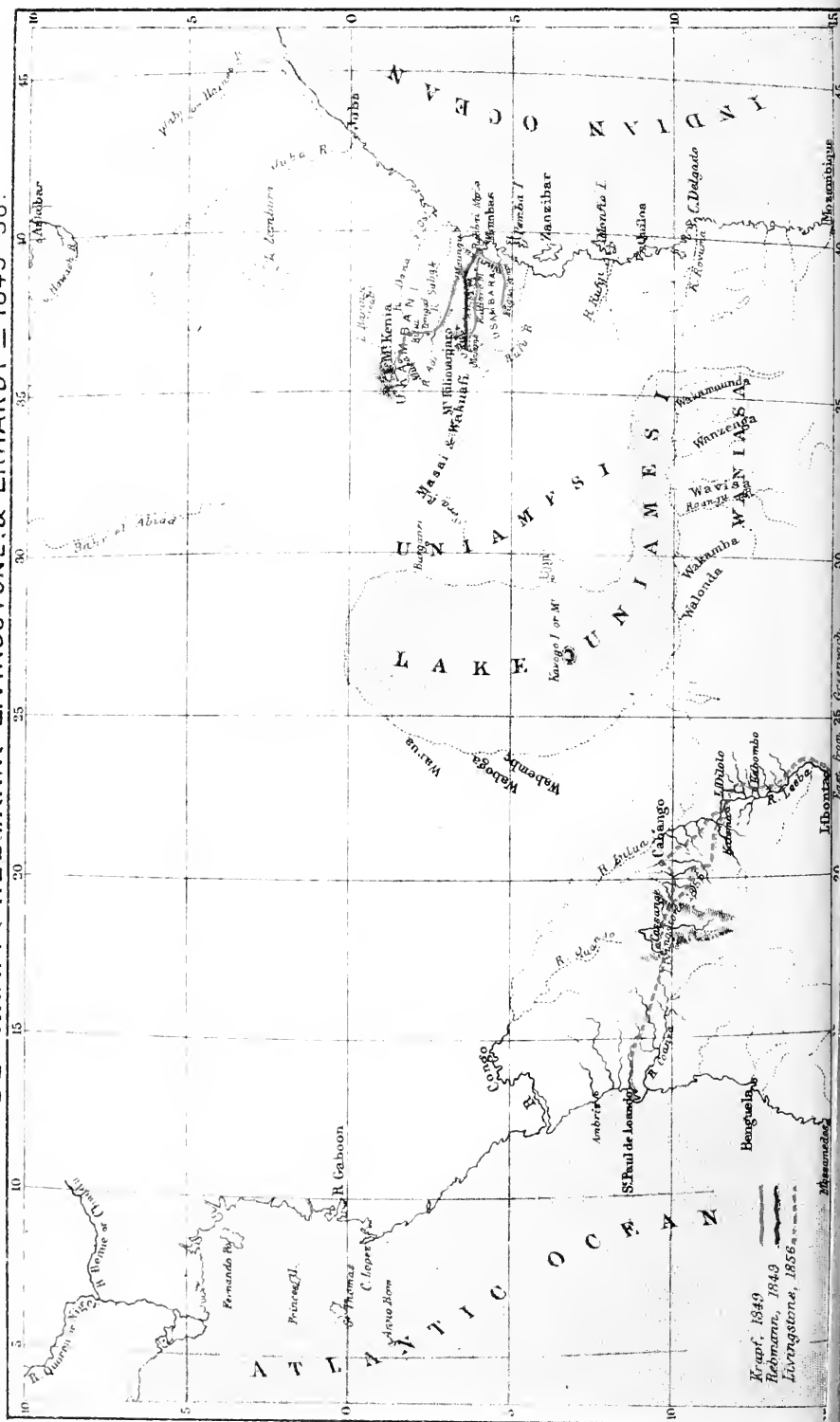
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BUFFALO HORNS.



MAPPA DE KRAPF, REBMANN, LIVINGSTONE, & ERHARDT — 1849-56.



Krapf, 1849
 Rebmann, 1849
 Livingstone, 1856

AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORATION, AS TOLD BY ITS EXPLORERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE KALAHARI DESERT.

BEFORE leaving South Africa, we may give a few pictures of life and sport in the so-called Kalahari Desert, in the region around Lake Ngami. As will be seen from the extracts from Mr. G. A. Farini's "Through the Kalahari Desert," the region is not so barren as its designation implies. In 1885, Mr. Farini made a journey from the Cape across the Orange River to Lake Ngami, during which he met with various adventures. In the following narrative he gives some of the incidents which happened when he was lost in the desert.

I had gone on about three hours, when the sun's rays became too much for me, and I put down my burden and rested for a while. How I longed for a cup of water, for a sama, for anything to quench my thirst! Presently I climbed a high sand-dune, hoping to spy some landmark, some sign by which I could steer myself back to the waggons. Here and there I fancied I could trace my previous footsteps when in chase of the ostriches, but the marks were almost obliterated; and they might be the track of some other person. This thought gave me some hope, for it might be that Lulu, Kert, and the rest were looking for me: I would keep as much as possible on the high ground, but it was hard work climbing up and down, and the heat of the sun was stupefying. What would

I not give for a drink of water! It was now past noon, so that I must already have walked six hours beneath the almost scorching rays of the sun; I was getting faint for want of food and water, and I might



SOME KALAHARI

also add faint-hearted from anxiety. The sand-dunes were all alike, and I had so completely lost my way that, for all I knew, I might be walking further and further away, or going round and round in a circle, instead of getting nearer to the waggon. In the hope of exciting the salivary glands, and cooling my parched mouth, I had put a button on my tongue; but the sinking sensation, caused by want of food, made me feel giddy, and this tendency was increased by my growing anxiety. I felt I must rest for a bit, and try to find some food. Knowing the *inchies* (roots) were generally good to eat before they were in flower, I searched for some, and tried to eat them raw; but they were so unpalatable I managed to eat a few, and found they relieved me of the thirst that had been growing upon me; and after sitting still for half an hour I felt better, and climbed up a sand-hill, on the other side of which I could see a herd of gems-bok grazing.

If I could only get near enough to kill one of the cows, I might manage to get a little milk or some blood to drink. I was too weak to attempt to stalk them, so waited patiently, in the hope that they might come within range, as they were grazing towards me. At last they got within about eighty yards, and, taking a steady aim at one of the cows—they are easily distinguished by their horns being thinner and more tapering than those of the bucks—I fired, and shot her dead in her tracks. Sending two other shots after the flying herd, I rose to my feet, but my head swam, and only by stopping every now and then, and leaning on my rifle for support, could I drag myself along to where the dead cow lay. My tongue and throat were on fire, and I longed for a drink of water, of milk, of blood, of anything to drown the scorching, choking sensation; but I was doomed to disappointment. I felt my hands and face begin to swell, a cold shudder passed through my frame, and my trembling knees refused to support me. Suddenly the earth seems to tip up, and all is black. I am falling, but my arms drop helpless at my side, and I can do nothing to save myself—

So faint I am, my tottering feet
No more my trembling frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
As drifting sands my tomb prepare.

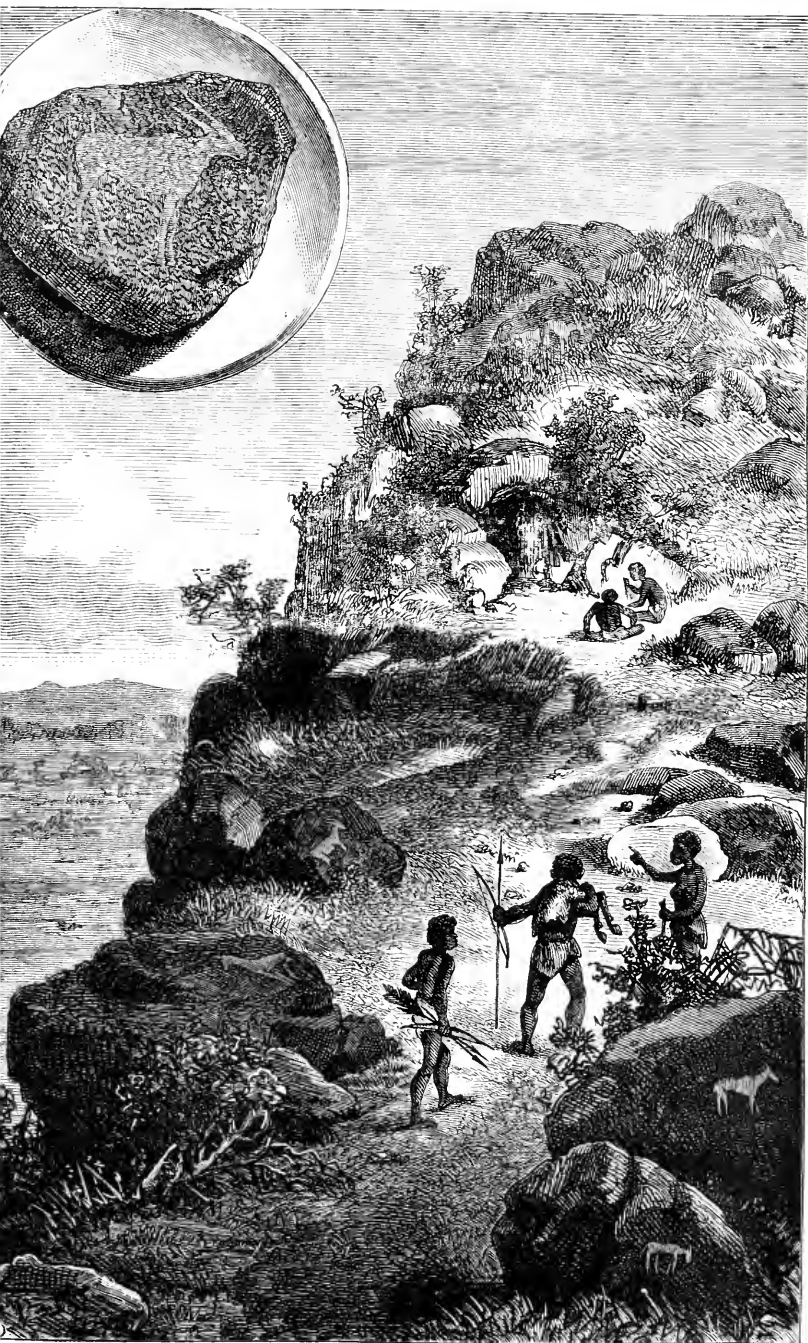
My only feeling is that of burning of the entire body.

Those roots, that I thought so comforting, were poisonous, and this is the beginning of the end. I can feel a numbness growing over me, alternating now and then with the terrible burning sensation. Yes; this must be death. I had not the slightest power to move a limb, but my brain became more and more active. Past, present, and future seemed mingled in one rapid mental panorama, and I began to wonder whether my body would ever be found, or whether I should become the prey of lions and jackals, while picturing to myself the dismay of poor Lulu and the others, when they found I did not return. I was

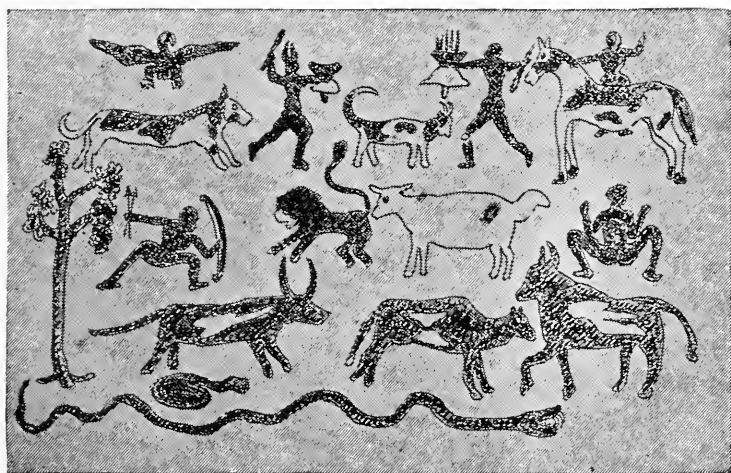
seized with terrible griping pains in the stomach, and a feeling of nausea arose, and as it increased the numbness and burning sensation diminished. Death was not going to be calm and easy. Instead of a narcotic, it was an irritant poison I had taken, and instead of quietly passing away as in a dream, I was to have a struggle with the grim scythe-bearer.

I tried to raise my hand to put my finger down my throat, but found I still had no power of voluntary motion. Then another sharp spasm drew my legs up, and the muscles of my throat and stomach began to move. Vomiting took place, and then I felt easier. The cramp pains ceased, and I began to have hope that I should cheat old Death after all. I began to breathe more easily. But the burning sensation, inside and outside, remained, and then the feeling supervened that it was only a short respite. Death would claim his victim in the end, for if I remained here long inanimate the wild beasts would find me before the night was over. Perhaps it was already night. I could not see; I could not feel; but I could think and breathe, and hear; and I listened, listened, listened for the slightest sound—for any stealthy footfall, for a rustling in the tall dry grass, for the quick sniff of a beast of prey scenting out its quarry, and for the short growl of delight with which it welcomes its discovery.

Hark! there are footsteps; a quick rustle of the grass, and then a pause; nearer it approaches, then stops again; closer and closer comes the sound, varied now by a quick, short bark. Is it jackal or hyena that has thus tracked me out? If I am bitten, and my blood flows, perhaps this will restore me to consciousness, and to the power of motion. Oh, if I could but move; if I could but open my eyes, and reach my gun; if I could but shout, no cowardly jackal, no sneaking hyena should taste my flesh. But there may be a lion near. If so a sudden spring will soon put an end to my suspense. He will grab me by the shoulder, shake me as a dog does a rat, and carry me off to his



lair. Shall I wake up and feel the grip of his teeth, and the laceration of his claws, or shall I merely hear him tearing my flesh, and crushing my bones, without feeling the pain? Stay! there is a whining noise close at hand; now comes the snuffling sound of some animal; a quick breathing in my ear. There is no escape. In another moment his teeth will meet in my flesh. I might have met with a more painful death, but hardly with a more horrible one. I had always said I should like to die with my boots on: one must meet death



WALL DRAWINGS IN HILL-BUSHMEN'S CAVE.

some time, and the exact way and whereabouts are not of much importance. But still this suited me a little too much. The idea of travelling all these miles to become food for wild beasts, of knowing that my last moment had come, and yet lying powerless to move a muscle to save myself—this was more than I had bargained for. Hark! I can hear another distant sound; my prowling visitor is waiting for his friends to come to the feast. Stay! Is that a roar? No! That is a human voice. "Bull! Bull!" It is Kert's voice, calling to my dog. Now the whining at my side has ceased, and I can hear Bull barking, in answer

to Kert's call. It was he that was standing beside me a moment ago, and now he has gone to tell him he has found me. He barks furiously as quick footsteps approach, and then I hear Kert exclaim, "Maak goe ; die Sieur is doed" (Be quick ; master is dead !). Will they think I am really dead ? Shall I be buried alive, instead of being torn to pieces ?

"He is cold. He has died of thirst."

"No ; he cannot be dead. This gems-bok is not cold ; he must have shot it, and those were the three shots we heard about an hour ago."

"Yes ; perhaps he wounded the gems-bok, and, getting too near, has been killed by its horns. Let us lift him up and see. Ah ! here is blood on the sand ; and here is his water-can—empty. He would not believe me when I told him a man could not live a day hunting on these sands without water. But now he knows it. Pour Sieur !"

Then I heard Kert talking in Bushman language ; evidently he was giving the Bushmen orders what to do. But where was Lulu ? Perhaps searching for me in another direction. They were now quite certain I was dead, and perhaps they were going to bury me before they went back to look for him. Then in good Dutch I heard Kert say, "Oons moet hom bring nahe de vaar" (We must carry him to the waggon). I did not feel them touch me ; but I soon heard the tramp of their feet, and could tell from their talk that they were carrying me to the waggon. Now all would depend on Lulu's judgment. But perhaps I should not reach the waggon alive. It seemed an age before I heard Lulu's voice shouting in the distance, "Have you found him ?"

A solemn "Yah" was all the answer.

"Is he hurt ? Put him down easy. What is the matter with him ? Speak, Kert !" Lulu called out passionately. "Speak !"

No reply came.

"My God ! is he dead ?"

"Ek wit nie ; Ek denk so" (I don't know ; I think so).

"It cannot be!" said Lulu. "Here, let me feel his pulse. . . Jan! run and fetch me the looking-glass, quick! while I open his shirt. He cannot be dead; it is not possible. Here, feel here, he is warm."

"Here is the glass, sir," said Jan, in a half-whisper.

I wonder why it is that every one always speaks in a whisper in the presence of the dead. Is it that they



OLD KERT.

are afraid of waking them? Here was I only half dead, and yet they could not wake me.

"Hold the light here! Thank God he breathes: the glass is wet; he is alive. Bring me the brandy; we must pour some down him. Fetch me a spoon. Kert, tell those Bushmen to rub his legs and feet and hands, like this!" and Lulu evidently showed them what to do; but I could feel nothing.

"How stiff his limbs are! I'm afraid we have found him too late. Rub away hard! Jan, rub his hands like this. Now, Kert, lift him up while I give him the brandy.

"How tight his teeth are set together! I don't know how to give him the brandy. Hold his head over that way. Good; I think he has swallowed some. Give me the bottle, Jan: the spoon is between his teeth. Now he has had a good dose. Lay him down gently; now we must all rub as hard as we can!"

That was his favourite cure for everything. Presently a pricking sensation came into my hands and feet, like "pins and needles"; then I could feel the friction of their hands. Old Death had knocked at my door too soon, and would have to call again!

"Rub away!" cried Lulu. "I can feel the flesh getting warm. Look, his lips are moving! He is coming to. He will not die!"

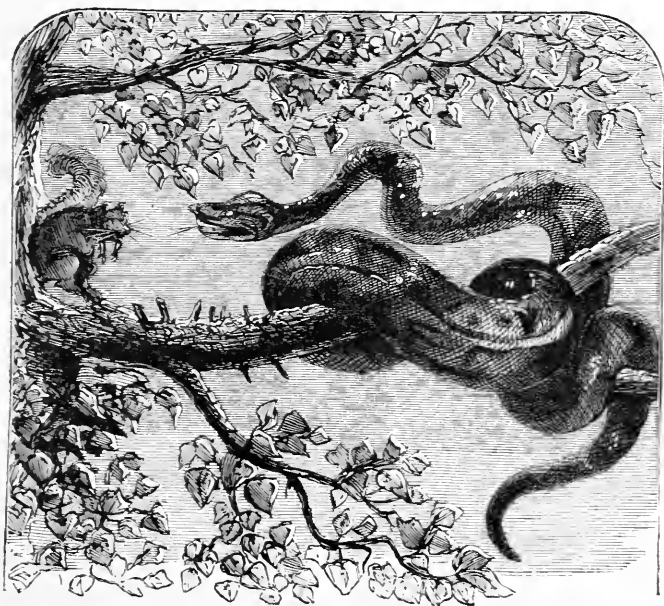
With my sense of touch, my sight also began to return, and I could see a diffused kind of light like when you look at the sunlight with your eyes shut. I tried to close my eyes, but could not. I still had no power to move, nor could I speak, though I could feel my lips trembling. Then they lifted me up again and more brandy was poured into my mouth; this time I could feel them lifting me, and tried to help myself, but could not. I attempted to swallow, but failed, though I felt the brandy going down my throat; a few minutes later, however, I could open and shut my eyes, and then recovered the use of my tongue and throat muscles. The first thing I said was "Castor oil," which Lulu administered in the same way as the brandy. Luckily I could not taste it. An hour or so later I could move my hands and arms, and before daylight was able to sit up. All was dark, save for the dim light of the lamp, by the aid of which I could see what a look of satisfaction came over Lulu's face as I gazed round and said, "I'm all right; give me something to eat." He had been watching me all the night, and had anticipated my want by having a tin of warm

soup ready. This had such a soothing effect upon me that I fell asleep, and did not wake again till the sun was well up, to find them all sitting round me with anxious faces.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Matter," said Lulu; "you must tell us that. How are you?"

"Oh! I am all right, thanks to you all, except for a



A VICTIM.

feeling of weakness. Give me some more soup." And then I told them all about it. "By the bye," I added, "let the Bushmen go and fetch the feathers and skin, and that gun—not forgetting the skull."

"They will not touch the skull or the gun either," said Kert. "They all believe that is the cause of your being sick."

So Jan was sent with them, and while he was gone Lulu gave me particulars of the hunt which had like to have ended so tragically.

By next day I was quite well again, and felt no trace of my recent adventure. The pans were now fast drying up, and we passed some that contained nothing but mud; by scooping a hole we managed to get a little liquid earth, to which we could add a little alum, in order to precipitate some of the suspended matter. This had the effect of throwing down a good deal of the mud, but did not by any means clear it, and at best it was more like clay soup than water. Even when "clarified" it looked for all the world like milk-and-water. "You might imagine yourself in London," said Lulu, "with this genuine chalk-and-water—milk-ho!"—and he uttered an unearthly yell that would have done credit to any milk-purveyor's assistant, as he handed in the essence of clay with which we were condemned to make our matutinal coffee.

Not having served my apprenticeship among the Guamo Indians, and not being afflicted, like an Irishman, with "earth-hunger," I confess I did not like coffee *à la Kalahari*, and could not take more than one cup at a meal. Lulu, however, thirsty soul that he was, managed to take more of it: he would even drink the water before it had been boiled. This I never would do, and, however thirsty I might be, always waited till some had been put on the fire, and left to cool. Kert called it "lecher watter" (delicious water); and as for the Bushmen, they would lie down on their stomach, with their face in the hole, and suck up the pure undiluted fluid extract of mother earth as easily as an English navy in a vertical position will pour a pot of beer down his capacious throat.

Whenever we were near water we filled every available vessel with it, first boiling it in two large zinc pails; but fortunately we should soon be practically independent of water, for the sama were now as large as eggs.

The sandy wastes now began to be interspersed with patches of hard stony ground; but all alike was green with various grasses and bushes—the latter always

more or less thorny. The sama vines became more frequent, but were not yet plentiful enough or large enough for us to trust altogether to them, so we made tracks straight north for Bakaris, a pan in which Kert said we should be sure to find plenty of water, as it always lasted three months after heavy rains. But when we got there, days later, we found nothing but a sand-hole. The gems-bok, with the help probably of the wilde-beest, had stirred it up most beautifully—from the clay-puddler's point of view, but that was not ours. Kert wanted us to camp here for two days and hunt, as the game must be plentiful close by; and so, to judge by the tracks all round the pan, they must be; but the water was not "delicious" enough for me, and we left the same evening for



VIEW ON THE DESERT NEAR KUIS.

Kuis, about half-way between Mier and Kuruman, and the only place in the desert where there is a fresh-water well.

As we advanced we found the grass and sama growing rapidly, showing that there must have been heavy rains recently. We gathered some of the largest sama, and cooked them. They tasted to me very much like vegetable-marrow, which they closely resembled in appearance; and, seeing how popular pumpkins and squashes are in America, it struck me as strange that no one had ever thought of taking some of the seeds and trying them in the sandy wastes of the States. I determined to get some of the seeds when ripe and try them.

In two days we reached Kuis—a collection of Kalahari huts, standing on a patch of limestone close to the

banks of the dry bed of the River Kuis, in the centre of which is the well, with some large camel-trees growing on both sides.

We had scarcely arrived when the waggon was surrounded by a number of men begging for tobacco and coffee. I thought I should easily get rid of them by saying I had none; but they checkmated me by asking for anything and everything that they saw, and then I had to meet them with a downright "No." Then we had peace for a time; but in the afternoon the chief of the place came—Makgoe by name, which, being interpreted, means, "Be quick," and quite a wealthy man in his way, having cattle, sheep, and horses. He was accompanied by a white man—an Englishman—who, after the preliminary greetings, said his name was Cann, and that he was a trader and hunter who had been thirty years in the country.

Cann kindly acted as interpreter, and to the first remark made by Makgoe—to the effect that the old chief wanted me to give him a rifle as a present—he was good enough to add the advice, "Give him nothing. The old scoundrel would let you starve before helping you."

The chief had brought with him a fine-looking horse—the very thing I wanted—so I paid him out in his own coin, by replying to his question with another of similar import: "Will you make me a present of your horse?"

Makgoe shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "You must give me ten oxen in exchange for my horse."

I then tried argument, explaining that in my country, when a stranger came, we took care of him, and made him presents, and then, when he went away, he made us presents in return. Would Makgoe help me while I passed through his country? But he had evidently been taught that "when you go to Rome you must not do as Rome does," for he quickly replied—

"That may be your custom; but you are in my country, and my custom is for everybody who passes through to pay me."

I replied by carelessly taking up a repeater and firing at a white crow, which I luckily knocked over, and then fired it again instantly after. His curiosity was excited, and he wanted to know what kind of a gun that was. When it was explained that sixteen shots could be fired from it without reloading, he deliberately said that he must have it as a present, he would take nothing else. Now, that was just what I wanted him to do, for I could hoist him with his own petard.

"You must give me fifteen oxen in exchange for my rifle," I said; "or, if you like, you shall have it for the horse and a cow. If not, I cannot give it you till I come back from hunting in the desert."

Then, giving him a plug of tobacco, I told him the talk was ended.

He went, but the trader stayed to talk.

"You treated the old nigger quite right," he said; "he always tries

to bleed us, but we never give him anything more than a little tobacco and coffee. You need have no fear of him, as he has no following." And then he went on to tell me that he was on his way from Damaraland to the colony, after a fifteen months' journey. He had not collected many feathers and skins; it was the old story, the war between the Damaras and Namaquas had stopped all



HEAD OF THE HARTEBEEST (ANTILOPE CAAMA).

hunting for the last three years; but he had a lot of Damara cattle—nice little beasts, of medium size, and well shaped; some were nearly white, with black spots, but most of them were speckled either white and black, or white and brown, and all had very long horns, turning up at right angles to the forehead.

He had had some difficulty in getting through with the cattle, having had to fight twice to save himself from being robbed. As it was he had lost twenty head.

“But that is nothing,” he added. “I have had lots of worse adventures than that in my time, among both men and beasts. Twice I have lost everything I possessed for want of water, being forced to leave my waggons in the sand, with all my goods and all my teams, and only escaping death from thirst myself by a miracle.”

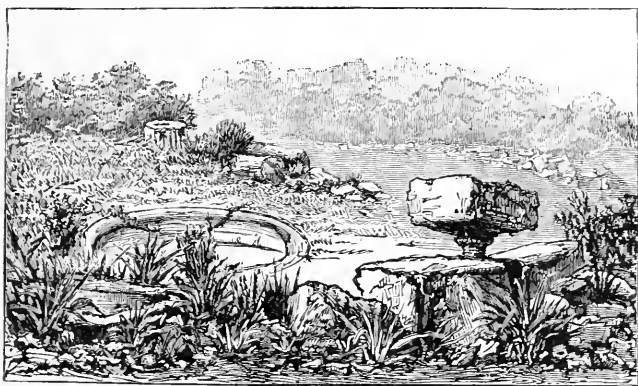
“You must know the country pretty well, after thirty years of it,” I said. “I should be thankful for any hints you can give me.”

“Yes, I think I know most of the tribes hereabout. I have been up as far as latitude 12° , visiting every tribe east and west, both going and returning. And a rum lot they are. The only people to be trusted at all are the Bushmen. If a Bushman once gets to know you, and you trust him well, he will stick to you through thick and thin. But the Hottentots are a lot of born thieves. They live by stealing cattle from their neighbours, and are not content with that, for they carry the women—and sometimes men, too, for the matter of that—into slavery, and treat them worse than dogs: in fact, they call their slaves ‘dogs.’

“The Damaras are jet-black, not like the Hottentots, who are a kind of copper-red colour.”

And he went on to give me a lot of hints as to the country, how to treat the natives, what districts to avoid, where to find game, and so on. In fact, from this half-hour's talk I gathered more useful information about the country than I had read in all the published books put together.

By Cann's advice I engaged a Bushman whom he recommended as a guide, and two Bastards who wanted to join in a hunting expedition, Dirk and Klas by name: two little coffee-coloured specimens of humanity, with ferret-like eyes, long crinkly hair, and a meagre moustache; both sharp, shrewd hunters, but lazy and cowardly to the last degree. They had two horses and a waggon with a team of fourteen oxen, which I hired, giving them in addition half the skins and half the feathers of what we killed—the meat of course to be common property. The waggon was necessary to store our skins and hides in, and to carry



VIEW ON THE KALAHARI DESERT.

a sufficient supply of water and meal along with us, as we might get plenty of game in one place and then go for days without seeing any; and the same with water. The men were old hunters, and foretold plenty of hunting, for, although the long drought had driven the game away, the reports were that after the recent rains there was plenty of sama, and the game was coming back in abundance, while the Bushmen, who had left their usual haunts to follow the game, had not returned to disturb them. The only things the Bastards were afraid of were lions, and they wanted me to pay for any cattle or horses that might get killed, but this I declined to do.

That night Cann came back to say that old Makgoe was hankering after the repeating rifle, and asked if he should negotiate matters for me. Seeing no reason to the contrary, I assented, and next morning found him waiting for me with the horse and two cows—and a six-month-old calf thrown into the bargain—a compliment which I acknowledged by sending the chief a score of extra cartridges for the rifle.

Matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, we started, our cavalcade consisting of two waggons, each drawing twelve oxen, six spare beasts, two milch cows and calves, and four horses—not forgetting four dogs—and the attendant company of Lulu and myself, old Kert, Jan, the two Bastards, a Kaffir, six Bushmen and one Bushwoman, who insisted on following her husband, some of his children being in the veldt to the north. The country was of the same character as before, but the sama being now large enough for the cattle and horses to eat, we were not so anxious about finding water. In fact, we used the sama juice as a substitute for Adam's ale, for everything but coffee.

There are two ways of extracting the water from the sama: one to cut them in pieces and boil them, skimming off the solids and scum; the other—the real Bushman fashion—to dig a hole in the sand, and build a fire in it, and when the fire has been burning some time to cover the glowing embers with a layer of sand. As soon as this is thoroughly heated, the hot mass is pushed on one side, the sama piled in its place, and then buried beneath it, the whole heap being covered with a fresh layer of sand. Sometimes another fire is lighted on the top of this. In any case this “oven,” with its contents, is left to cool down all night, and next morning the sama are taken out and eaten. The taste is not so insipid as one would think, especially if eaten with a little suet—or, better still, *à la* Devonshire, with cream; but it suited me better to have the roasted sama squeezed into a pail of water, and, leaving it to cool, to drink it mixed with milk, which makes quite a refreshing beverage; in any case the sama, whether



eaten as a solid or a liquid, quenches the thirst better than water.

But beware of the bitter sama! Every now and then you will find a small fruit, exactly resembling the others in everything but the taste, which is so bitter that a couple of the smallest will spoil a whole pailful of water. One morning the water was very bitter—undrinkable, in fact, by us—but the Bushmen drank it with a relish. This happened once or twice, and then I found out that these epicures, when they began to eat a bitter sama, put it carefully aside in order to be squeezed into the pail, so that they might get coffee for breakfast! After that I had every sama tested before it was squeezed, so that “accident” could not be urged in extenuation.

On this oleaginous seed the Bushmen, who live almost entirely on the sama in seasons of plenty, get as fat as pigs, not taking the trouble to hunt when they can find food at their feet.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORANGE RIVER.

THE following extract describes some adventures of the travellers on the Orange River.

Next morning, just as bright Aurora was raising her head from her rosy pillow on the Eastern horizon, we were once more on our way to the selected site for our open-air studio. Making one end of the rope fast round a rock, and stuffing our coats underneath where it turned the sharp corner, I started first: taking the rope in my hands and twisting my leg around it, I slipped easily enough down till I came to the straps: the rope, I knew, was strong enough, but I had my doubts about some of the straps. However, they bore the strain and took me safely to within ten feet of the bottom. From the top it had seemed as if they were only a few inches too short, but now I found a gap of ten feet at least between me and the rocks. I hesitated whether to drop off or climb back, when a happy thought struck me: I would write a note and tie it to the end of the strap before dropping off, and explain to Lulu the state of affairs, so that he could fasten the camera to the end of the rope and lower it down instead of sliding it down as arranged. In half an hour came the camera, which I just managed to reach standing on tiptoe, then the shields, protected by their covering of blankets, &c., and lastly, Lulu himself. He was delighted with the point of view, which he said would give both elevation and depth, foreground and middle distance, while the sun was just right for the shadows and high lights. The only drawback was that we were so far away from the beautiful object, the fall itself; but that could not be helped: there was no

other place to stand the camera, and we were lucky to find even this.

"There are not many photographers who are gymnasts as well," said Lulu, "and one need be both to get a picture of the fall from this point."

The focus was soon adjusted and two views taken,



THE FIRST BATH FOR MANY MONTHS.

and then Fritz hauled up the apparatus, and we followed: putting our feet against the face of the rock, and stretching out our legs at right angles to it, we ran up, hand over hand, quicker than we had come down, for we were now sure of the rope's strength. Reaching the summit, I found that all the tan had been suddenly taken off Fritz's face.

“What’s the matter, Fritz : are you ill ?”

“I don’t know about dat ill, bud I vas preddy sick : I vas perspire just like die vatter, und dem cold chill creep my back up. If I don’t got to I never play too much mit dead.”

“That’s where the fun is. But you need not be afraid on our account. It’s easy enough to us. You’re like the rest of the world—what you cannot do yourself, and don’t understand, you think wonderful. Come along, we must explore the chasm as far down as we can see ; I’m anxious to find out what causes those tower-like rocks to stand out so boldly at the end of the gorge.”

Our way lay over, under, or around, huge rocks, and through deep gullies. A narrow chasm would now and then yawn at our feet, completely barring our progress, and forcing us to exercise our jumping powers to the full. After about two hours of this work we found ourselves on the point of a narrow strip of precipitous rock, not more than eighteen feet wide. To our right, some 400 feet below, ran the river : to the left, at about half that depth, were masses of broken rocks, with pools of water between, altogether as rough and wild a place as we had yet seen. The sun had already traversed three parts of its half-circle, and was casting deep shadows on the rocky sides of the cañon, so we deferred any further exploration till next day. Concealing the camera and ropes behind an old brown rock that had withstood the storms and burning sun for ages, we struck out a new route to the waggons, at each turn finding some fresh beauties in the floral decorations and rock-work. But when we reached the outermost stream, which we had crossed in the morning, we were surprised to find that the river had risen considerably ; not a stone was to be seen all the way across, and we had great difficulty in getting over, knocking elbows, knees, and toes against sharp-edged rocks.

Fritz said it would all subside again before morning, as the floods were not of much account at this time of year ; but next day the water was still so high that we

were forced to build a raft of dry willow logs and poles, which we laid six in a row and four deep, and fastened together with raw ox-hide.

The raft, however, was too narrow to be safe for carrying three of us, though buoyant enough for our clothes, &c. I tried, first of all, to see if it would carry me, but the slightest movement to one side while poling it along upset it, and I found myself up to my waist in the muddy water. So we abandoned the idea of crossing on it ourselves, and only used it to keep our clothes dry while we swam. The water seemed to me to be still rising; driftwood was floating down with it, and submerged rocks added to the dangers of the swift current, so, as Lulu and Fritz were indifferent swimmers, I swam across first, with a small rope attached to the raft, and then hauled it across after me, while the two others, taking hold of the raft, were drawn over with but little risk or effort. This was soon done, and in a few moments we all three stood dressing on the opposite bank, our teeth chattering, and shivering with cold; the water was very chilly, and the early morning air, stirred with a light breeze, was still keener.

A sharp walk soon warmed us up. As the pheasants were very plentiful, and the early morning was their feeding-time, we had taken the precaution to bring the shot-gun; and we had not gone far before a couple ran across an open space to cover—which they never reached. These South African pheasants are about the colour and size of the female of the silver pheasant, but much heavier; their cry is very much similar to that of the guinea-fowl, which is also very plentiful, but is so shy and cunning that it is very seldom that you can see one, although you can hear their cry of "Come back! come back!" on all sides. A pointer or setter would be necessary to make a good bag of them. The Bastards shoot them by finding their roosting-tree, to which they invariably come every night, and slaughter them as they go to bed.

Large flocks of rock-pigeons—about the size of the English wood-pigeon, and much the same in colour,

save that their wings are beautifully mottled with white dots—were all about the rocks and cliffs, or flying out on the veldt to feed. When we came to the head of the gorge, where we were about to descend, there were hundreds of them sitting about on the high rocks waiting for their companions to join them, and all go to breakfast together. Some of them, however, made a breakfast for us instead, and others that fell down into the crevices of the rocks out of our reach would be found by the pretty small otters that inhabit this wild place, where they had been undisturbed for centuries, until we came and frightened them with the report of our guns. At every discharge, the noise of which was multiplied a thousand times, as it echoed from cliff to cliff, hundreds of the feathered inhabitants flew out of the recesses and fairly filled the narrow space between the nearly perpendicular walls of the deep wild gorge.

Our German companion did not conceal his delight at every addition to our bag, and volunteered to gather wood and make a fire to cook them for dinner. “I’ll-vatch-it dat dey vill be cooked vell,” he said—much as he had said before, “I’ll-vatch-it dat anyveares you sall go I vill go mit you;” but it was easy to see that, although he had talked a great deal about his being able to climb about wherever we went, he was not unwilling to find an excuse for keeping as much as possible out of danger; and when he saw how difficult it would be to get down to the bottom of the cañon, he decided that it would be safer and easier for him to act the cook rather than the gymnast.

Nearly at the outset we had to use the ropes to descend into a deep hole that was still muddy from the summer’s high water. A half-inch rope was rather small to climb easily; to go down was easy enough, but we had to think of coming back, to facilitate which we tied knots in it. After getting safely down, we shouldered our camera, &c., and crossed a veritable slough of despond, up to our knees in the stickiest, slipperiest, nastiest clay mud, that would not even be scraped off, so we had to put our shoes on over it, the

mud taking the place of socks. Then came a huge jumble of great jagged rocks—some of them as large as



FARINI FALLS AND TOWERS.

a two-storey house—that had slipped off and fallen here from the cliffs above; climbing over some, crawling on our hands and knees under others, or squeezing between

some of them where there was only just room for us to pass, we every now and then disturbed in the deep shadows large heavy-winged owls, who would alight on a pointed rock and stare at us through their big eyes with wonder, for we were a greater curiosity to them than they were to us. Then we came to a succession of places nearly perpendicular, and as smooth as glass, worn so by the water with which this deep gorge was evidently filled in the rainy season. Four times we had to let ourselves down by means of ropes; the most difficult thing to do was to find places to securely fasten them. This we did once or twice by jamming a log of dry driftwood into a crevice which seemed to have been formed for the purpose. Lulu would say, "Go on; I'll follow. You are sure to find what you require, either an easy place to climb, or something handy to fasten your rope to."

At last, after four hours' hard labour, we reached the end of the gorge, and could see the main river flowing about forty yards below our feet. There stood a number of grand granite towers, seeming to reach to the sky, standing like giant sentinels keeping watch and guard over this wilderness of rocks, and pointing the way to the multitudinous streams that plunged from all directions into the deep dark chasm.

Turning a sharp corner, we came suddenly to a beautiful waterfall bursting out beneath a rectangular arch, formed by two gigantic rocks that had fallen against each other, and out of the crevices of which grew dark-green trees and shrubs, in beautiful contrast with the grey and brown rocks and the snow-white water, as it danced from shelf to shelf.

Lulu was delighted with the grandeur and novelty of the scene, and hastened from point to point to select the best place from which to get a picture. He was some time deciding, for, although there seemed an *embarras de richesses*, he had the true artistic instinct that refused to take a group that was not properly balanced and artistically composed.

When he was ready, he pointed to a rock jutting out



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G. A. FARINI.

To face p. 24.



close to the waterfall, saying, "If you could get there, without much risk, it would be the making of the picture, and give comparative height." The task was difficult, owing to the rocks being slippery from the spray, but the picture, which Lulu entitled "Farini Falls and Towers," will show that I managed to accomplish it.

While I was returning, a most extraordinary thing happened. A new waterfall suddenly appeared between where Lulu stood and me. At first there was a small cascade, with just water enough to wet the rocks; by the time I had walked past it there was a stream several inches deep, fed by a considerable torrent; and in half an hour a big fall was tumbling into a basin two feet deep and several yards wide. The rise of the river above was being felt, and various pools that were previously dried up had run full and overflowed. The question for us was whether it was safe to remain down here any longer. Lulu was bent on taking a picture of the Tower Rocks, and did not heed the rising water.

"Here," he cried, "try and get on that great rock out in the pools, and hand me up the camera. This is the only point high enough to take it all in." And there he was, many feet above me on the other side of a deep chasm, which I had to jump in order to get near enough to hand up the apparatus.

From where I stood, the mist-capped towers seemed lost in the sky; the bright sunlight cast their long, dark shadows across the silver spray of the mad torrent and far up the face of the opposite precipice; the deep, dark pools on their left formed a reservoir that fed the beautiful pool we had just photographed, while it in return was filled by a pretty torrent that burst out from beneath a huge block of granite, and leapt gaily through the air, like a shower of sparkling diamonds. In the distance, far up the narrow gorge, the cold high cliff-tops, lighted up by the bright sunlight, looked like polar icebergs in contrast with the dark blackness of the shadowy depths below.

How solemnly grand it was now! How terribly mag-

nificent it would be when all those gorges and crevices and channels were filled to the brim with a rushing mighty torrent, such as must pour thundering through them in the rainy season! But there was no time to indulge in reverie just then, and Lulu's voice calling to me to "Come up and see how grand it looks from this rock," brought me to my senses.

"No more sight-seeing or photographing to-day," I replied. "If you don't pack up and hurry back, we shall become sleeping partners of these grand old rocks."

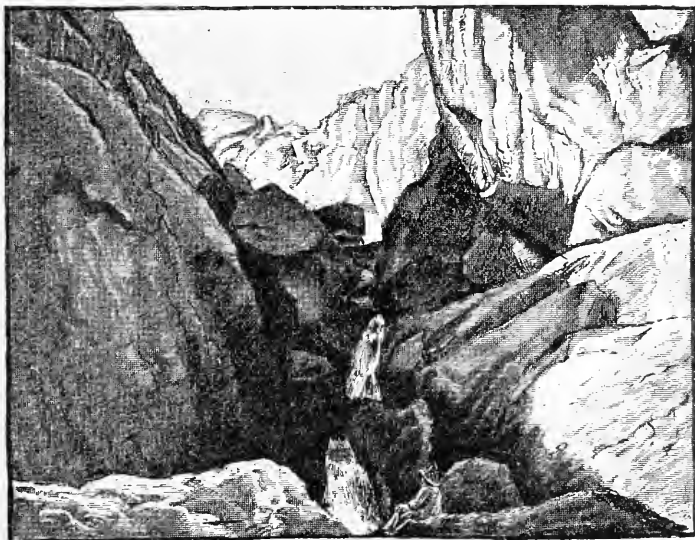
"Why," he asked, "what's the matter with you all of a sudden?"

"Don't you see the river is rising? That rock with the water rippling over it was bare when we came here, and the chances are we shall find the road back full of rapids and pools, torrents and waterfalls, if we stay here much longer."

"All right! but I want you just to go and sit on yonder rock, so that I can add your beautiful figure to this picture of the beauties of nature. There are only two or three crevices to jump over, and a pool or two to wade through, and while you are getting there I'll find the focus. I promise not to stay any longer, for I've feasted my eyes pretty well on the scenery here, but find it very light food for the stomach."

While obeying the artist's orders, and climbing to the appointed place, the thought of the feast of Nature's grandeur—combined with visions of a meal that Fritz had no doubt long ago prepared for us—nearly gave me indigestion; but this was no place to give way to dyspepsia, and all our thoughts were now centred on the shortest way back. All went smoothly till we came to the mighty angular rock, forming a sort of archway, beneath which we had walked on our way down, but through which a swift stream of water was now gliding. We tried to get over it, but it was too steep and too slippery; and in our explorations we found that, if only one of us could get to the opposite side, it would be easy to reach the top and let down a rope, and haul up the camera, &c. So I doffed my

clothes, and, leaving them with Lulu, took a rope, and half swam, half groped my way beneath the archway, through the muddy fluid, till I emerged on the other side. The water was very cold, and pulling myself up the bare rocks, I climbed shivering up the steep incline overlooking the spot where Lulu was anxiously awaiting my reappearance. Lowering the end of the rope, I shouted to him to send me up my clothes first, and by the time the apparatus was hauled up, and Lulu had



THE ANNA FALLS.

joined me, the warm sun and exercise had chased the chills away.

At every turn new cascades sprang out of the gaunt rocks. One of these I named the "Anna Falls," in honour of the same lady whose name I had taken the liberty of appropriating to another purpose: and Lulu was only too ready to comply with my wish to photograph them, with the result shown in the annexed engraving.

For some distance the jagged rocks and huge boulders—more or less covered with water where they had been

dry in the morning—lay in the wildest confusion, making our progress very slow, and diminishing the quantity and quality of our clothing, as it increased our anxiety. Our load, too, became heavier, the weight of our shoulder-packs gradually increasing as we gathered the ropes we had left hanging at different places on our way down. At last, however, we came in sight of the last, and thinnest, and longest of them all, the chasm down which it was suspended looking even “uglier” to get up than it had seemed when we prepared to descend. But a pool of water lay between us and it, and the question was whether we could wade through. Hastily but carefully entering, without stopping to take off my shoes, I was delighted to find that the water was not deeper than my middle, and shouted out the good news to Lulu. At that moment my feet sank deep into the slimy mud and the water wetted the covering to the plates, which were strapped to my back, and I had a narrow escape of spoiling the fruit of all our labours; but fortune continued to smile upon us, and in ten minutes we were both on *terra firma*.

But such figures! The sticky mud stuck to us like gum; we looked like sewer navvies *minus* the long boot. To climb up the thin rope with such a load of slime was a more difficult task than ever “greasy pole” presented, and we had to set to work to scrape one another.

Lulu went up first, while I held the rope and kept it rigid, making it easier to climb. But to land on top of the rock was not so easy. The rope lay flat on a slightly inclined surface, his weight and mine pressing it so closely that he could not get his fingers under it; but his early gymnastic training came into play. By twisting his leg around the rope he was enabled to support his weight on it, and then, drawing the whole of his body above the top, he threw himself forward, loosened his leg, and accomplished what, to ordinary people, would have been impossible. Having sent up all the *impedimenta*, I followed; but as the lower end of the rope was now free, it would not be so easy for

me to turn the corner at the top, so Lulu put his shoe under the rope, close to the edge, so as to make room for my fingers. The rope being very thin, and my hands big, it was a hard struggle for me to get up. As I reached over the edge Lulu grabbed me by the collar, at the same time pulling his shoe out from under the rope, and down went my knuckles against the stone, grinding the bark off them, and squeezing some hard words out of me, which I won't repeat here, for fear my readers might not understand them.

"What did you pull the shoe out for, Lulu?" I asked, when at last I gained the top.

"Because I could not get my foot out from under the rope unless I did," he replied.

He had forgotten to take his foot out of the shoe when he first put it under the rope, and had borne the pain caused by the small cord cutting into it, with my weight on it, until I was safely round the bend.

We were pleased to find our German companion had several rock-pigeons ready grilled. Never was food more welcome; it was now nearly sundown, and our last meal was at daylight this morning; the long fasting, combined with the constant and sometimes violent exercise, had created in us ravenous appetites, and the rapidity with which we made the half-dozen good-sized sweet morsels disappear would have done credit to Hermann, or any other professor of legerdemain.

That night we slept on our bed of planks without rocking, and never woke until breakfast was announced by Fritz, who shouted,—

"Genklemen, dat coffee vill cold come if you don't stand up, so quicker as quick. Die sun is stand up already. Vere you climbs to-day, dat's vere I bin. I don't vait some more, I'll vatch it."

Old Sol, with his warm, life-giving rays, came steadily and slowly into view, as we completed our toilet. This took us half a minute longer than usual, as we had to put on our shoes! Usually all we had to do was to throw off the blanket and put on our hats. To wrap oneself up in a blanket, and sleep with one's clothes on,

saves a great deal of time, especially when an early start is necessary and one's coffee is getting cold, which ours nearly did this time, as we were very tired and sore from yesterday's exertion. Half an hour's walk, however, along the banks of the river dissipated all our aches, and we were all on the alert, gun in hand, for doves, rock-pigeons, and pheasants. A large hare sprang out from under Lulu's feet and ran between the legs of our Teuton friend, "I'll-vatch-it," who, true to his favourite expression, as quick as thought killed it with a stick.

Our plan was not to cross any of the branches of the river at all, but to follow the right bank of the outermost stream, and trace it to the point where it joined its sister streams at the general gathering of the waters below. So hanging puss up in a thick bush to keep the vultures away from it, and taking the feathered game with us for our dinner, we kept steadily on. The walking was smooth compared to what it was on the other side of the stream: now and then a small ravine, with a dry watercourse that in wet seasons drained the mountains in the distance, crossed our path at right angles, forming here and there pretty glades and glens, partially clothed in dark-green foliage.

Presently hearing the roar of a rapid, as the water dashed itself against the grey rocks, we hurried forward, thinking we were near the spot where the river made the downward leap; but as yet there was no sign that we had reached the point of junction with the main stream. A little further on, Lulu, who was close to the banks, shouted,—

"There's no more river. It has disappeared."

There was a big pool, dammed up by a ledge of barren rocks, but here the river came to an abrupt end. No bend, no turn, no continuation whatever. After careful search we could not find the marks showing where the water overflowed when the pool became full to the brim during the rainy season, and on going some distance below this ledge we discovered that the water had a subterranean outlet from the pool through a cleft

in the rocks, invisible from the upper side. On the lower side, however, hemmed in on all sides by a confused pile of rocks, we found a perfect wall of water,



THE SCOTT GORGE AND FALLS.

which burst out of a narrow crevice only a foot wide and ten feet high, from which it sprang several feet before spreading into white spray, and tumbling down a steep incline of shelving rocks, making a beautiful

cascade, and finally bringing itself to rest in a series of pools encased with perpendicular walls of granite.

In these pools, which ran at right angles to the corner of the stream, the water seemed to have forgotten its struggles, and to be preparing to resume its journey in peace; but in an unsuspected moment it fell headlong down a dark precipice, breaking itself into myriads of particles on the hard, polished rock fifty feet below; then, quickly gathering itself together, it slid over, under, and around huge boulders, as if playing hide-and-seek. This gorge I named after the Resident Commissioner for Korannaland, Mr. John Scott.

To follow its course any farther we had to cross to the opposite side, which we did by taking a flying leap across a deep, narrow channel. Then we descended into the grim, grey, granite gorge, where the bright sun never shone, and whose dark shadows were made more dark by the perpetual mist. The water, after running over another series of projecting rocks, and falling straight down like a mammoth shower-bath into a huge, seething bowl, gathered its strength and fury as if for a final effort, dashed past its prison walls, made its escape, and with one mad leap sprang over the precipice into the river one hundred feet below.

To get a full-faced view of this last cataract, it was necessary to descend the chasm of the main river, a difficult and most dangerous task, which I undertook, and accomplished in one hour, going down the face of the corner formed by the two gorges joining one another nearly at right angles, when the least slip would have pulverized me on the rocks four hundred feet beneath.

Here, in some sand between the rocks, I found half a dozen small diamonds, from which I gave the cataract the name of the Diamond Falls. The accompanying picture of this, as well as of the Schermbrücker Falls, are from photos taken by Lulu next day, when we lowered the camera with ropes in much the same way as we had done when the Hercules Falls were photographed. In fact, all the illustrations are taken from photographs with the exception of one, which is from a



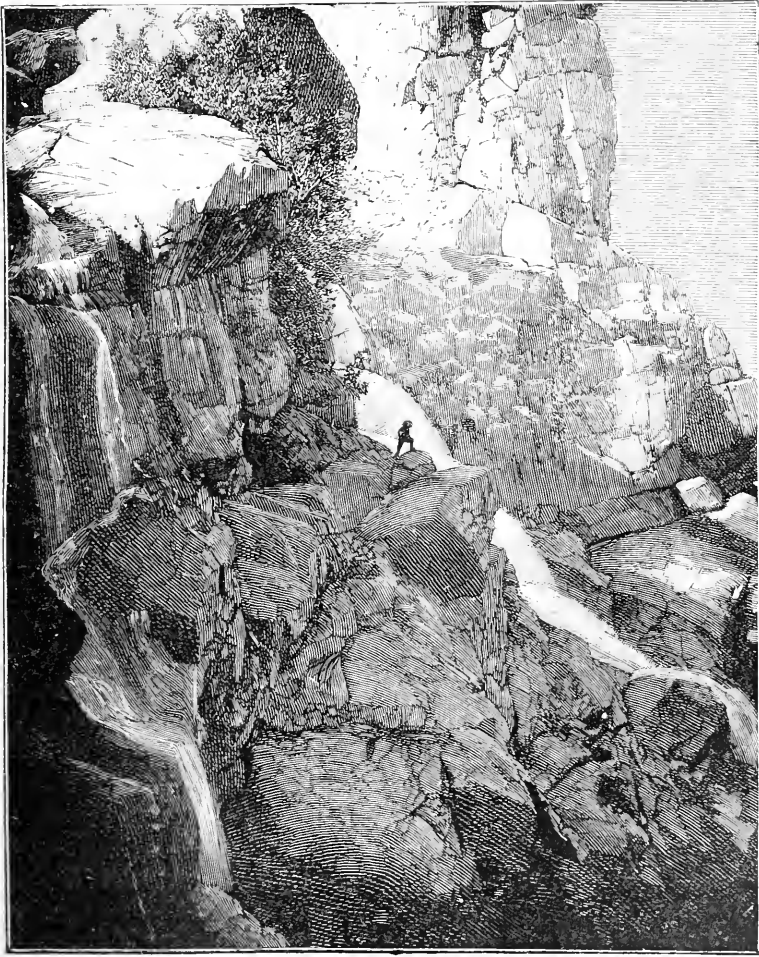
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THE DIAMOND FALLS.

To face p. 32.

sketch drawn under the most extraordinary circumstances.

We had spent several days exploring the falls, and



THE SCHERMBÜCKER FALLS.

finding each day some new gorge communicating with the main river, and had come to the conclusion that each of these, in the rainy season, would be full of water and contribute its quota to the vast flood, when

we unexpectedly had practical proof of the correctness of this view, and of the rapidity with which the falls, grand as they are even at low water, assume dimensions that must exceed even the volume of Niagara.

We were down at the bottom of a small gorge, near the Hercules Falls, when we suddenly heard a terrible rumbling, roaring noise.

"What's that?" I said to Fritz, who looked up the rapids and said,—

"Ve never some peebles vill tell, eef ve don't some plendy quicks make—dot rivare is down coming, dat's vat dat noise was. Run!"

After our previous experience we took in the situation in an instant, and fled for our lives to a rock several feet higher than the surrounding ones, whence we watched the oncoming flood, the swollen river sweeping everything before it with a sullen roar. The rocks on which we were standing soon became surrounded by a raging torrent; the wall of water, not taking time to follow the streamlets, burst over the rocks on all sides, and rushing headlong into all the holes, pools, and cracks and crannies, overflowed them in an instant. The main channel was soon filled, and absorbed each little winding stream in the general flood.

What a grand transformation scene! On every side of us was the boiling water, bearing on its surging bosom uprooted trees, logs, poles, and other *débris*. The booming of the drift-wood as it bumped against the rocks, and the roar of the rushing and falling waters were deafening. If the flood rose much more our fate was sealed, for, although the rock we were on was a large one, and appeared to be the dividing line between two channels of the river, it bore unmistakable traces of being waterworn, and no doubt was quite submerged at high water. Our German friend consoled us by saying the flood, at this time of year, would not rise for more than twelve hours, and that the first rush was always the heaviest. This proved to be the case, for, although the level kept slowly creeping up, the rise was not much after the first hour.

“But,” “I’ll-vatch-it” said, “de vatter vill tree, four days take, before it sall be run down vonce more.”

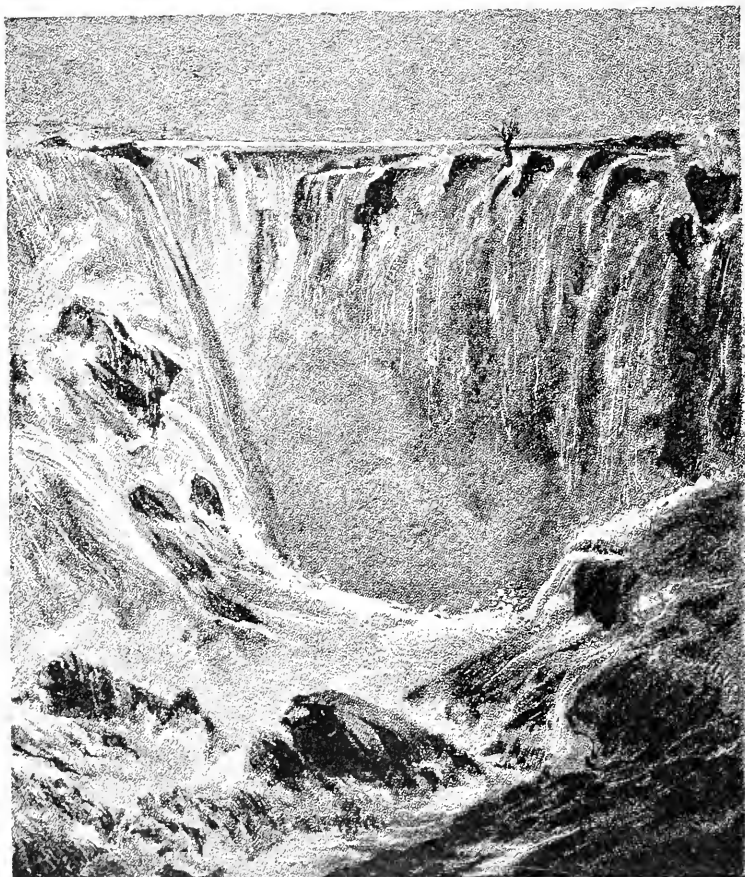
This was a pleasant prospect! Three or four days and nights on a bare rock, surrounded by a raging flood.

“How grand the Hercules Falls look now!” said Lulu. “If only I had my camera here!”

Grand, indeed, they were; a vast sheet of water was pouring over the precipice on all sides. Not one of the huge boulders could be seen now: great granite blocks that had stood in the middle and sides of the falls were drowned in the flood. What the falls must be like at full high water it is impossible to describe or even to imagine. We could see by the water-marks on the rocks, and by the wisps of straw and rubbish still hanging in the tree-tops, that the flood was a comparatively small one—a mere freshet—and Frith told us that at Upington, in the rainy season, he had seen the river rise fifty feet in twelve hours, covering the highest trees that grew on the islands. What must these falls be like at such a time, when a rise of three or four feet added so much to their grandeur! Lulu, while bewailing the absence of his camera, made several sketches, from which the annexed engraving is taken.

On every side fresh cascades sprang out, as if by magic, from the rocks. In fact, whether at high water or at low water, one of the peculiar charms of the place is the extraordinary number of distinct waterfalls which exist here. At Niagara there are two gigantic cataracts, falling side by side at one bound into the head of a gorge seven miles in length. Here there is a succession of cascades and falls—probably a hundred in number—extending along the whole length of a gorge no less than sixteen miles long, into which they plunge one after the other, sometimes at a single bound, sometimes in a series of leaps. During the dry weather many of these cataracts are of great volume, but at wet seasons, when they are magnified a hundred-fold, their mass must be immense. At Niagara the gorge is nowhere deeper than 200 feet. Here the chasm is half as deep

again. At Niagara the formation is limestone, and it is calculated that the water has taken some millions of years to excavate the channel. Here the soil is hard granite rock, and it is a pretty problem for geologists



THE HUNDRED FALLS.

to decide, by analogy, the age of this part of the African Continent.

During our explorations we counted, and mapped down, and named, nearly a hundred distinct cascades, and this fact gave me the idea of calling the falls of the Orange River "The Hundred Falls." If the reader will

pardon the infliction, I will, instead of attempting any further description of them in prose, record the verses which their wonders inspired :—

“THE HUNDRED FALLS.”

We leave the arid waste, and sea of grass,
Where lurk the dangers of the desert sand,
And, climbing mammoth rocks as smooth as glass,
Behold a scene surpassing fairy-land!
We hear the murmur of the rippling rills
Combining with the voices, sweet and long,
Of bright-winged warblers, whose rich music fills
The air with song.

Bright is the picture to the eye revealed
Of waving meadow, and of shady glen;
The land of paradise seems here concealed
By careless nature from the gaze of men.
Led by contending waters' angry sound,
We reach the jagged cliffs, and towering walls
Beneath which tumble, boom, crash, downward bound
The Hundred Falls.

Transfixed we stand, enraptured with the sight,
Upon the massive walls of silver grey,
Above the mighty waters foaming white,
With mirrored rainbows circling in the spray:
The torrent through its granite channel sweeps,
Impeded by grim rocks on either shore,
As o'er the precipice it madly leaps
With sullen roar.

Scores of snow-white cataracts swiftly gush
From lofty crags, majestic, cold, and bare,
Then headlong down the deep, dark chasm rush,
And quiver flashing in the startled air;
Glittering in the mist, the tempest blew
The silver spray to the abyss below,
Like liquid diamonds scintillating through
A cloud of snow.

More dreadful than the powder's bursting blast,
Than cannon roaring o'er the battle plain,
Louder than thunderbolts from heaven cast,
Or warlike engines heard across the main,
Wilder than the waves of a maddened sea,
Or earthquake, that bewilders and appals,
Were, roaring, writhing, fighting to be free,
One Hundred Falls.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE FÁN CANNIBALS AND THE GORILLAS.

TURNING our steps northwards, we shall place ourselves under one of the greatest of African travellers, Sir Richard Burton, and pay a visit to the Gaboon country, lying to the north of the Congo, where we shall find ourselves among the Fán cannibals and in the land of the gorilla. Sir Richard thus describes a journey up the Gaboon in 1862, and the habits of the Fáns, as he saw them.

Detestable weather detained me long at the hospitable factory. Tornadoes were of almost daily occurrence—not pleasant with 200 barrels of gunpowder under a thatched roof; they were useful chiefly to the Mpongwe servants of the establishment. These model thieves broke open, under cover of the storms, a strong iron safe in an inner room which had been carefully closed; they stole my Mboko skin, and bottles were not safe from them even in our bedrooms.

My next step was to ascend the “Olo’ Mpongwe,” or Gaboon River, which Bowdich (“Sketch of Gaboon”) calls Oroöngo, and its main point Ohlombopolo. The object was to visit the Fán, of whose cannibalism such curious tales had been told. It was not easy to find a conveyance. The factory greatly wanted a flat-bottom iron steamer, a stern-wheeler, with sliding keel, and furnaces fit for burning half-dried wood—a craft of fourteen tons, costing perhaps £14 per ton, would be ample in point of size, and would save not a little money to the trader. I was at last fortunate in securing the “Eliza,” belonging to Messrs. Hatton and Cookson. She was a fore-and-aft schooner of twenty tons, measuring 42 feet 6 inches over all and put up at Bonny Town by Captain

Birkett. She had two masts, and oars in case of calms : her crew was of six hands, including one Fernando, a Congoëse, who could actually box the compass. No outfit was this time necessary, beyond a letter to Mr. Tippet, who had charge of the highest establishments up stream. His business consisted chiefly of importing



NATIVE HOUSE WITH A FAMILY GROUP.

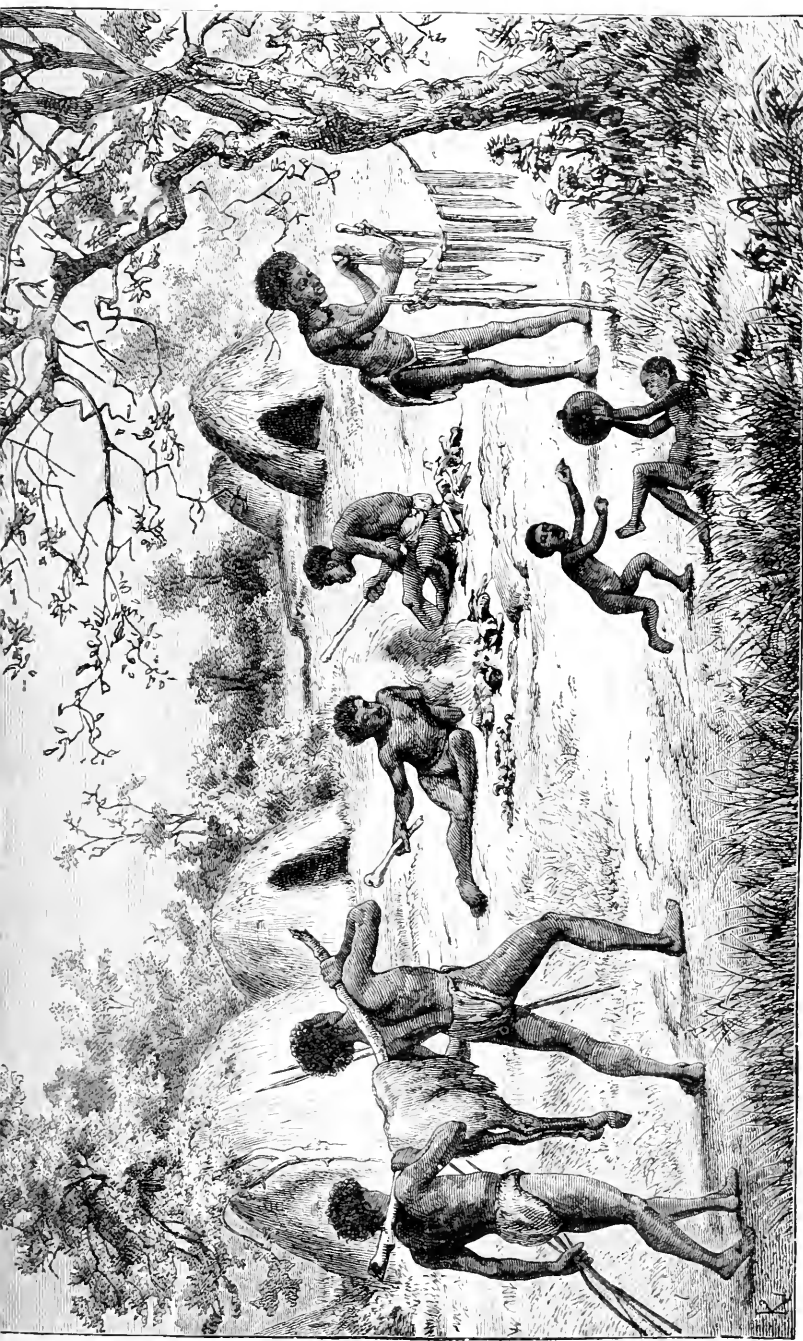
arms, ammunition, and beads of different sorts, especially the red porcelain, locally called Loangos.

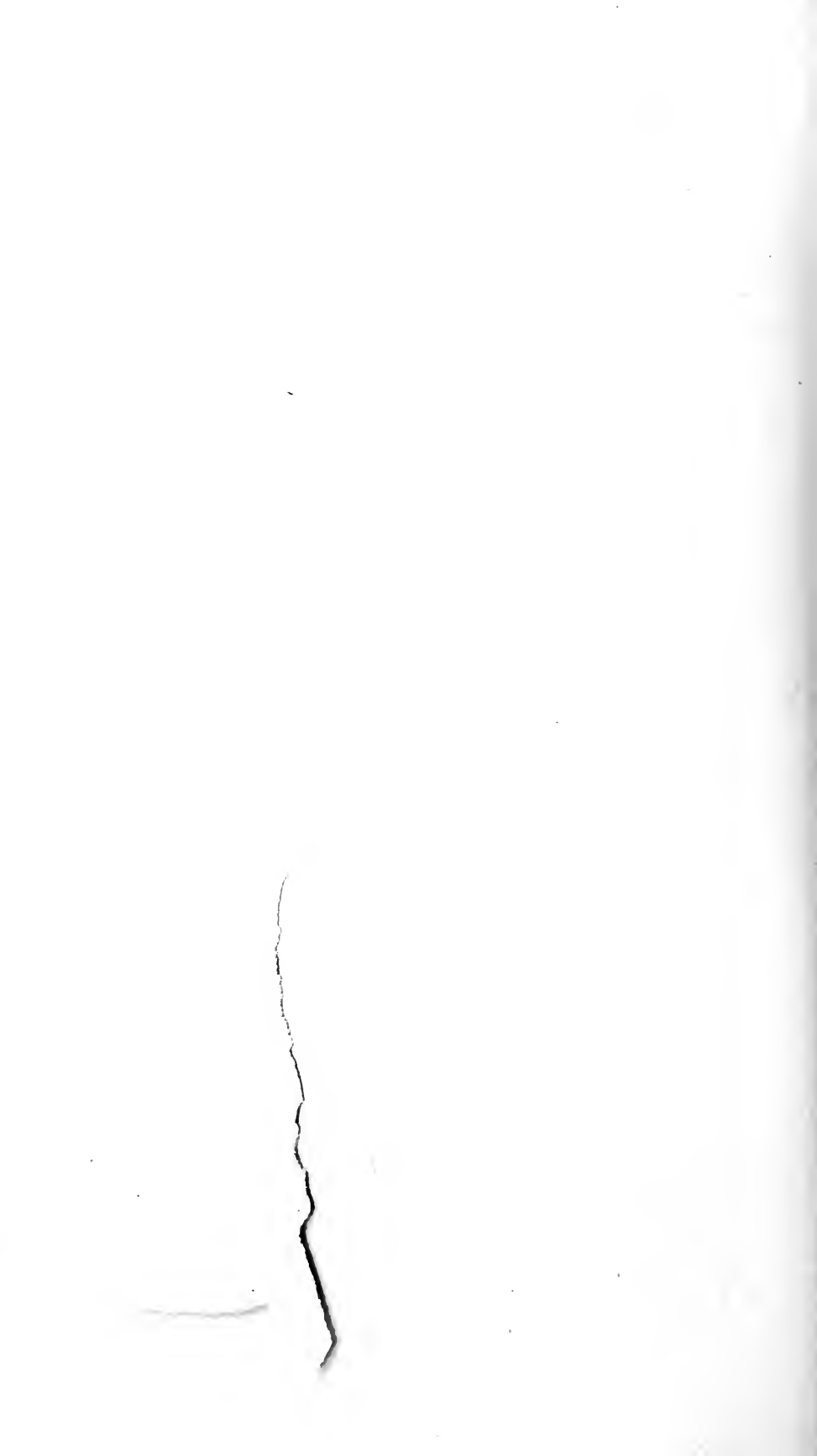
On April 10, a little before noon, I set out, despite thunder and lightning, rain, sun, torrential showers, and the vehemently expressed distaste of my crew. The view of the right bank was no longer from afar ; it differs in shape and material from the southern, but the distinction appears to me superficial, not extending to the interiors. Off Konig Island we found nine fathoms of water, and wanted them during a bad storm from the

south-east; it prevented my landing and inspecting the old Dutch guns, which Bowdich says are remains of the Portuguese. Both this and Parrot Island, lying some five miles south by west, are masses of cocoas, fringed with mangroves; a great contrast with the *prairillon* of the neighbouring Point Ovindo. At last, worn out by a four-knot current and a squall in our teeth, we anchored in four fathoms, about five miles south-east of Konig.

From this point we could easily see the wide gape of the Rembwe, the south-eastern influent, or rather fork, of the Gaboon, which rises in the south-western versant of some meridional chain, and which I was assured can be ascended in three tides. The people told me when too late of a great cavity or sink, which they called Wonga-Wonga; Bowdich represents it to be an uninhabited savannah of three days' extent, between Empoöngwa and Adjoomba (Mayumba). I saw nothing of the glittering diamond mountains, lying eastward of Wonga-Wonga, concerning which the old traveller was compelled to admit that, "when there was no moon, a pale but distinct light was invariably reflected from a mountain in that quarter, and from no other." It has now died out—this superstition, which corresponds with the carbuncle of Høy and others of our Seoto-Scandinavian islands.

Resuming our cruize on the next day, we passed on the right a village of "bad Bâkele," which had been blown down by the French during the last year; in this little business the "king" and two lieges had been killed. The tribe is large and important, scattered over several degrees north and south of the equator, as is proved by their slaves being collected from distances of several weeks and even months. In 1854 Mr. Wilson numbered them at 100,000. According to local experts they began to press down stream about 1830, driven *a tergo* by their neighbours, the Mpángwe (Fàn), even as they themselves are driving the Mpongwes. But they are evidently the Kaylee or Kalay of Bowdich, whose capital, "Samashialec," was "the residence of the king, Ohmbay." He places them in their present





habitat, and makes them the worst of cannibals. Whilst the "Sheekans" (Shekyani) buried their dead under the bed within the house, these detestable Kaylees ate not only their prisoners, but their defunct friends, whose bodies were "bid for directly the breath was out of them;" indeed, fathers were frequently seen to devour their own children. Bowdich evidently speaks



VIEW OF A BANANA GARDEN

from hearsay; but the Brazil has preserved the old traditions of cannibalism amongst the Gabões.

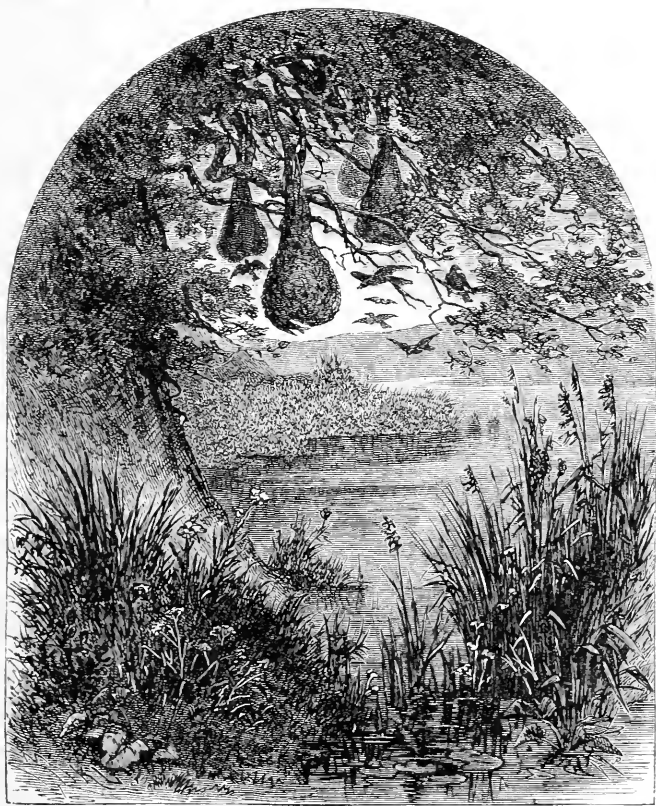
The Bákele appeared to me very like the coast tribes, only somewhat lighter-coloured and wilder in look, whilst they again are darker-skinned than their eastern neighbours from the inner highlands. Their women are not so well dressed as the "ladies" of the Mpongwe, the chignon is smaller, and there are fewer brass rings. The men, who still cling to the old habit of hunting, cultivate the soil, practise the ruder mechanical arts, and trade with the usual readiness and greed; they

asked us a leaf of tobacco for an egg, and four leaves for a bunch of bananas. Missionaries, who, like Messrs. Preston and Best, resided amongst them for years, have observed that, though a mild and timid people, they are ever involved in quarrels with their neighbours. I can hardly understand how they "bear some resemblance to the dwarfish Dokos of the eastern coast," seeing that the latter do not exist.

The Dikele grammar proves the language, which is most closely allied to the Benga dialect, to be one of the great South African family, variously called Kaffir, because first studied amongst these people; Ethiopic (very vague), and Nilotic because its great fluvial basin is the Zambezi, not the Nile. As might be expected amongst isolated races, the tongue, though clearly related to that of the Mpongwe and the Mpángwe, has many salient points of difference; for instance, the liquid "r" is wholly wanting. According to Mr. T. Leighton Wilson, perhaps one word in two is the same, or obviously from the same root; consequently verbal resemblances are by no means striking. The orthography of the two differs materially, and in this respect Dikele more resembles the languages of the eastern coast than its western neighbour, at the same time less than the Fiote or the Congoese. It has a larger number of declensions, and its adjectives and pronouns are more flexible and complicated. On the other hand, it possesses few of the conjugations which form so conspicuous a feature in the tongues of the Lower River, and, reversing the usage of the Mpongwe, it makes very little use of the passive.

Running the gauntlet of cheer and chaff from the noisy inmates of the many Bákele villages, and worried by mangrove-flies, we held our way up the muddy and rapidly narrowing stream, whose avenues of rhizophoras and palms acted as wind-sails; when the breeze failed the sensation was stifling. Lyámbá (*Cannabis sativa*) grew in patches upon the banks, now apparently wild, like that about Lagos and Badagry. Not till evening did the tide serve, enabling us to send our papers for

visa on board the guard-ship "L'Oise," where a party of young Frenchmen were preparing for *la chasse*. A little higher up stream are two islets, Nenge Mbwendi, so called from its owner, and Nenge Sika, or the Isle of Gold. The Mpongwe all know this name for the precious



WEAVER BIRDS AND NESTS.

metal, and the Bákele appear to ignore it: curious to say, it is the Fante and Mandenga word, probably derived from the Arabic Sikkah, which gave rise to the Italian Zecca (mint) and Zecchino. It may have been introduced by the Laptots or Lascar sailors of the Senegal. M. du Chaillu ("Second Expedition," chap. iii.) mentions "the island Nengué Shika" on the Lower

Fernão Vaz River; and Bowdich turns the two into Ompoöngu and Soombeä. The third is Anenga-nenga, not Ninga-ninga, about one mile long from north to south, and well wooded with bush and palms; here the Gaboon Mission has a neat building on piles. The senior native *employé* was at Glass Town, and his junior, a youth about nineteen, stood *à la Napoléon* in the doorway, evidently monarch of all he surveyed. I found there one of the Ndiva, the old tribe of Pongo-land, which by this time has probably died out. We anchored off Wosuku, a village of some fifty houses, forming one main street, disposed north-east—south-west, or nearly at right angles with the river. The entrance was guarded by a sentinel and gun, and the “king,” Imondo, lay right royally on his belly. A fine plantation of bananas divides the settlement, and the background is dense bush, in which they say “Nyäre” and deer abound. The Bâkele supply sheep and fowls to the Plateau, and their main industry consists in dressing plantain-fibre for thread and nets.

We now reach the confluence of the Nkomo, or north-eastern, with the Mbokwe, or eastern branch, which anastomose to form the Gaboon; the latter, being apparently the larger of the two, preserves the title Mpolo. Both still require exploration; my friend M. Braouezze, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, who made charts of the lower bed, utterly failed to make the sources; and the Rev. Mr. Preston, who lived seven months in the interior, could not ascend far. Mr. W. Winwood Reade reached in May, 1862, the rapids of the Nkomo River, but sore feet prevented his climbing the mountain, which he estimates at 2,000 feet, or of tracing the stream to its fountain. Mr. R. B. N. Walker also ascended the Nkomo for some thirty miles, and found it still a large bed with two fathoms of water in the Cacimbo or “Middle dries.” In M. du Chaillu’s map the Upper Nkomo is a dotted line; according to all authorities, upon the higher and the lower river his direction is too far to the north-east. The good Tippet declares that he once canoed three miles up the Mbokwe, and then

marched eastward for five days, covering a hundred miles—which is impossible. He found a line of detached hills, and an elevation where the dews were exceedingly cold; looking towards the utterly unknown Orient, he could see nothing but a thick forest unbroken by streams. He heard from the country people traditions of a Great Lake, which may be that placed by Tuckey in north latitude 2° — 3° . The best seasons for travel are said to be March and November, before and after the rains, which swell the water twelve feet.

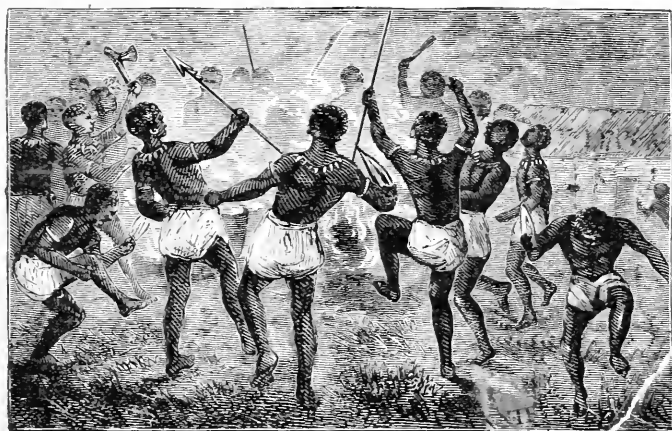
About Anenge-nenge we could easily see the sub-ranges of the great Eastern Ghats, some twenty miles to the north-east. Here the shallows and the banks projecting from different points made the channel dangerous. Entering the Mbokwe branch we were compelled to use sweeps, or the schooner would have been dashed against the sides; as we learned by the trees, the tides raise the surface two to three feet high. After the third hour we passed the “Fán Komba Vina,” or village of King Vina. It stood in a pretty little bay, and the river, some 400 feet broad, was fronted, as is often the case, by the “palaver tree,” a glorious *Ceiba* or bombax. All the people flocked out to enjoy the sight, and my unpractised eye could not distinguish them from Bákele. Above it, also on the right bank, is the new-deserted site where Messrs. Adams and Preston nearly came to grief for bewitching the population with “bad book.”

Five slow hours from Anenge-nenge finally placed us, about sunset, at Mayyán, or Tippet Town. The depôt lies a little above the confluence of the Mbokwe and the Londo, or south-eastern fork of the latter. A drunken



(BY-ZANZI) A CONGO DANDY.

pilot and a dark and moonless night, with the tide still running in, delayed us till I could hardly distinguish the sable human masses which gathered upon the Styx-like stream to welcome their new Matyem—merchant or white man. Before landing, all the guns on board the steamer were double-loaded and discharged, at the instance of our host, who very properly insisted upon this act of African courtesy—"it would be shame not to fire salute." We were answered by the loudest howls, and by the town muskets, which must have carried the charges of old chambers. Mr. Tippet, an intelligent coloured man from the States, who has been living thirteen years on the Gaboon, since the age of fourteen, and who acts as native trader to Mr. R. B. N. Walker, for ivory, ebony, rubber, and other produce, escorted me to his extensive establishment. At length I am amongst the man-eaters.



FESTIVITIES.

CHAPTER IV.

A SPECIMEN DAY WITH THE FÁN CANNIBALS.

AT 5 A.M. on the next day, after a night with the gnats and rats, I sallied forth in the thick "smokes," and cast a nearer look upon my cannibal hosts. And first of the tribal name. The Mpongwe call their wild neighbours Mpángwe; the Europeans affect such corruptions as Fánwe, Panwe, the F and P being very similar. Phaouin and Paouen (Pawen). They call themselves Fán, meaning "man;" in the plural, Báfán. The *n* is highly nasalized: the missionaries proposed to express it by "*nh*," which, however, wrongly conveys the idea of aspiration; and "Fan," pronounced after the English fashion, would be unintelligible to them.

The village contains some 400 souls, and throughout the country the maximum would be about 500 spears, or 4,000 of both sexes, whilst the minimum is a couple of dozen. It is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Mbo'kwe River, a streamlet here some 50 feet broad, whose water rises 6 feet 10 inches under the tidal influence. The single street, about half a mile long, is formed by two parallel rows of huts, looking upon a

cleared line of yellow clay, and provided with three larger sheds—the palaver houses. The Fán houses resemble those of the Mpongwe; in fact, the tribes, beginning at the Camarones River, build in much the same style, but all are by no means so neat and clean as those of the seaboard. A thatch, whose projecting eaves form deep shady verandahs, surmounts walls of split bamboo, supported by raised platforms of tamped earth, windows being absent and chimneys unknown; the ceiling is painted like coal tar by oily soot, and two opposite doors make the home a passage through which no one hesitates to pass. The walls are garnished with weapons and nets, both skilfully made, and the furniture consists of cooking utensils and water-pots, mats for bedding, logs of wood for seats and pillows, and lumps of timber or dwarf stools, neatly cut out of a single block. Their only night-light—that grand test of civilization—is the Mpongwe torch, a yard of hard, black gum, mixed with and tightly bound up in dried banana leaves. According to some it is acacia; others declare it to be the “blood” of the bombax, which is also used for caulking. They gather it in the forest, especially during the dries, collect it in hollow bamboos, and prepare it by heating in the neptune, or brass pan. The odour is pleasant, but fragments of falling fire endanger the hut, and trimming must be repeated every ten minutes. The sexes are not separated; as throughout inter-tropical Africa, the men are fond of idling at their clubs; and the women, who must fetch water and cook, clean the hut, and nurse the baby, are seldom allowed to waste time. They are naturally a more prolific race than those inhabiting the damp, unhealthy lowlands, and the number of the children contrasts pleasantly with the “bleak house” of the debauched Mpongwe, who puts no question when his wife presents him with issue.

In the cool of the morning Fitevanga, king of Mayyán, lectured me upon the short and simple annals of the Fán. In 1842 the first stragglers who had crossed the Sierra del Crystal are said to have been seen upon the head waters of the Gaboon. I cannot, however, but

suspect that they are the "Paämways" of whom Bowdich ("Sketch of Gaboon," p. 429) wrote in the beginning of the century, "All the natives on this route are said to be cannibals, the Paämways not so voraciously as the others, because they cultivate a large breed of dogs for their eating." Mr. W. Winwood Reade suspects them to be an offshoot of the great Fulah race, and



DEFIANCE.

there is nothing in point of dialect to disprove what we must at present consider a pure conjecture. "The Fulah pronouns have striking analogies with those of the Yoruba, Accra, Ashantee, and Timmanee, and even of the great Kaffir class of dialects, which reaches from the equator to the Cape," wrote the late learned E. Norris, in his "Introduction to the Grammar of the Fulah Language" (London: Harrison, 1854).

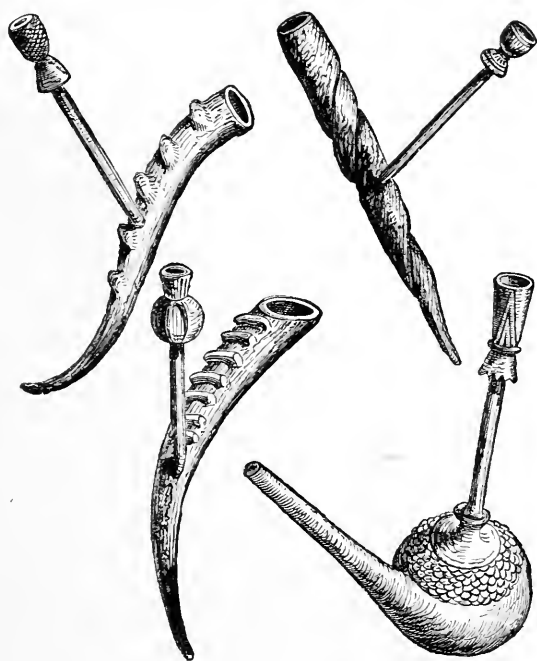
According to the people of the upper river the Fán

were expelled by the Bati or Batti—not “Bari” as it has been written—from their ancient seats; and they are still pushing them seawards. The bushmen are said to live seven to ten short marches (seventy to a hundred miles) to the east, and are described by Mr. Tippet, whom they have visited, as a fine, tall, slender, and light-skinned people, who dress like the Fán, but without so much clothing, and who sharpen the teeth of both sexes. Dr. Barth heard of the Bati, and Herr Petermann’s map describes them * as “Pagans, reported to be of a white colour, and of beautiful shape, to live in houses made of clay, to wear cloth of their own making, and to hold a country from which a mountain is visible to the south-west, and close to the sea.” The range in question may be the Long Qua (Kwa), which continues the Camarones block to the north-east, and the Batis may have passed south-westward from Southern Adamáwa.

The Fán were accompanied in their seaward movement by the Osheba or ‘Sheba, the Moshebo and Moshobo of M. du Chaillu’s map. They are said to be a tribe of kindred blood and warlike tastes, speaking a remarkably guttural tongue, but intelligible to the Mpángwe. They too were doubtless pressed forward by the Inner Bati, who are also affected by the Okáná, the Yefá, and the Sensobá. The latter are the innermost known to my negro informants, and their sheep and goats have found their way to the Gaboon; they are doughty elephant-hunters, and they attack the Njína, although they have no fire-arms. The Mpángwe deride the savagery of these races, who have never heard of a man riding a horse or an ass, which the Mpongwes call Cavala and Buro (burro). The names of these three races, which are described as brave, warlike, and hospitable to strangers, will not be found on any map; indeed, the regions east of the Gaboon belong to the great white blot of inter-tropical Africa, extending from north latitude 7° to south latitude 5° . Major de Ruvignes heard also of a tribe called Lachaize (Osheba?) which excels the Fán in strength and courage as much as the latter

* Hutchinson’s “Ten Years’ Wanderings,” p. 319.

do the coast tribes : a detachment of them had settled near one of the chief Mpángwe towns, "Mboma." Some days after his arrival he saw several of these people, and describes them as giants, compared with the negro races to which his eye was accustomed. The general stature varied from six feet to six feet four inches ; their complexion was a light *café au lait* ; their hair was ornamented with cowries, strung so thickly as to



NATIVE PIPES.

suggest a skull-cap, whilst long streamers of elephants' tails, threaded with the *Cypræa* and brass rings, hung down from the head behind the ears, covering the nape of the neck. All these, we may observe, are Congo customs. In their manufacture of iron, dug by themselves, they resemble the cannibals.

The Fán have now lodged themselves amongst the less warlike, maritime, and sub-maritime tribes, as the (Ashantis) Asiante lately did in Fante-land ; now they

visit the factories on the estuary, and wander as far as the Ogobe. In course of time, they will infallibly "eat up" the Bákele, as the latter are eating up the Mpongwe and Shekyani. They have their own names for neighbouring tribes: the Mpongwe, according to Bowdich, called the Shekyani, and the inner tribes "Boolas, a synonym of Dunko in Ashantee;" hence, probably, the "Bulous" of Mr. Hutchinson (p. 253), "a tribe on the Guergay Creek, who speak a different language from the Mpongwes." The Fán call the Mpongwes, Bá yok; the Bákele, Ngon; the Shekyani, Besek; and the Gaboon River, Aboka. The sub-tribes of cannibals, living near my line of march, were named to me as follows:—

1. The Lálá (Oshebas?), whose chief settlement, Sánk wí, is up the Mbokwe River;
2. their neighbours, the Esánvímá;
3. the Sánikiya, a bush tribe;
4. the Sákulá, near Mayyán;
5. the Esobá, about Fakanjok;
6. the Esonzel of the Ute, or Autá village;
7. the Okola, whose chief settlement is Esámási;
- and 8. the Ashemvon, with Asya for a capital.

From M. du Chaillu's illustrations (pp. 74, 77) I fully expected to see a large-limbed, black-skinned, and ferocious-looking race, with huge mustachios and plaited beards. A finely made, light-coloured people, of regular features and decidedly mild aspect, met my sight.

The complexion is, as a rule, chocolate, the distinctive colour of the African mountaineer and of the inner tribes; there are dark men, as there would be in England, but the very black are of servile origin. Few had any signs of skin-disease; I saw only one hand spotted with white, like the incipient Morphetico (leper) of the Brazil. Many, if bleached, might pass for Europeans, so "Caucasian" are their features; few are negro in type as the Mpongwe, and none are purely "nigger" like the blacks of maritime Guinea and the lower Congoese. And they bear the aspect of a people fresh from the bush, the backwoods; their teeth are pointed, and there is generally a look of grotesqueness and surprise. When I drank tea, they asked what was the good of putting sugar in tobacco water. The hair is not kinky,

peppercorn-like, and crisply woolly, like that of the Coast tribes; in men, as well as in women, it falls in a thick curtain, nearly to the shoulders, and it is finer than the usual elliptical fuzz. The variety of their per-ruquerie can be rivalled only by that of the dress and ornament. The males affect plaits, knobs, and horns, stiff twists and upright tufts, suddenly projecting some two inches from the scalp; and, that analogies with Europe might not be wanting, one gentleman wore a queue, *zopf*, or pigtail, bound at the shoulders, not by a ribbon, but by the neck of a claret bottle. Other heads are adorned with single feathers, or bunches and circles of plumes, especially the red tail-plumes of the parrot



FÁN HEAD-DRESS.

and the crimson coat of the Touraco (*Corythrix*), an African jay; these blood-coloured spoils are a sign of war. The Brazilian traveller will be surprised to find the coronals of feathers, the Kennitare (*Acangátara*) of the Tupí-Guarani race, which one always associates with the New World. The skull-caps of plaited and blackened palm leaf, though common in the interior, are here rare; an imitation is produced by tressing the hair longitudinally from occiput to sinciput, making the head a system of ridges, divided by scalp-lines, and a fan-shaped tuft of scarlet-stained palm frond surmounts the poll. I noticed a fashion of crinal decoration quite new to me.

A few hairs, either from the temples, the sides or the back of the head, are lengthened with tree-fibres, and

threaded with red and white pound-beads, so called by Europeans because the lb. fetches a dollar. These decorations fall upon the breast or back; the same is done to the thin beard, which sprouts tufty from both rami of the chin, as in the purely nervous temperament of Europe; and doubtless the mustachios, if the latter were not mostly wanting, would be similarly treated. Whatever absurdity in hair may be demanded by the trichotomists and philopogons of Europe, I can at once supply it to any extent from Africa—gratis. Gentlemen remarkable by a *raie*, which as in the Scotch terrier begins above the eyes and runs down the back, should be grateful to me for this sporting offer.

Nothing simpler than the Fán toilette. Thongs and plaits of goat, wild cat, or leopard skin gird the waist, and cloth, which is rare, is supplied by the spoils of the black monkey or some other “beef.” The main part of the national costume, and certainly the most remarkable, is a fan of palm frond redolent of grease and ruddled with ochre, thrust through the waist belt; while new and stiff the upper half stands bolt upright and depends only when old. It suggests the “Enduap” (rondache) of ostrich-plumes worn by the Tupí-Guaraní barbarians of the Brazil, the bunchy caudal appendages which made the missionaries compare them with pigeons. The fore part of the body is here decked with a similar fan, the outspread portion worn the wrong way, like that behind. The ornaments are seed-beads, green or white, and Lo-angos (red porcelain). The “bunch” here contains 100 to 120 strings, and up country 200, worth one dollar; each will weigh from one to three, and a wealthy Fán may carry fifteen to forty-five pounds. The seed-bead was till lately unknown; fifteen to twenty strings make the “bunch.” There is not much tattooing amongst the men, except on the shoulders, whilst the women prefer the stomach; the *gandin*, however, disfigures himself with powdered cam-wood, mixed with butter-nut, grease, or palm-oil—a custom evidently derived from the coast-tribes. Each has his “Ndese,” garters and armlets of plaited palma fibre, and tightened by little cross-bars of

brass; they are the "Hibás" which the Bedawin wear under their lower articulations as preservatives against cramp. Lastly, a Fetish horn hangs from the breast, and heavy copper rings encumber the wrists and ankles. Though unskilful in managing canoes—an art to be learned, like riding and dancing, only in childhood—many villagers affect to walk about with a paddle, like the semi-aquatic Kru-men. Up country it is said they make rafts which are towed across the stream by ropes, when the swiftness of the current demands a ferry. The women are still afraid of the canoe.

All adult males carry arms, and would be held womanish if they were seen unweaponed. These are generally battle-axes, spears cruelly and fantastically jagged, hooked and barbed, and curious leaf-shaped knives of archaic aspect; some of the latter have blades broader than they are long, a shape also preserved by the Mpongwe. The sheaths of fibre or leather are elaborately decorated, and it is *chic* for the scabbard to fit so tight that the weapon cannot be drawn for five minutes; I have seen the same amongst the Somal. There are some trade-muskets, but the "hot-mouthed weapon" has not become the national weapon of the Fán. Bows and arrows are unknown; the Náyin or cross-bow peculiar to this people, and probably a native invention, not borrowed, as might be supposed, from Europe, is carried only when hunting or fighting: a specimen was exhibited in London with the gorillas. The people are said sometimes to bend it with the foot or feet like the Tupí-Guaraní, the Jivaros, and other South Americans. Suffice it to remark of this weapon, with which, by the bye, I never saw a decent shot made, that the *détente* is simple and ingenious, and that the "Ebe" or dwarf bolt is always poisoned with the boiled root of a wild shrub. It is believed that a graze is fatal, and that the death is exceedingly painful: I doubt both assertions. Most men also carry a pliable basket full of bamboo caltrops, thin splints, pointed and poisoned. Placed upon the path of a bare-footed enemy, this rude contrivance, combined with the scratching of the thorns, and the gashing

cuts of the grass, must somewhat discourage pursuit. The shields of elephant hide are large, square, and ponderous. The "terrible war-axe" is the usual poor little tomahawk, more like a toy than a tool.

After a bathe in the muddy Mbokwe, I returned to the village, and found it in a state of ferment. The Fán, like all inner African tribes, with whom fighting is our fox-hunting, live in a chronic state of ten days' war, and can never hold themselves safe; this is the case especially where the slave trade has never been heard of. Similarly the Ghazwah ("Razzia") of the Bedawin is for plunder, not for captives. Surprises are rare, because they will not march in the dark. Battles are not bloody; after two or three warriors have fallen their corpses are dragged away to be devoured, their friends save themselves by flight, and the weaker side secures peace by paying sheep and goats. On this occasion the sister of a young "brave" had just now been killed and "chopped" by the king of Sánkwi, a neighbouring settlement of Oshebas, and the bereaved brother was urging his comrades with vociferous speeches to "up and arm." Usually when a man wants "war," he rushes naked through his own village, cursing it as he goes. Moreover, during the last war Mayyán lost five men to three of the enemy; which is not fair, said the women, who appeared most eager for the fray. All the youths seized their weapons; the huge war-drums, the hollowed bole of a tree fringed with Nyáre hide, was set up in the middle of the street; preparations for the week of singing and dancing which precedes a campaign were already in hand, and one war-man gave earnest of blood-shed by spearing a goat the property of Mr. Tippet. It being our interest that the peace should be kept till after my proposed trip into the interior, I repaired to the palaver-house and lent weight to the advice of my host, who urged the heroes to collect ivory, ebony, and rubber, and not to fight till his stores were filled. We concluded by carrying off the goat. After great excitement the warriors subsided to a calm; it was broken, however, two days afterwards by the



VOL. II.

THE YELLALA OF THE CONGO RIVER.
(After a drawing by Sir R. F. Burton.)

To face p. 56.

filled.
great excitement
was broken,

murder of a villager, the suspected lover of a woman whose house was higher up the Mbokwe River; he went to visit her, and was incontinently speared in the breast by the "injured husband." If he die and no fine be paid, there will be another "war."

I made careful inquiry about anthropophagy amongst the Fán, and my account must differ greatly from that of M. du Chaillu. The reader, however, will remember that Mayyán is held by a comparatively civilized race, who have probably learned to conceal a custom so distasteful to all their neighbours, white and black; in the remoter districts cannibalism may yet assume far more hideous proportions. Since the Fán have encouraged traders to settle

amongst them, the interest as well as the terrors of the Coast tribes, who would deter foreigners from direct dealings, has added new horrors to the tale; and yet nothing can exceed the reports of older travellers.

During my peregrinations I did not see a single skull. The chiefs, stretched at full length, and wrapped in mats, are buried secretly, the object being to prevent some strong Fetish medicine being made by enemies from various parts of the body. In some villages the head men of the same tribe are interred near one another; the commonalty are put singly and decently under ground, and only the slave (Máká) is thrown as usual into the bush. Mr. Tippet, who had lived three



FÁN WARRIOR.



THE DRUM.

years with this people, knew only three cases of cannibalism ; and the Rev. Mr. Walker agreed with other excellent authorities, that it is a rare incident even in the wildest parts—perhaps opportunity only is wanted. As will appear from the Fán's bill of fare, anthropophagy can hardly be caused by necessity, and the way in which it is conducted shows that it is a quasi-religious rite practised upon foes slain in battle, evidently an equivalent of human sacrifice. If the whole body cannot be carried off, a limb or two is removed for the purpose of a roast. The corpse is carried to a hut built expressly on the outskirts of the settlement ; it is eaten secretly by the warriors, women and children not being allowed to be present, or even to look upon man's flesh ; and the cooking-pots used for the banquet must all be broken. A joint of "black brother" is never seen in the villages : "smoked human flesh" does not hang from the rafters, and the leather knife-sheaths are of wild cow ; tanned man's skin suggests only the *tannerie de Meudon*, an advanced "institution." Yet Dr. Schweinfurth's valuable travels on the Western Nile prove that public anthropophagy can co-exist with a considerable amount of comfort and, so to speak, civilization—witness the Nyam-Nyam and Mombattu (Mimbutoo). The sick and the dead are uneaten by the Fán, and the people shouted with laughter when I asked a certain question.

The "unnatural" practice, which, by the bye, has at different ages extended over the whole world, now continues to be most prevalent in places where, as in New Zealand, animal food is wanting ; and everywhere pork readily takes the place of "long pig." The damp and depressing atmosphere of equatorial Africa renders the stimulus of flesh diet necessary. The Isángú, or Ingwánba, the craving felt after a short abstinence from animal food, does not spare the white traveller more than it does his dark guides ; and, though the moral courage of the former may resist the "gastronomic practice" of breaking fast upon a fat young slave, one does not expect so much from the untutored appetite of

the noble savage. On the eastern parts of the continent there are two cannibal tribes, the Wadoe and the Wabembé ; and it is curious to find the former occupying the position assigned by Ptolemy (iv. 8) to his anthropophagi of the *Barbaricus Sinus* : according to their own account, however, the practice is modern. When weakened by the attacks of their Wákámhá neighbours, they began to roast and eat slices from the bodies of the slain in presence of the foe. The latter, as often happens amongst barbarians, and even amongst civilized men, could dare to die, but were unable to face the horrors of becoming food after death : the great Cortez knew this feeling when he made his soldiers pretend anthropophagy. Many of the Wadoe negroes are tall, well made, and light complexioned, though inhabiting the low and humid coast regions—a proof, if any were wanted, that there is nothing unwholesome in man's flesh. Some of our old accounts of shipwrecked seamen, driven to the dire necessity of eating one another, insinuate that the impious food causes raging insanity. The Wabembe tribe, occupying a strip of land on the western shore of the Tanganyika Lake, are “Menschenfresser,” as they were rightly called by the authors of the “Mombas Mission Map.” These miserables have abandoned to wild growth a most prolific soil ; too lazy and unenergetic to hunt or to fish, they devour all manner of carrion, grubs, insects, and even the corpses of their deceased friends. The Midgán, or slave-caste of the semi-Semitic Somal, are sometimes reduced to the same extremity ; but they are ever held, like the Wendigo, or man-eaters, amongst the North American Indians, impure and detestable. On the other hand, the Tupí-Guaraní of the Brazil, a country abounding



THE CANNIBAL.

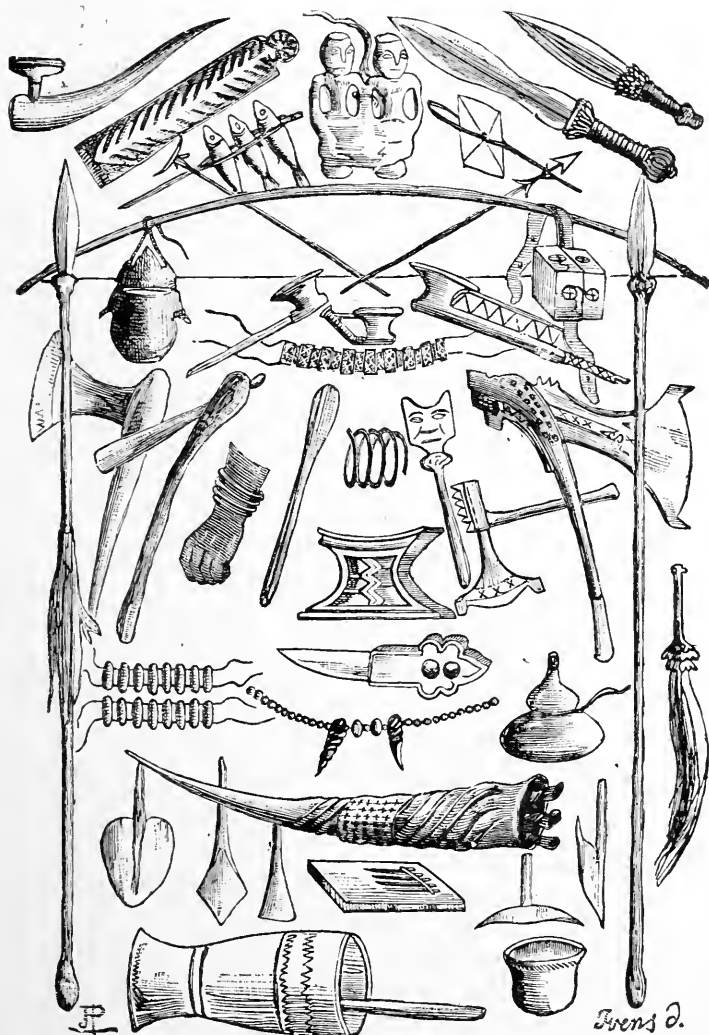
in game, fish, wild fruits, and vegetables, ate one another with a surprising relish. This subject is too extensive even to be outlined here : the reader is referred to the translation of Hans Stade : old travellers attribute the cannibalism of the Brazilian races to "gulosity" rather than superstition ; moreover, these barbarians had certain abominable practices, supposed to be known only to the most advanced races.

Anthropophagy without apparent cause was not unknown in Southern Africa. Mr. Layland found a tribe of "cave cannibals" amongst the mountains beyond Thaba Bosigo in the Trans-Gariep Country.* He remarks with some surprise, "Horrible as all this may appear, there might be some excuse made for savages, driven by famine to extreme hunger, for capturing and devouring their enemies. But with these people it was totally different, for they were inhabiting a fine agricultural tract of country, which also abounded in game. Notwithstanding this, they were not contented with hunting and feeding upon their enemies, but preyed much upon each other also, for many of their captures were made from amongst the people of their own tribe, and, even worse than this, in times of scarcity, many of their own wives and children became the victims of this horrible practice."

Anthropophagy, either as a necessity, a sentiment, or a superstition, is known to sundry, though by no means to all, the tribes dwelling between the Nun (Niger) and the Congo rivers ; how much farther south it extends I cannot at present say. On the Lower Niger, and its branch the Brass River, the people hardly take the trouble to conceal it. On the Bonny and New Calabar, perhaps the most advanced of the so-called Oil Rivers, cannibalism, based upon a desire of revenge, and perhaps, its sentimental side, the object of imbibing the valour of an enemy slain in battle, has caused many scandals of late years. The practice, on the other hand, is execrated by the Efiks of Old Calabar, who punish any attempts of the kind with extreme severity. During

* "Journal of the Ethnological Society," April, 1869.

1862 the slaves of Creek-town attempted it, and were killed. At Duke-town an Ibo woman also cut up



A TROPHY OF NATIVE AFRICAN HANDICRAFT.

a man, sun-dried the flesh, and sold it for monkey's meat—she took sanctuary at the mission house. Yet it is in full vigour amongst their Ibo neighbours to the

north-west, and the Duallas of the Camarones River also number it amongst their "country customs." The Mpongwe, as has been said, will not eat a chimpanzee ; the Fán devour their dead enemies.

The Fán character has its ferocious side, or it would not be African : prisoners are tortured with all the horrible barbarity of that human wild beast which is happily being extirpated, the North American Indian ; and children may be seen greedily licking the blood from the ground. It is a curious ethnological study, this peculiar development of destructiveness in the African brain. Cruelty seems to be with him a necessary of life, and all his highest enjoyments are connected with causing pain and inflicting death. His religious rites—a strong contrast to those of the modern Hindoo—are ever causelessly bloody. Take, as an instance, the Efik race, or people of Old Calabar, some 6,000 wretched remnants of a once powerful tribe. For 200 years they have had intercourse with Europeans, who, though slavers, would certainly neither enjoy nor encourage these profitless horrors ; yet no savages show more brutality in torture, more frenzied delight in bloodshed, than they do. A few of their pleasant practices are—

The administration of Esere, or poison-bean ;

"Egbo floggings" of the utmost severity, equalling the knout ;

Substitution of an innocent pauper for a rich criminal ;

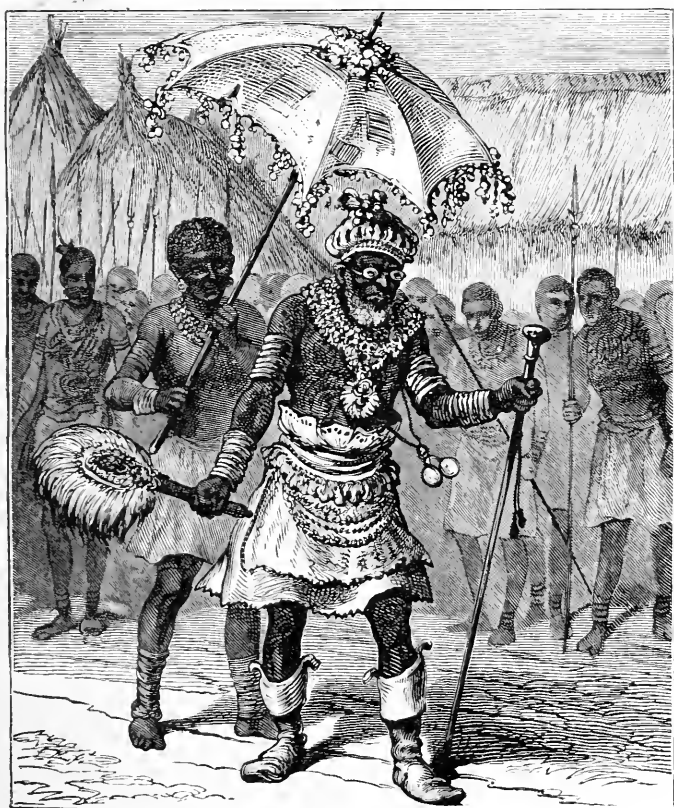
Infanticide of twins ; and

Vivisepture.

And it must be remembered that this tribe has had the benefit of a resident mission for the last generation. I can hardly believe this abnormal cruelty to be the mere result of uncivilization ; it appears to me the effect of an arrested development, which leaves to the man all the ferocity of the carnivore, the unreflecting cruelty of the child.

The dietary of these "wild men of the woods" would astonish the starveling sons of civilization. When will the poor man realize the fact that his comfort and happiness will result not from workhouses and alms-

houses, hospitals and private charities, but from that organized and efficient emigration, so long advocated by the seer Carlyle? Only the crassest ignorance and the listlessness born of misery and want prevent the able-bodied pauper, the frozen-out mechanic, or the weary



IN OLD CALABAR.

and ill-clad, the over-worked and under-fed agricultural labourer, from quitting the scenes of his purgatory, and from finding, scattered over earth's surface, spots where he may enjoy a comparative paradise, heightened by the memory of privations endured in the wretched hole which he pleases to call his home. But *nostalgia* is a more common disease than men suppose, and it affects

none more severely than those that are remarkable for their physical powers. A national system of emigration, to be perfect, must not be confined to solitary and individual hands, who, however numerous, are ever pining for the past. The future will organize the exodus of whole villages, which, like those of the Hebrides in the last century, will bear with them to new worlds their Lares and Penates, their wives, families, and friends, who will lay out the church and the churchyard after the old fashion familiar to their youth, and who will not forget the palaver-house, vulgarly called pothouse or pub.

Few of these Lestrigenous lack fish, which they catch in weirs, fowl, flesh of dogs, goats, or sheep; cattle is a luxury yet unknown, but the woods supply an abundance of Nyáre and other "bush-beef." They also have their special word for the meat-yearning. Still in the semi-nomadic stage, they till the ground, and yet depend greatly upon the chase. They break their fast (*kideashe*) at 6 A.M., eat a mid-day meal (*amos*), and sup (*gogáshe*) at sunset, besides "snacks" all through the day when they can find material. They are good huntsmen, who fear neither the elephant (*nyok*), the hippopotamus (*nyok á mádzim*), frequent in the rivers of the interior, the crocodile, nor the gorilla (*njí*). It is generally asserted—and the unfortunate Douville re-echoed the assertion—that the river-horse and the crocodile will not live together; the reason is, simply, that upon the seaboard, where these animals were first observed, the crocodile prefers the fresh water of the river, the hippopotamus the brackish water at its mouth. In the interior, of course, they dwell together in amity, because there is nothing for them to quarrel about.

The banana, planted with a careless hand, supplies the staff of life, besides thatch, fuel, and fibre for nets and lines: when they want cereals, maize, *holcus*, and *panicum* will grow almost spontaneously. The various palm-trees give building materials, oil, wine, and other requisites too numerous to mention. The "five products of the cow" are ignored, as in the western hemi-

sphere of yore: one of the most useful, however, is produced by the Nje or Njeve, a towering butyraceous tree, differing from that which bears the Shea butter-nut. Its produce is sun-dried, toasted over a fire, pounded and pressed in a bag between two boards, when it is ready for use. The bush, cut at the end, is fired before the beginning of the rains, leaving the land ready for yams and sweet potatoes almost without using the hoe. In the middle dries, from June to September, the villagers sally forth *en masse* for a battue of elephants, whose spoils bring various luxuries from the coast. Lately, before my arrival, they had turned out to gather the Abá, or wild mango, for Odika sauce; and during this season they will do nothing else. The Fán plant their own tobacco, which is described as a low, spreading plant, and despise the imported weed; they neither snuff nor chew. All manufacture their own pipe-bowls, and they are not ignorant of the use of Lyámbá or Hashish. They care little for sugar, contrary to the rule of Africa in general, but they over-salt all their food; and they will suck the condiment as children do lollipops. Their palm oil is very poor, as if they had only just learned the art of making it.

After the daily siesta, which lasted till 3 P.M., Mr. Tippet asked me to put in an appearance at a solemn dance which, led by the king's eldest daughter, was being performed in honour of the white visitor. A chair was placed in the verandah, the street being the ballroom. Received with the usual salutation, "Mboláne," to which the reply is "An," I proceeded to the external study of Fán womanhood. Whilst the men are tall and *élancés*, their partners are usually short and stout, and,

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman,"

is a matter of taste upon which most of us agree with his lordship. This peculiar breadth of face and person probably result from hard work and good fare, developing adipose tissue. I could not bring myself to admire Gondebiza, the princess royal,—what is grotesque in

one sex becomes unsightly in the other. Fat, thirty, and perhaps once fair, her charms had seen their prime, and the system of circles and circlets which composed her *personnel* had assumed a tremulous and gravitating tendency. She was habited in the height of Fán fashion. Her body was modestly invested in a thin pattern of tattoo, and a gauzework of oil and camwood; the rest of the toilette was a dwarf pigeon-tail of fan-palm, like that of the men, and a manner of apron, white beads, and tree bark, greasy and reddened: the latter was tucked under and over the five lines of cowries, which acted as cestus to the portly middle, "big as a budget."



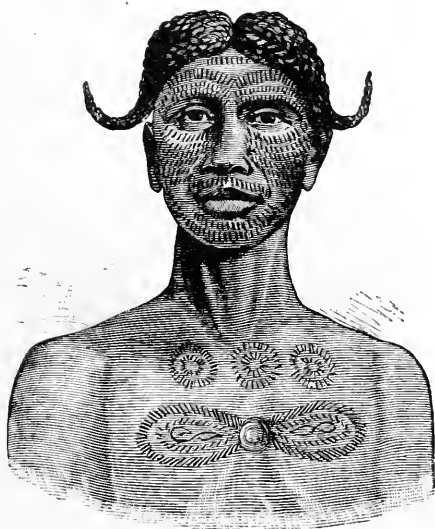
TATTOOING.

The horns of hair, not unlike the rays of light in Michael Angelo's "Moses," were covered with a cap of leaves, and they were balanced behind by a pig-tail lashed with brass wire. Her ornaments were sundry necklaces of various beads, large red and white, and small blue and pink porcelains; a leaf, probably by way of amulet, was bound to a string round the upper

arm; and wrists and ankles were laden with heavy rings of brass and copper, the parure of the great in Fán-land. The other *ballerine* were, of course, less brilliantly attired, but all had rings on their arms, legs, and ankles, fingers, and toes. A common decoration was a bunch of seven or eight long ringlets, not unlike the *queues de rat*, still affected by the old-fashioned Englishwoman; these, however, as in the men, were prolonged to the bosom by strings of alternate red and white beads. Others limited the decoration to two rats' tails depending from the temples, where phrenologists localize our "causality." Many had faces of sufficient piquancy; the figures, though full, wanted

firmness, and I noticed only one well-formed bosom. The men wore red feathers, but none carried arms.

The form of saltation suggested Mr. Catlin's drawings. A circular procession of children, as well as adults, first promenaded round the princess, who danced with all her might in the centre, her countenance preserving the *grand sérieux*. The performers in this "ging-a-ring" then clapped hands with prolonged ejaculations of o-o-o-oh, stamped and shuffled forwards, moving the body from the hips downwards, whilst H. R. H. alone stood stationary and smileless as a French demoiselle of the last century, who came to the ball not to *causer* but to *danser*. At times, when King Fitevanga condescended to show his agility, the uproar of applause became deafening. The orchestra consisted of two men sitting opposite each other;—one performed on a caisson, a log of hollowed wood, four feet high, skin-covered,

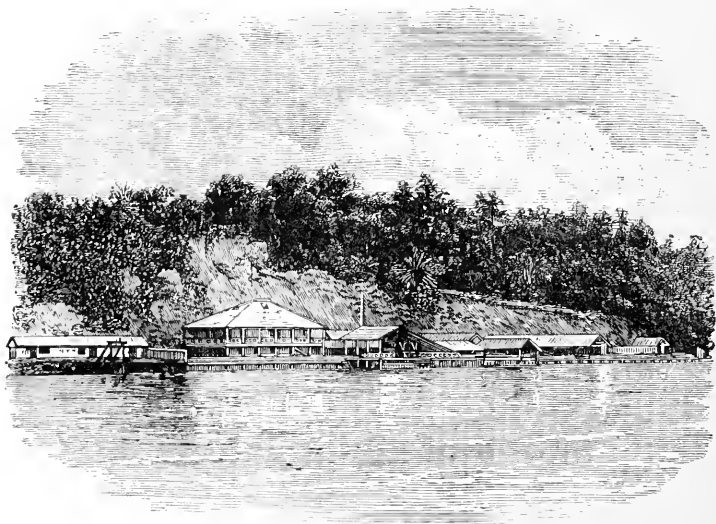


TATTOOING.

and fancifully carved; the other on the national Anjyá, a rude "Marimba," the prototype of the pianoforte. It is made of seven or eight hard-wood slats, pinned with bamboo tacks to transverse banana trunks lying on the ground: like the *grande caisse*, it is played upon with sticks, plectra like tent-pegs. Mr. W. Winwood Reade ("Savage Africa," chap. xiii.) says: "The instrument is also described by Froebel as being used by the Indians of Central America, where, which is still more curious, it is known by the same name—'marimba.'" Of course they borrowed the article and the name from the

negroes : most tribes in Africa have their own terms for this universal instrument, but it is everywhere recognized by the African who knows Europeans as “marimba.” Thus Owen tells us (p. 308) “that at the mouth of the Zambesi it is called ‘Tabbelah,’ ” evidently the Arabic “Tablah.” Another favourite instrument is a clapper, made of two bamboos some five feet long, and thick as capstan bars,—it is truly the castanet *en grand*.

Highly gratified by the honour, but somewhat overpowered by the presence and by that vile scourge the



OLD CALABAR FACTORIES.

sandfly, I retired after the first review, leaving the song, the drum, and the dance to continue till midnight. Accustomed to the frantic noises of African village-life in general, my ears here recognized an excess of bawl and shout, and subsequent experience did not efface the impression. But, in the savage and the barbarian, noise, like curiosity, is a healthy sign ; the lowest tribes are moping and apathetic as sick children ; they will hardly look at anything, however strange to them.

The rest of my day and week was devoted to the study of this quaint people, and the following are the

results. Those who have dealings with the Fán universally prefer them in point of honesty and manliness to the Mpongwe and Coast races; they have not had time to become thoroughly corrupt, to lose all the lesser without gaining anything of the greater virtues. They boast, like John Tod, that they ne'er feared the French,



OFF TO THE WAR.

and have scant respect for (white) persons; indeed, their independence sometimes takes the form of insolence. We were obliged to release by force the boy Nyongo, and two of Mr. Tippet's women who had been put "in log"—*Anglicè*, in the stocks. They were wanted as hostages during the coming war, and this rude contrivance was adopted to insure their presence.

Chastity is still known amongst the Fán. The marriage tie has some significance, the women will not go astray except with the husband's leave, which is not often granted. The men wax wroth if their mothers be abused. It is an insult to call one of them a liar or a coward; the coast-tribes would merely smile at the soft impeachment, and assure you that none but fools—yourself included by implication—are anything else. Their bravery is the bravery of the savage, whose first object in battle is to preserve his only good, his life: to the civilized man, therefore, they appear but moderately courageous. They are fond of intoxication, but are not yet broken to ardent spirits: I have seen a single glass of trade rum cause a man to roll upon the ground and convulsively bite the yellow clay like one in the agonies of the death-thirst. They would do wisely to decline intercourse with Europeans; but this, of course, is impossible—there is a manifest destiny for them as for their predecessors. The vile practice of the white or West Coast is to supply savages with alcohol, arms, and ammunition; to live upon the lives of those they serve. The more honourable Moslems of the eastern shores do not disgrace themselves by such greed of gain.

The Fán are cunning workers in iron, which is their wealth. Their money is composed of Ikiá, dwarf bars shaped like horse-fleams, a coinage familiar to old travellers in West Africa, and of this Spartan currency a bundle of ten represents sixpence. "White man's Ikiá" would be silver, for which the more advanced Mpongwe have corrupted the English to "solove." An idea exists on the Lower River that our hardware is broken up for the purpose of being made into spear-heads and other weapons. Such is not generally the case. The Wamasai, the Somal, and the Cape Kafirs—indeed, all the metal-working African barbarians—call our best Sheffield blades "rotten iron." They despise a material that chips and snaps, and they prefer with ample cause their native produce, charcoal-smelted, and tempered by many successive heatings and hammerings, without quenching in water. Nor will they readily

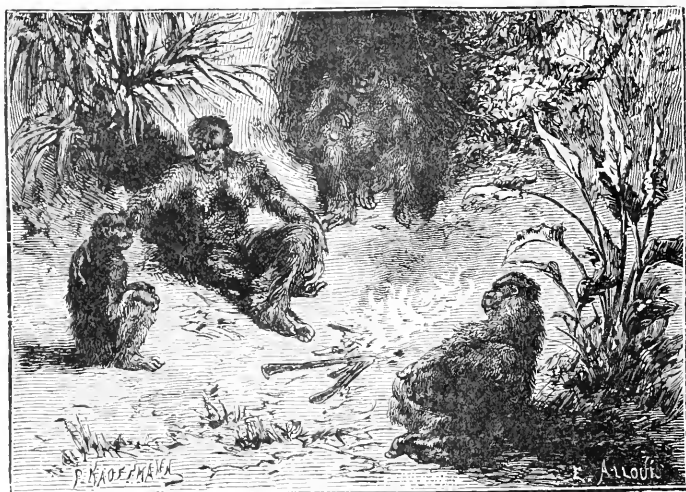
part with it when worked. The usual trade medium is a metal rod ; two of these are worth a franc if of brass, while three of copper represent two francs. There is a



PECULIAR ROCK FORMATION.

great demand for beads and salt, the latter especially throughout the interior.

Thus ended my “first impressions” amongst the Fán cannibals.



STRANGERS IN THE CAMP.

CHAPTER V.

MR., MRS., AND MASTER GORILLA.

THE following interesting account of the great ape, known as the gorilla, is taken from the same graphic pen.

The reader will kindly bear in mind, when perusing my notes upon the gorilla, that, as in the case of the Fân cannibalism described by the young French traveller, my knowledge of the anthropoid is confined to the maritime region; moreover, that it is hearsay, fate having prevented my nearer acquaintance with the "ape of contention."

The discovery must be assigned to Admiral Hanno of Carthage, who, about B.C. 500, first in the historical period slew the Troglodytes, and carried home their spoils.

The next traveller who described the great Troglodytes of equatorial Africa was the well-known Andrew Battel, of Leigh, Essex (1589 to 1600); and his description deserves quoting. "Here (Mayombo) are two kinds of monsters common to these woods. The largest of them is called Pongo in their language, and



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THE BUFFALO MANGLES HIS ENEMY.

To face p. 72.

the other Engeco" (in the older editions "Encêgo," evidently Nchigo, whilst Engeco may have given rise to our "Jocko"). "The Pongo is in all his proportions like a man, except the legs, which have no calves, but are of a gigantic size. Their faces, hands, and ears are without hair; their bodies are covered, but not very thick, with hair of a dunnish colour. *When they walk on the ground it is upright, with their hands on the nape of the neck.* They sleep in trees, and *make a covering over their heads to shelter them from the rain.* They eat no flesh, but feed on nuts and other fruits; they cannot speak, nor have they any understanding beyond instinct.

"When the people of the country travel through the woods, they make fires in the night, and in the morning, when they are gone, the Pongos will come and sit round it till it goes out, for they do not possess sagacity enough to lay more wood on. They go in bodies, and kill many negroes who travel in the woods. When elephants happen to come and feed where they are, they will fall on them, and so *beat them with their clubbed fists (sticks?)* that they are forced to run away roaring. The grown Pongos are never taken alive, owing to their strength, which is so great that ten men cannot hold one of them. The young Pongos hang upon their mother's belly, with their hands clasped about her. Many of the young ones are taken by means of shooting the mothers with poisoned arrows, and the young ones, hanging to their mothers, are easily taken."

I have italicized the passages which show that the traditions still preserved on the coast, about the Pongo and the Chimpanzee, date from old. Surely M. du Chaillu does grave injustice to this good old Briton, who was not a literary man, by declaring his stories to be mere travellers' tales, "untrue of any of the great apes of Africa." Battel had evidently not seen the animal, and with his negro informants he confounds the gorilla and the "bushman;" yet he possibly alludes to a species which has escaped M. du Chaillu and other modern observers.

Mr. W. Winwood Reade ("Savage Africa," chap. xix.) has done good service by reprinting the letter of a Bristol trader on the west coast of Africa, first published by Lord Monboddo ("Origin and Progress of Language," vol. i. p. 281, 1774 to 1792). Here we find distinct mention of three anthropoid apes. The first is the "Impungu" (or pongo?), which walks upright, and is from seven to nine feet high. The second is the "Itsena," evidently the Njina, Nji, Nguyla, or gorilla; and thirdly is the "Chimpenza,"



FOOTPRINTS OF THE GORILLA.

our Chimpanzee, a word corrupted from the Congoese Kampenzy, including the Nchigo, the Kulu-Kamba, and other Troglodytes. I have heard of this upright-walking Mpongo at Loango and other places on the west coast of Africa, where the Njina is familiarly spoken of, and it is not, methinks, impossible that an ape even larger than the gorilla may yet be found.

James Barbot ("A Voyage to Congo River," Churchill, vol. v. p. 512) tells us in 1700 that the "kingdom of Angola, or Dongo, produces many such

extraordinary apes in the woods; they are called by the blacks *Quojas morrow*, and by the Indians *Orang-outang*,¹ that is satyrs, or woodmen. . . . This creature seems to be the very satyr of the ancients, written of by *Pliny* and others, and is said to set upon women in the woods, and sometimes upon armed men." Amongst these animals he evidently includes the chimpanzee, as may be seen by his reference to the Royal Exchange, London.

In 1776 the philosophical Abbé Proyart, in his excellent "History of Loango," tells us (*vide* the chapter upon animals) that "there are in the forests baboons four feet high; the negroes affirm that, when they are hard pushed, they come down from the trees with sticks in their hands to defend themselves against those who are hunting them, and that very often they chase their pursuers. The missionaries never witnessed this singularity." According to the people, gorillas five or six feet tall have been seen as lately as 1840 at "Looboo Wood," a well-known spot which we shall presently sight, about three miles inland from the centre of Loango Bay.

And now the long intervals between travellers' accounts wax shorter. The well-known writer, Bowdich, before quoted, published, in 1819, his hearsay description of the "Ingena," garnished with the usual native tales. I had the honour of receiving an account of his discovery from his widow, the late Mrs. Lee, who was held the "mother of African travellers," and whose energy and intelligence endured to the last—if memory serves me, she referred to some paper upon the subject, written by herself about 1825. Towards the end of 1846, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, founder of the Gaboon Mission, and proto-grammarian of its language, obtained two skulls, which were followed by skeletons, fragmentary and perfect. He sent No. 1, measuring, when alive, $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, and 4 feet across the shoulders, to the "Natural History Society" of Boston. He evidently has a right to boast that he was "the first to call the attention of *naturalists* to the 'Njena.'" His

colleague, Dr. Thomas Savage, and Professor Jeffries Wyman called the new animal by the old name of gorilla, suffixing it to the "Troglodytes" which Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, reviving Linnæus, had proposed in 1812. In 1847, Dr. Savage published in the "Journal of Natural History" (Boston) the result of his careful inquiries about the "Engé-ena" and the "Enche-eko." In 1852, this information was supplemented by Dr. Ford, also of the Gaboon Mission, with a "Paper on

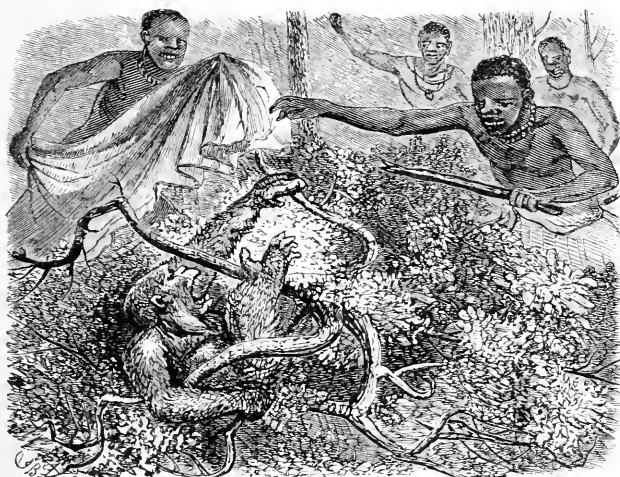


DU CHAILLU'S FIRST GORILLA.

the Gorilla," published in the "Transactions of the Philadelphian Academy of Sciences."

M. du Chaillu first had the honour of slaying the gorilla in its native wilds. I saw his trophies in the United States in 1859; and the sensation which they subsequently created in London (1861-1862) is too recent to require notice. Unfortunately the specimens were mutilated and imperfect. Mr. R. B. N. Walker, agent of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson at the Gaboon River, was the first to send home a young specimen

bodily, stowed away in spirits ; two boiled skeletons of large grey animals, whose skins I saw at the factory, and rum-preserved brains, intestines, and other interesting parts, which had vainly been desired by naturalists. Mr. W. Winwood Reade spent five active months in the Gbrillá country in 1862 : Major Levison also visited the river, but their hunting was as unsuccessful as mine ; whilst, in 1863, Major (now Colonel) De Ruvignes is reported to have been more fortunate. Since that time gorillas have been killed by the French chasseur.



CAPTURING A YOUNG GORILLA.

The young Troglodyte has often been captured. The usual mode is to fell the tree, and during the confusion to throw a cloth over its head ; the hands are then pinioned behind, and a forked stick is fastened under the chin to prevent the child biting. I should prefer, for trapping old as well as young, the way in which bears are caught by the North American backwoodsman—a hollowed log, with some fruit, plantains for instance, floating in a *quant. suff.* of sugar, well sugared and narcotized.

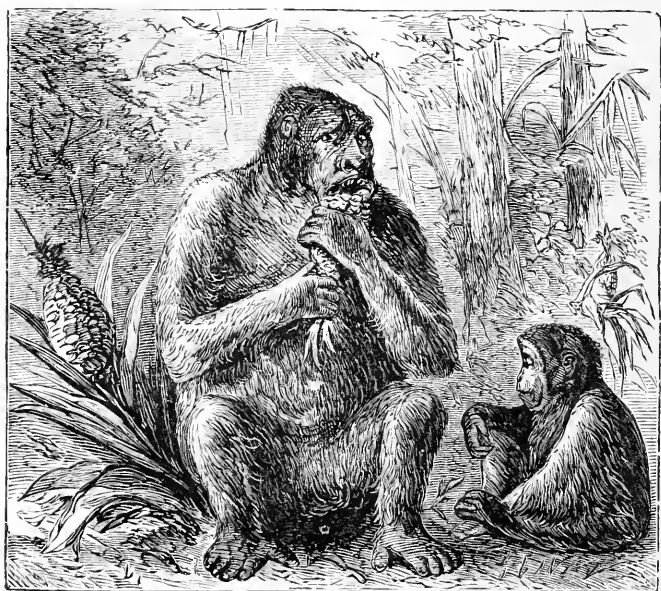
Concerning the temper of these little captives, there

are heroic differences of opinion. Mr. Ford records the "implacable desperation" of a juvenile which was brought to the Mission. "It was taken very young, and kept four months, and many means were used to tame it; but it was so incorrigible, that it bit me an hour before it died." Yet, in face of this and other evidence, Mr. W. Winwood Reade, writing to the "Athenæum" (September 7, 1862), asserts that "the young gorilla in captivity is not savage." "Joe Gorilla," M. du Chaillu's brat, was notoriously fierce and unmanageable. The Rev. Mr. Walker, of Baraka, had a specimen, which he describes as a very tractable pupil; and my excellent friend Major Noeli y White, better known as "Governor White," of Corisco Island, brought to Fernando Po a baby Njína, which in its ways and manners much resembled an old woman. Mr. R. B. N. Walker became the happy godfather of two youngsters, who were different in disposition as Valentine and Orson. One, which measured 18 inches high, and died in 1861, was so savage and morose, that it was always kept chained; the other, "Seraphino," was of angelic nature, a general favourite at the Factory: it survives, in a photograph taken by the French Commandant of the Comptoir, as it sat after breakfast on godpapa's lap. At first it was confined, but it soon became so tame and playful, that the cage was required only at night. It never bit, unless when teased, and its only fault was not being able to avoid the temptation of eating what disagreed with it—in fact, it was sub-human in some points, and very human in others. All died in direct consequence of dysentery, which even a milk diet could not prevent. Perhaps the best way to send home so delicate an animal would be to keep it for a time in its native forest; to accustom it to boiled plantains, rice, and messes of grain; and to ship it during the fine season, having previously fitted up a cabin near the engine-room, where the mercury should never fall below 70° (Fahr.). In order to escape *nostalgia* and melancholy, which are sure to be fatal, the emigrant should be valeted by a faithful and attached native.

The habitat of the gorilla has been unduly limited to the left banks of the Gaboon and Fernão Vaz rivers, and to the lands lying between north latitude 2° , and south latitude 2° ,—in fact, to the immediate vicinity of the equator. The late Count Lavradio informed me that he had heard of it on the banks of the lower Congo River (south latitude 9°), and the “Soko,” which Dr. Livingstone identifies with the Gorilla, extends to the Lualaba or Upper Congo, in the regions immediately west of the Tanganyika Lake. His friends have suggested that the “Soko” might have been a chimpanzee, but the old traveller was, methinks, far above making the mistake. The Yorubans at once recognize the picture; they call the anthropoid “Nákí;” and they declare that, when it seizes a man, it tears the fingers asunder. So M. du Chaillu (chapter vi.) mentions, in the Mpongwe report, that the Njína tears off the toe-nails and the finger-nails of his human captives. We should not believe so scandalous an assertion without detailed proof; it is hardly fair to make the innocent biped as needlessly cruel as man. It is well known to the natives of the Old Calabar River by the name of “Omon.” In 1860, the brothers Jules and Ambroise Poncet travelled with Dr. Peney to Ab Kúka, the last of their stations near the head of the Luta Nzige (Albert Nyanza) Lake, and Dr. Peney “brought back the hand of the first gorilla which had been heard of” (“Ocean Highways,” p. 482—February, 1874). The German Expedition (1873) reports Chicambo to be a gorilla country; that the anthropoid is found one day’s journey from the Coast, and that the agent of that station has killed five with his own hand. Mr. Thompson of Sherbro (“Palm Land,” chap. xiii.) says of the chimpanzee: “Some have been seen as tall as a man, from five to seven feet high, and very powerful.” This is evidently the Njína, the only known anthropoid that attains tall human stature; and from the rest of the passage,* it is clear that he has confounded the chimpanzee with the Nchígo-mpolo.

* See chap. ii.

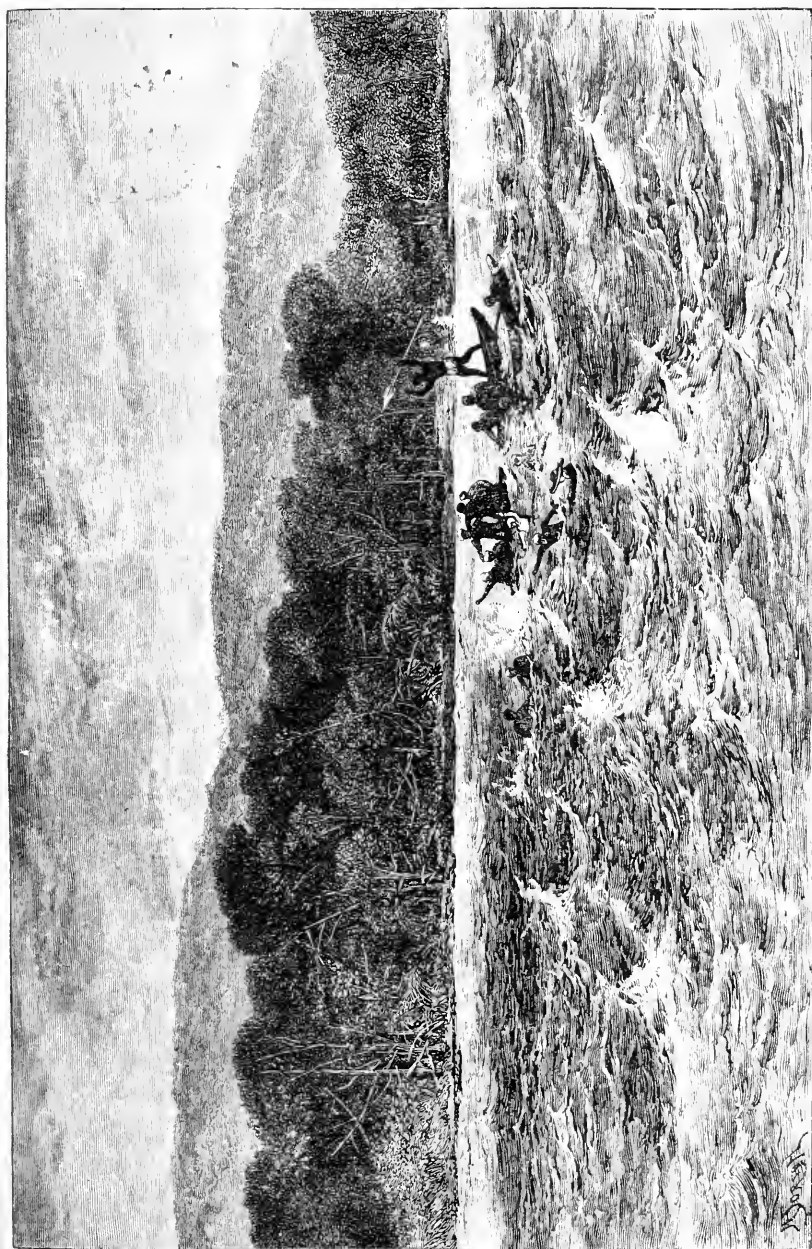
The strip of gorilla-country visited by me was an elevated line of clayey and sandy soil, cut by sweet-water streams, and by mangrove-lined swamps, backed inland by thin forest. Here the comparative absence of matted undergrowth makes the landscape sub-European, at least, by the side of the foul tropical jungle; it is exceptionally rich in the wild fruits required by the huge anthropoid. The clearings also supply bananas, pine-apple leaves, and sugar-cane, and



FEMALE GORILLA AND HER YOUNG.

there is an abundance of honey, in which, like the Nchígo, the gorilla delights. The villages and the frequent plantations which it visits to plunder limit its reproduction near the sea, and make it exceedingly wary and keen of eye, if not of smell. Even when roosting by night, it is readily frightened by a footstep; and the crash caused by the mighty bound from branch to branch makes the traveller think that a tree has fallen.

The gorilla breeds about December, a cool and dry



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TRAVELLERS ON THE CONGO CAUGHT IN A GALE OF WIND.

To face p. 80.



month; according to my bushmen, the period of gestation is between five and six months. The babe begins to walk some ten days after birth; "chops milk" for three months and, at the end of that time, may reach eighteen inches in height. M. du Chaillu makes his child, "Joe Gorilla," 2 feet 6 inches when under the third year: assuming the average height of the adult male at 5 feet to 5 feet 6 inches, this measurement suggests that, according to the law of Flourens, the life would exceed thirty years. I saw two fragmentary skins, thoroughly "pepper and salt;" and the natives assured me that the gorilla turns silver-white with age.

It is still a disputed point whether the weight is supported by the knuckles of the forehand, like the chimpanzee, or whether the palm is the proper fulcrum. M. du Chaillu says ("First Expedition," chap. xx.), "the fingers are only lightly marked on the ground;" yet a few pages afterwards we are told, "The most usual mode of progression of the animal is on all-fours and resting on the knuckles." In the "Second Expedition" (chap. ii.) we read, "The tracks of the feet never showed the marks of toes, only the heels, and the track of the hands showed simply the impressions of the knuckles."

The attack of the gorilla is that of the apes and the monkeys generally. The big-bellied satyr advances to the assault as it travels, shuffling on all-fours; "rocking" not traversing; bristling the crest, chattering, mowing and displaying the fearful teeth and tusks. Like all the Simiads, this Troglodyte sways the body to and fro, and springs from side to side for the purpose of avoiding the weapon. At times Quasimodo raises himself slightly upon the dwarfed "asthenogenic," and almost deformed hind limbs, which look those of a child terminating the body of a Dan Lambert: the same action may be seen in its congeners great and small. The wild huntsmen almost cried with laughter when they saw the sketches in the "Gorilla Book,"* the mighty pugilist standing stiff and upright as the late

* First Edition, Illustration VI. (p. 71), and XLIII. (p. 297).

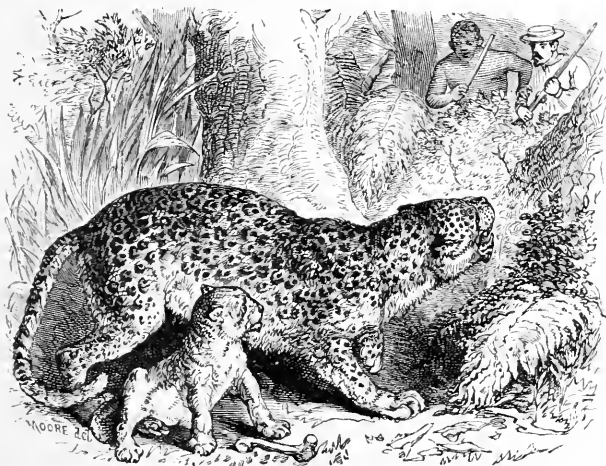
Mr. Benjamin Caunt, "beating the breast with huge fists till it sounded like an immense bass drum ;" and preparing to deal a buffet worthy of Friar Tuck. They asked me if I thought mortal man would ever attempt to face such a thing as that? With respect to drumming with both forehands upon the chest, some asserted that such is the brute's practice when calling Mrs. Gorilla, or during the excitement of a scuffle ; but the accounts of the bushmen differ greatly on this point.



THE MOHIEGO MBOUVÉ.

In a hand-to-hand struggle it puts forth one of the giant feet, sometimes the hinder, as "Joe Gorilla" was wont to do ; and, having once got a hold with its prehensile toes, it bites and worries like any other ape, baboon, or monkey. From this grapple doubtless arose the old native legend about the gorilla drawing travellers up trees and "quietly choking them." It can have little vitality, as it is easily killed with a bit of stone propelled out of a trade musket by the vilest gunpowder, and the timid bushmen, when failing to

shoot it unawares, do not fear to attack it openly. As a rule, the larger the Simiad, the less sprightly it becomes; and those most approaching man are usually the tamest and the most melancholy—perhaps, their spirits are permanently affected by their narrow escape. The elderly male (for anthropoids, like anthropoi, wax fierce and surly with increasing years) will fight, but only from fear, when suddenly startled, or with rage when slightly wounded. Moreover, there must be rogue-gorillas, like rogue-elephants, lions, hippopotami, rhinoceros, and even stags, *vieux grognards*, who,



THE AFRICAN LEOPARD.

expelled house and home, and debarred by the promising young scions from the softening influence of feminine society, become, in their enforced widowerhood, the crustiest of old bachelors. At certain seasons they may charge in defence of the wife and family, but the practice is exceptional. Mr. Wilson saw a man who had lost the calf of his leg in an encounter; and one Etia, a huntsman whose left hand had been severely crippled, informed Mr. W. Winwood Reade, that "the gorilla seized his wrist with his hind foot, and dragged his hand into his mouth, as he would have done a bunch of plantains." No one, however, could

give me an authentic instance of manslaughter by our big brother.

The modifications with which we must read the picturesque pages of the "Gorilla Book" are chiefly the following. The Gorilla is a poor devil ape, not a "hellish dream-creature, half man, half beast." He is not king of the African forest; he fears the Njogo or leopard, and, as lions will not live in these wet, wooded, and gameless lands, he can hardly have expelled King Leo. He does not choose the "darkest, gloomiest forests," but prefers the thin woods, where he finds wild fruits for himself and family. His tremendous roar does not shake the jungle: it is a hollow apish cry, a loudish huhh! huhh! huhh! explosive like the puff of a steam-engine, which, in rage becomes a sharp and snappish bark—any hunter can imitate it. Doubtless, in some exceptional cases, when an aged mixture of Lablache and Dan Lambert delivers his *voce di petto*, the voice may be heard for some distance in the still African shades, but it will hardly compare with the howling monkeys of the Brazil, which make the forest hideous. The eye is not a "light grey" but the brown common to all the tribe. The Gorilla cannot stand straight upon his rear quarter when attacking or otherwise engaged without holding on to a trunk: he does not "run on his hind legs;" he is essentially a tree ape, as every stuffed specimen will prove. He never gives a tremendous blow with his immense open paw; doubtless, a native legend found in Battel and Bowdich; nor does he attack with the arms. However old and male he may be, he runs away with peculiar alacrity: though powerfully weaponed with tigerish teeth, with "bunches of muscular fibre," and with the limbs of Goliath, the gorilla, on the seaboard at least, is essentially a coward; nor can we be surprised at his want of pluck, considering the troubles and circumstances under which he spends his harassed days. Finally, whilst a hen will defend her chicks, Mrs. Gorilla will fly, leaving son or daughter in the hunter's hands.



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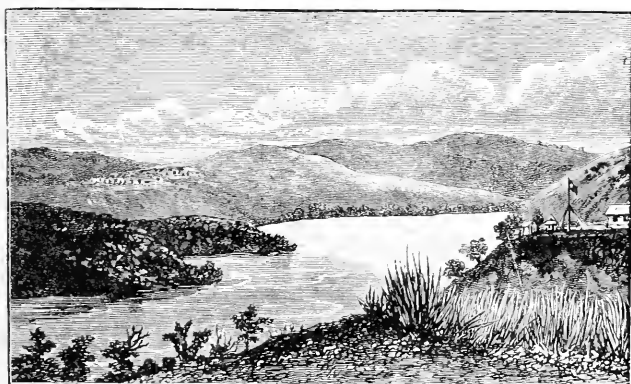
VIEW OF YELLALA FALLS.

To face p. 84.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONGO IN 1863.

IN 1863 Sir Richard Burton made a journey up the Congo to the lower cataracts, known as the Yellala Falls, and his account of what he saw of a river that has since become so famous, will be of interest. Here is a picture



A VIEW ON THE CONGO.

of life at Banza Nokki, a well-known town on the lower river :—

I was now duly established with my books and instruments at Nkaye, and the inevitable delay was employed in studying the country and the people, and in making a botanical collection. But the season was wholly unpropitious. A naval officer, who was considered an authority upon the Coast, had advised me to travel in September, when a journey should never begin later than May. The vegetation was feeling the effect of the Cacimbo ; most of the perennials were in seed,

and the annuals were nearly dried up. The pictorial effects were those of

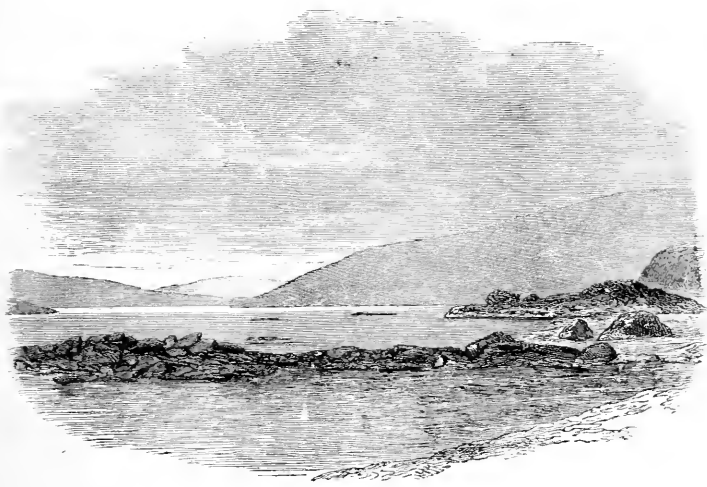
“Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves.”

Yet, with Factotum Selim's assistance, I managed to collect some 490 specimens within the fortnight. We had not the good fortune of the late Dr. Welwitsch (*Welwitschia mirabilis*), but there is still a copious treasure left for those who visit the Congo River in the right season.

I was delighted with the country, a counterpart of the Usumbara Hills in Eastern Africa, disposed upon nearly the same parallel. The Cacimbo season corresponded with the Harmattan north of the Line; still, grey mornings, and covered, rainless noons, so distasteful to the Expedition, which complained that, from four to five days together, it could not obtain an altitude. The curious contrast in a region of evergreens was not wanting, the varied tintage of winter on one tree, and upon another the brightest hues of budding spring. The fair land of grass and flowers “rough but beautiful,” of shrubbery-path, and dense mottes or copse islets, with clear fountains bubbling from the rocks, adorned by noble glimpses of the lake-like river, and of a blue horizon, which suggested the ocean—ever one of the most attractive points in an African landscape—was easily invested by the eye of fancy with gold and emerald and steely azure from above, whilst the blue masses of bare mountain, thrown against a cloudless sky, towered over the black-green sea of vegetation at their base, like icebergs rising from the bosom of the Atlantic.

As in the Brazilian Rio de São Francisco, the few miles between the mouth and the hill-region cause a radical change of climate. Here the suns are never too hot, nor are the moons too cold; the nights fall soft and misty, the mornings bring the blessing of freshness; and I was never weary of enjoying the effects of dying and reviving day. The most delicate sharpness and

purity of outline took the place of meridian reek and blur ; trees, rocks, and chalets were picked out with an utter disregard to the perspective of distance, and the lowest sounds were distinctly heard in the hard, clear atmosphere. The damp and fetid vegetation of the Coast wholly disappeared. By the benefit of purest air and water, with long walks and abundant palm wine from the trees hung with calabashes, the traces of "Nanny Po" soon vanished ; appetite and sleep returned, nightly cramps were things unknown, and a



CONGO, LOOKING NORTH.

healthy glow overspread the clammy, corpse-like skin. When the Lower Congo shall become the emporium of lawful trade, the white face will find a sanatorium in these portals of the Sierra del Crystal,—the vine will flourish, the soil will produce the cereals as well as the fruits and vegetables of Europe, and this region will become one of the "Paradises of Africa."

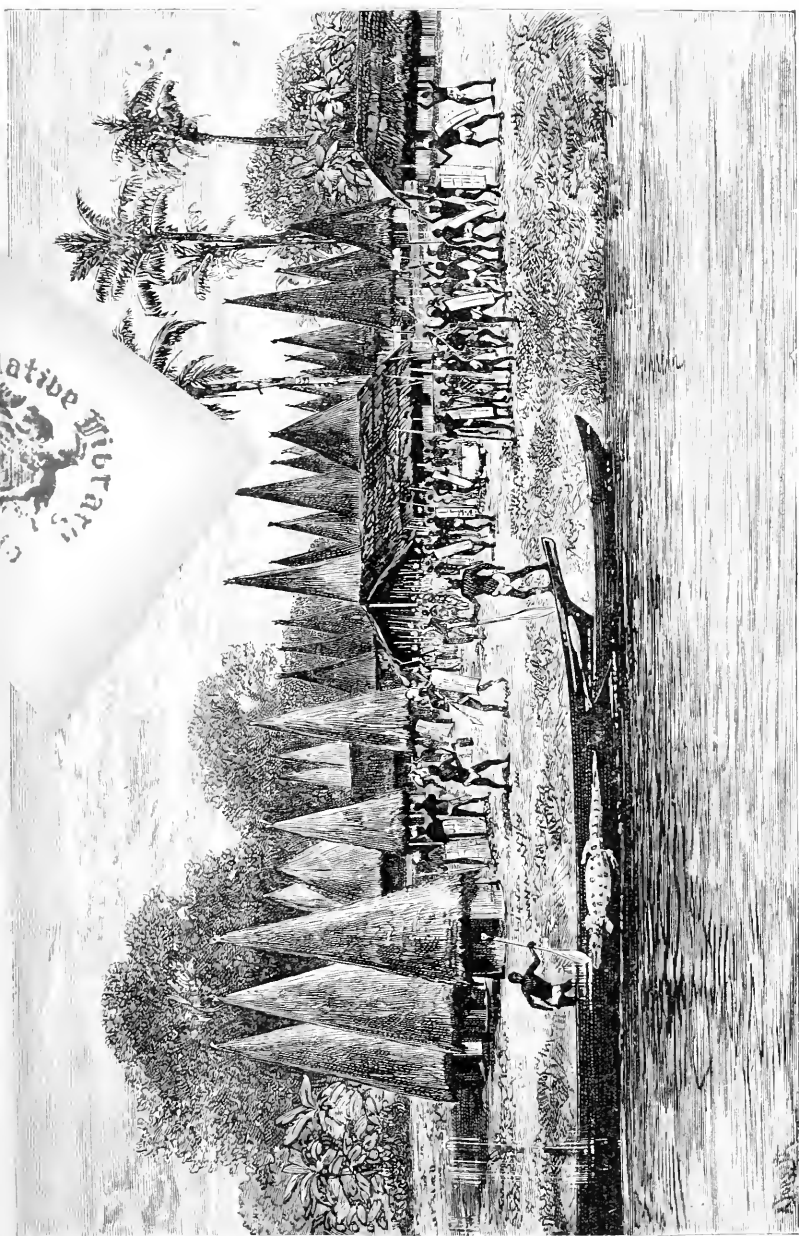
The banzas of Congo-land show the constitution of native society, which, as in Syria, and indeed in most barbarous and semi-barbarous places, is drawn together less by reciprocal wants than by the ties of blood. Here families cannot disperse, and thus each hamlet is a

single house, with its patriarch for president and judge. When the population outgrows certain limits, instead of being confounded with its neighbours, it adds a settlement upon neighbouring ground, and removal is the work of a single day. The towns are merely big villages, whose streets are labyrinths of narrow pathways, often grass-grown, because each man builds in his own way. Some translate the word "Banza" by city, unaware that Central African people do not build cities. Professor Smith rightly explains it "a village, which with them means a paterfamilias, and his private dependants." So the maligned Douville (i. 159)—"On donne le nom de banza à la ville où réside le chef d'une peuplade ou nation nègre. On l'attribue aussi à l'enceinte que le chef ou souverain habite avec les femmes et sa cour. Dans ce dernier sens le mot banza veut dire palais du chef."

Our situation is charming, high enough to be wholesome, yet in a sheltered valley, an amphitheatre opening to the south-east or rainy quarter; the glorious trees, here scattered, there gathered in clumps and impenetrable bosquets, show the exuberant fertility of the soil. Behind and above the village rises a dwarf plateau, rich with plantains and manioc. After the deserted state of the river banks—the effect of kidnapping—we are surprised to find so populous a region. Within cannon-shot there are not less than twelve villages, with a total, perhaps, of 2,400 souls.

Banza Nkaye, as usual uninclosed, contains some forty habitations, which may lodge two hundred head. The tenements are built upon platforms cut out of the hill slopes; and the make proves that, even during the rains, there is little to complain of climate. Ten of these huts belong to royalty, which lives upon the lowest plane; and each wife has her own abode, whilst the "senzellas" of the slaves cluster outside. The foundation is slightly raised, to prevent flooding. The superstructure strikes most travellers as having somewhat the look of a *châlet*, although Proyard compares it with a large basket turned upside down. Two strong

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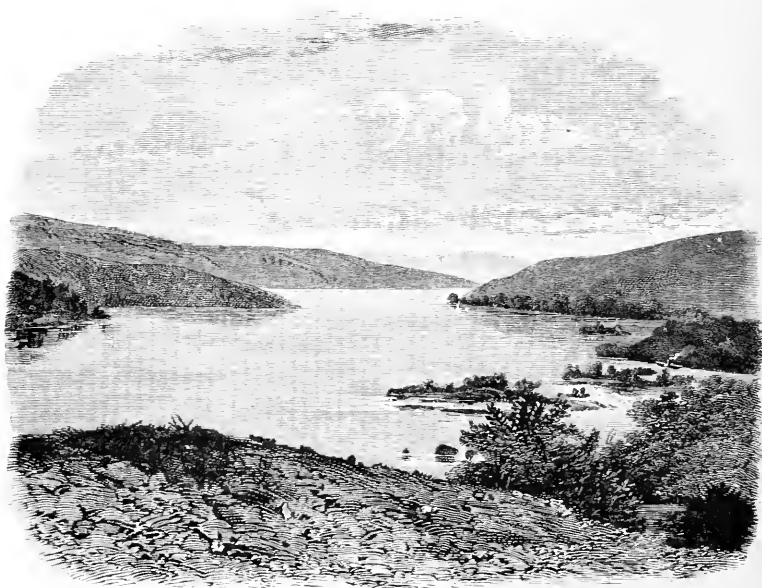
CONICAL HUTS ON THE CONGO.

To face p. 88.

uprights, firmly planted, support on their forked ends a long strut-beam, tightly secured; the eaves are broad to throw off the rain, and the neat thatch of grass, laid with points upwards in regular courses, and kept in site by bamboo strips, is renewed before the stormy season. The roof and walls are composed of six screens; they are made upon the ground, often occupying months, and they can be put together in a few minutes. The material, which an old traveller says is of "leaves interwoven not contemptibly with one another," is a grass growing everywhere on the hills, plaited and attached to strips of cane or bamboo-palm (*Raphia vinifera*); the gable "walls" are often a cheque-pattern, produced by twining "tie-tie," "monkey rope," or creepers, stained black, round the dull-yellow ground-work; and one end is pierced for a doorway, that must not front the winds and rains. It is a small square hole, keeping the interior dark and cool; and the defence is a screen of cane-work, fastened with a rude wooden latch. The flooring is hard, tamped clay, in the centre of which the fire is laid; the cooking, however, is confined to the broad eaves, or to the compound which, surrounded with neat walls, backs the house. The interior is divided into the usual "but" and "ben." The latter communicates with the former by a passage, masked with a reed screen; it is the sleeping-place and the store-room; and there is generally a second wicket for timely escape. The only furniture consists of mats, calabashes, and a standing bedstead of rude construction, or a bamboo cot like those built at Lagos,—in fact, the four bare walls suggest penury. But in the "small countries," as the "landward towns" are called, where the raid and the foray are not feared, the householder entrusts to some faithful slave large stores of cloth and rum, of arms and gunpowder.

The abodes suggest those of our semi-barbarous ancestors, as described by Holingshed, where earth mixed with lime formed the floor; where the fire was laid to the wall; where the smoke, which, besides hardening timber, was expected to keep the good man

and his family from quake and fever, curled from the door; and where the bed was a straw pallet, with a log of wood for a pillow. But the Congoese is better lodged than we were before the days of Queen Elizabeth; what are luxuries in the north, broad beds and deep arm-chairs, would here be far less comfortable than the mats, which serve for all purposes. I soon civilized my hut with a divan, -the Hindostani *chabutarah*, the Spanish *estrada*, the "mud bank" or "bunting" of Sierra Leone,



CONGO, LOOKING SOUTH.

a cool earth-bench running round the room, which then wanted only a glass window. But no domestic splendour was required; life in the open air is the life for the tropics: even in England a greater proportion of it would do away with much neuralgia and similar complaints. And, if the establishment be simple, it is also neat and clean: we never suffered from the *cimex* and *pulex* of which Captain Tuckey complains so bitterly, and the *fourmis voyageuses* (drivers), mosquitoes, scorpions, and centipedes were unknown to us.

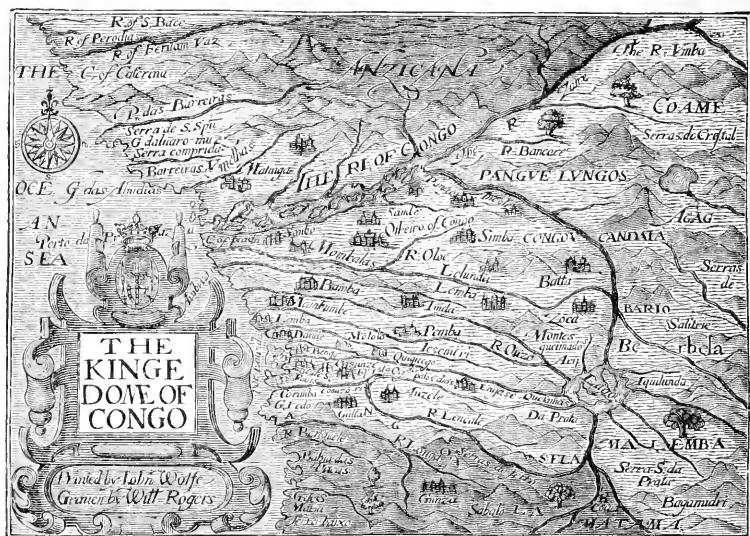
The people much resemble those of the Gaboon. The figure is well formed, except the bosom, whose shape prolonged lactation, probably upon the principle called Malthusian, soon destroys; hence the first child is said to "make the breasts fall." The face is somewhat broad and flat, the jaw wide, deep, and strong, and the cerebellum is highly developed as in the Slav. The eye is well opened, with thick and curly lashes, but the *tunica conjunctiva* is rarely of a pure white; the large teeth are of good shape and colour. Extensive tattoos appear on breasts, backs, and shoulders; the wearers are generally slaves, also known by scantier clothing, by darker skins, and by a wilder expression of countenance. During their "country nursing," the children run about wholly nude, except the coating of red wood applied by the mothers, or the dust gathered from the ground. I could not hear of the weaning custom mentioned by Merolla, the father lifting the child by the arm, and holding him for a time hanging in the air, "falsely believing that by those means he will become more strong and robust." Whilst the men affect caps, the women go bare-headed, either shaving the whole scalp, or leaving a calotte of curly hair on the poll; it resembles the Shúshah of Western Arabia and East Africa, but it is carried to the fore like a toucan's crest. Some, by way of coquetterie, trace upon the scalp a complicated network, showing the finest and narrowest lines of black wool and pale skin: so the old traveller tells us "the heads of those who aspire to glory in apparel resemble a parterre, you see alleys and figures traced on them with a great deal of ingenuity." The bosom, elaborately bound downwards, is covered with a square bit of stuff, or a calico *pagne*—most ungraceful of raiment—wrapped under the arms, and extending to the knees:

"In longitude though sorely scanty,
It is their best, and they are vaunt."

The poor and the slaves content themselves with grass cloth. The ornaments are brass earrings, beads and imitation coral; heavy bangles and manillas of brass

and copper, zinc and iron, loading the ankles, and giving a dainty elephantine gait; the weight also produces stout *mollets*, which are set off by bead-garters below the knees. The leg, as amongst hill people generally, is finely developed, especially amongst the lower orders: the “lady’s” being often lank and spindled, as in Paris and Naples, where the carriage shrinks the muscles as bandages cramp Chinese feet.

In these hamlets women are far more numerous than



THE KINGDOM OF CONGO.

men. Marriage being expensive amongst the “Mfumo” or gentry, the houses are stocked with Hagars, and the children inherit their father’s rank as Mwana Mfumos, opposed to Mwanangambe, labouring people, or Wantu, slaves.

The missionaries found a regular system of “hand-fasting.” Their neophytes did not approve of marriage *in facie ecclesie*, “for they must first be satisfied whether their wife will have children; whether she will be diligent in her daily labour, and, lastly, whether she will prove obedient, before they will marry her. If

they find her faulty in any of these points, they immediately send her back again to her parents." The woman, not being looked upon the worse for being returned into stores, soon afterwards underwent another trial, perhaps with success. Converts were fined nine crowns for such irregularities. "But, oh!" exclaims a good father, "what pains do we take to bring them to marry the lover, and how many ridiculous arguments and reasons do they bring to excuse themselves from this duty and restraint." He tells us how he refused absolution to a dying woman, unless she compelled her daughter to marry a man with whom she was "living upon trial." The mother answered wisely enough, "Father, I will never give my daughter cause to curse me after I am dead, by obliging her to wedlock where she does not fancy." Whereupon the priest replied, "What! do you not stand more in awe of a temporal than an eternal curse?" and, working upon the feelings of the girl, who began to tremble and to weep, extorted from her a promise to accept the "feigned husband." He adds, "Notwithstanding this, some obstinate mothers have rather chosen to die unconfessed, than to concern themselves with the marriage of their daughters." Being obliged to attend Communion at Easter, these temporary couples would part on the first day of Lent; obtain absolution and, a week afterwards, either cohabit once more or find other partners. The "indiscreet method of courtship," popularly known as "bundling," here existed, and was found by Caillié amongst the southern Moors: "When everybody is at rest, the man creeps into his intended's tent, and remains with her till daybreak."

An energetic attempt was made to abolish polygamy, which, instead of diminishing population as some sociologists pretend, caused the country to swarm like maritime China. Father Carli, who also dilates upon the evil practice of the sexes living together on trial, candidly owns that his main difficulty lay in "bringing the multitude to keep to one wife, they being wholly averse to that law." Yet old travellers declare that

when the missionaries succeeded, the people "lived so Christian-like and lovingly together, that the wife would suffer herself to be cut to pieces rather than deceive her husband." Merolla, indeed, enlarges on the constancy of women, whether white or black, when lawfully married to their mates; and praises them for living together in all manner of love and amity. "Hence may be learned what a propensity the women have to chastity in these parts, many of whom meet together on the first day of Lent, and oblige themselves, under pain of severe penance, to a strict continence till Easter." In cases of adultery the husband could divorce the wife; he was generally satisfied by her begging his pardon, and by taking a slave from the lover. Widowed "countesses," proved guilty of "immorality," suffered death by fire or sword. On the other hand, the "princess" had a right to choose her husband; but, as in Persia, the day of his splendid wedding was the last of his liberty. He became a prisoner and a slave; he was surrounded by spies; he was preceded by guards out of doors, and at the least "*écart*" his head was chopped off and his paramour was sold. These ladies amply revenged the servitude of their sex—

"*Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.*"

Rich women were allowed to support quasi-husbands until they became mothers; and the slaves of course lived together without marriage. Since the days of the Expedition a change for the better has come over the *gentil sesso*. The traveller is no longer in the "dilemma of Frère Jean," and, except at the river-mouth and at the adjacent villages, there is none of that officious complaisance which characterizes every hamlet in the Gaboon country. The men appear peculiarly jealous, and the women fearful of the white face. Whenever we approached a feminine group, it would start up and run away; if cooking ground-nuts, the boldest would place a little heap upon the bottom of an upturned basket, push it towards us and wave us off. The lowest orders will submit to a kind of marriage for four fathoms

of cloth; exactly double the tariff paid in Tuckey's time (pp. 171-181); and this ratio will apply to all other articles of living. Amongst themselves nubile girls are not remarkably strict; but as matrons they are rigid. The adulterer is now punished by a heavy fine, and, if he cannot pay, his death, as in many parts of the Southern Coast, is lawful to the husband.

The life is regular, and society is simple and patriarchal, as amongst the Iroquois and Mohawks, or in the



BATEKÉ NATIVES.

Shetlands two centuries ago. The only excitement, a fight or a slave hunt, is now become very rare. Yet I can hardly lay down the "curriculum vitæ" as longer than fifty-five years, and there are few signs of great age. Merolla declares the women to be longer-lived than the men. Gidi Mavunga, who told me that the Congo Expedition visited their Banza when his mother was a child, can hardly be forty-five, as his eldest son shows, and yet he looks sixty. The people rise at dawn and, stirring up the fire, light the cachimbos or large clay pipes which are rarely out of their mouths. Tobacco (usunza) grows everywhere and, when rudely cured, it

is sold in ringlets or twisted leaves ; it is never snuffed, and the only chaw is the Mákázo or Kola nut which grows all over these hills ; of these I bought 200 for 100 coloured porcelain beads, probably paying treble the usual price. No food is eaten at dawn, a bad practice, which has extended to the Brazil and the Argentine Republic ; but if a dram be procurable it is taken "por la mañana." The slave-women, often escorted by one of the wives, and accompanied by the small girls, who must learn to work whilst their brothers are idling with their rattles, set out with water-pots balanced on their Astrachan wool, or with baskets for grain and firewood slung by a head-strap to the back. The free-born remain at home, bathing and anointing with palm-oil, which renders the skin smooth and supple, but leaves a peculiar aroma ; they are mostly cross enough till they have thoroughly shaken off sleep, and the morning generally begins with scolding the slaves or a family wrangle. I have seen something of the kind in Europe.

Visiting, chatting, and strolling from place to place, lead to the substantial breakfast or first dinner between 9 and 10 A.M. Meat rarely appears ; river fish, fresh or sun-dried, is the usual "kitchen," eaten with manioc, toasted maize, and peeled, roasted, and scraped plantain : vegetables and palm-oil obtained by squeezing the nut in the hands, are the staple dish, and beans are looked upon rather as slaves' food. They have no rice and no form of "daily bread : " I happened to take with me a few boxes of "twice-baked," and this Mbolo was the object of every chief's ambition. "Coleworts" are noticed by Merolla as a missionary importation ; he tells us that they produce no seed ; and are propagated by planting the sprouts, which grow to a great height. The greens, cabbages, spinach, and French beans, mentioned by Tuckey, have been allowed to die out. Tea, coffee, sugar, and all such exotics, are unappreciated, if not unknown ; chillies, which grow wild, enter into every dish, and the salt of native manufacture, brown and earthy, is bought in little baskets.



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FISHING-NETS ON THE CONGO.

To face p. 96.

Between breakfast and midday there is a mighty drink. The palm-wine, here called "Msámhá," and on the lower river "Manjewa," is not brought in at dawn, or it would be better. The endogen in general use is the elais, which is considered to supply a better and more delicate liquor than the raphia. The people do not fell the tree like the Kru-men, but prefer the hoop of "supple-jack" affected by the natives of Fernando Po and Camarones. A leaf folded funnel-wise, and inserted as usual in the lowest part of the frond before the fruit forms, conveys the juice into the calabashes, often three, which hang below the crown; and the daily produce may be ten quarts. On the first day of tapping, the sap is too sweet; it is best during the following week and, when it becomes tart, no more must be drawn or the tree will be injured. It cannot be kept; acetous fermentation sets in at once, and presently it coagulates and corrupts. At Banana and Boma it is particularly good; at Porto da Lenha it is half water, but the agents dare not complain, for the reason which prevents them offering "spliced grog" to the prepotent negro. Europeans enjoy the taste, but dislike the smell of palm-wine; those in whom it causes flatulence should avoid it, but where it agrees it is a pleasant stimulant, pectoral, refreshing, and clearing the *primæ viæ*. Mixed with wine or spirits, it becomes highly intoxicating. The rude beers, called by Merolla Guallo and by Tuckey (p. 120) Baamboo, the Oualo of Douville, and the Pombe of East Africa, mentioned by almost every traveller, are not now found on the lower river.

About noon the slaves return from handling their trowel-shaped iron hoes, and the "gentleman" takes a siesta proportioned to his drink. The poorer classes sit at home weaving, spinning, or threading beads, whilst the wives attend to household work, prepare the meals, buy and sell, dig and delve. Europeans often pity the sex thus "doomed to perform the most laborious drudgery;" but it is a waste of sentiment. The women are more accustomed to labour in all senses of the word, and the result is that they equal their mates in strength

and stature ; they enjoy robust health, and their children, born without difficulty, are sturdy and vigorous. The same was the case amongst the primitive tribes of Europe ; Zamacola (Anthrop. Mem. ii. 38) assures us that the Basque women were physically powerful as the men, with whom they engaged in prize-fights.

The master awakes about 3 P.M. and smokes, visits,



OLD CHIEF IN NATIVE MADE HAT.

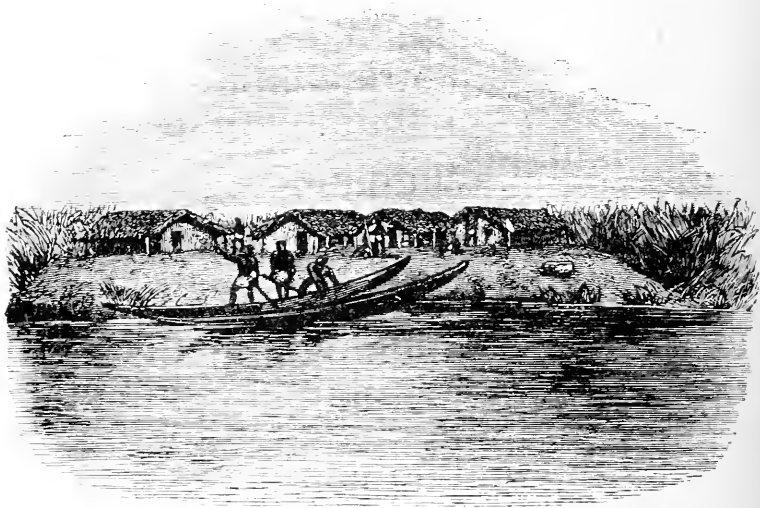
plays with his children, and dawdles away his time till the cool sunset, when a second edition of the first meal is served up. If there be neither dance nor festival, all then retire to their bens, light the fire, and sit smoking tobacco or bhang, with frequent interruptions of palm wine or rum, till joined by their partners. Douville (ii. 113), says that the Pangué or chanvre, "*croît naturellement dans le pays.*" I believe the questions to be still *sub judice*, whether the intoxicating cannabis be or

be not indigenous to Africa as well as to Asia; and whether smoking was not known in the Old World, as it certainly was in the New, before tobacco was introduced. The cannabis Indica was the original anæsthetic known to the Arabs and to civilized Orientals many centuries before the West invented ether and chloroform.

Our landlord has two wives, but one is a mother and will not rejoin him till her child can carry a calabash of water unaided. To avoid exciting jealousy he lives in a hut apart, surrounded by seven or eight slaves, almost all of them young girls. This regular life is varied by a little extra exertion at seed-time and harvest, by attending the various quitandas or markets of the country side, and by an occasional trip to "town" (Boma). When the bush is burning, all sally out with guns, clubs, and dogs, to bring home "beef." And thus they dwell in the presence of their brethren, thinking little of to-day, and literally following the precept, "Take no thought for the morrow." As the old missionaries testify, they have happy memories, their tempers are mild, and quarrels rarely lead to blows; they are covetous, but not miserly; they share what they have, and they apply the term "close-fist" to the European who gives "nuffin for nuffin."

The most superstitious of men, they combine the two extremes of belief and unbelief; they have the firmest conviction in their own tenets, whilst those of others flow off their minds like water from a greased surface. The Catholic missionaries laboured amongst them for nearly two hundred years; some of these ecclesiastics were ignorant and bigoted as those whom we still meet on the West African Coast, but not a few were earnest and energetic, scrupulous and conscientious, able and learned as the best of our modern day. All did not hurry over their superficial tasks like the Neapolitan father Jerome da Montesarchio, who baptized 100,000 souls; and others, who sprinkled children till their arms were tired. Many lived for years in the country, learning the language and identifying themselves with their flocks. Yet

the most they ever effected was to make their acolytes resemble the Assyrians whom Shalmaneser transplanted to Assyria, who "feared the Lord and served their graven images" (2 Kings xvii. 33-41). Their only traces are the word "Deus," foully perverted like the Chinese "joss;" and an occasional crucifix which is called *cousa de branco*—white man's thing. Tuckey was justified in observing at Nokki that the crucifixes, left by missionaries, were strangely mixed with native fetishes,



A CONGO VILLAGE.

and that the people seemed by no means improved by the muddle of Christian and Pagan idolatry.

The system is at once complicated and unsettled. There is, apparently, the *sensus numinis*; the vague deity being known as Nzambi or Njambi, which the missionaries translated into God, as Nganna Zambi—Lord Zambi. Merolla uses Zambiabungù, and in the vocabulary, Zabiambunco, for the "Spirit above" (Zambi-a-npungo). Battel tells us that the King of Loango was called "Sambee and Pango, which mean God." The Abbé Proyard terms the Supreme "Zambi," and applies Zambi-a-n-pongou to a species of malady brought on by perjury. He also notices the Manichæan idea of

Zambi-a-Nbi, or bad-God, drawing the fine distinction of European belief in a deity supremely good, who permits evil without participating in it. But the dualism of moral light and darkness, noticed by all travellers,* is a *bonâ fide* existence with Africans, and the missionaries converted the Angolan "Cariapemba" into the Aryo-Semitic Devil.

Zambi is the Anyambia of the Gaboon country, a *vox et præterea nihil*. Dr. Livingstone ("First Expedition," p. 641), finds the word general amongst the Balonda, or people of Lunda: with the "Cazembes" the word is "Pambi," or "Liza," and "O Muata Cazembe" (p. 297) mentions the proverb, "Ao Pambi e ao Mambi (the King) nada iguala." In the "Vocabulario da lingua Cafrial" we see (p. 469) that "Murungo" means God or thunder. It is the rudimental idea of the great Zeus, which the Greeks worked out, the God of Æther, the eternal, omnipotent, and omniscient, "who was, who is, and who is to come," the Unknown and Unknowable, concerning whom St. Paul quoted Aristæus on Mars' Hill. But the African brain naturally confused it with a something gross and material: thus Nzambi-a-Npungu is especially the lightning god. Cariambemba is, properly, Kadi Mpemba or Ntangwa, the being that slays mankind: Merolla describes it as an "abominable idol;" and the word is also applied to the owl, here as in Dahome the object of superstition. I could trace no sign of worship paid to the sun (Tangwa or Muinyi), but there are multitudes of minor gods, probably deified ghosts, haunting particular places. Thus, "Simbi" presides over villages and the "Tadi Nzazhi," or Lightning Rock, near Boma: whilst the Yellala is the abode of an evil being which must be propitiated by offerings. As usual amongst Fetish worshippers, the only trace of belief in a future state is faith in *revenants*—returning men or ghosts.

Each village has an idol under a little wall-less roof, apparently an earthen pot of grease and feathers, called

* Tuckey (p. 214), and the General Observations prefixed to the Diaries.

Mavunga. This may be the Ovengwa of the "Camma people," a "terrible catcher and eater of men, a vampire of the dead; personal, whilst the Ibamba are indistinct; tall as a tree; wandering through the woods, ever winking; whereas the Greek immortals were known by their motionless eyelids. "Ngolo Wanga" is a man-shaped figure of unpainted wood, kept in the hut. Every house is stuck inside and outside with idols and fetishes, interpreters of the Deity, each having its own jurisdiction over lightning, wind, and rain; some act as scarecrows; others teach magic, avert evils, preserve health and sight, protect cattle, and command fish in the sea or river. They are in all manner of shapes, strings of mucuna and poison-beans; carved images stuck over with feathers and tassels; padlocks with a cowrie or a mirror set in them; horns full of mysterious "medicine;" iron-tipped poles; bones; birds' beaks and talons; skins of snakes and leopards, and so forth. We shall meet them again upon our travels.

No man walks abroad without his protecting charms, Nkisi or Nkizi, the Monda of the Gaboon, slung *en baudrier*, or hanging from his shoulder. The portable fetish of our host is named "Báká chyá Mázínga: Professor Smith (p. 323) makes "Mázengá" to be "fetishes for the detection of theft." These *magice vanitates* are phylacterics against every evil to which man's frailty is heir. The missionaries were careful not to let their Congo converts have anything from their bodies, like hair or nail parings, for fear lest it be turned to superstitious use; and a beard (the price of conversion) was refused to the "King of Micocco." Like the idols, these talismans avert ill luck, bachelorhood, childlessness, poverty, and ill health; they are equally powerful against the machinations of foes, natural or supernatural; against wild beasts, the crocodile, the snake, and the leopard; and against wounds of lead and steel. They can produce transformations; destroy enemies; cause rain or drought, fine or foul weather; raise and humble, enrich and impoverish countries; and, above all things, they are sovereign to make man brave in battle. Shortly

before we entered Banza Nkaye a propitiation of the tutelary gods took place: Coxswain Deane had fired an Enfield, and the report throughout the settlement was that our guns would kill from the river-bank.

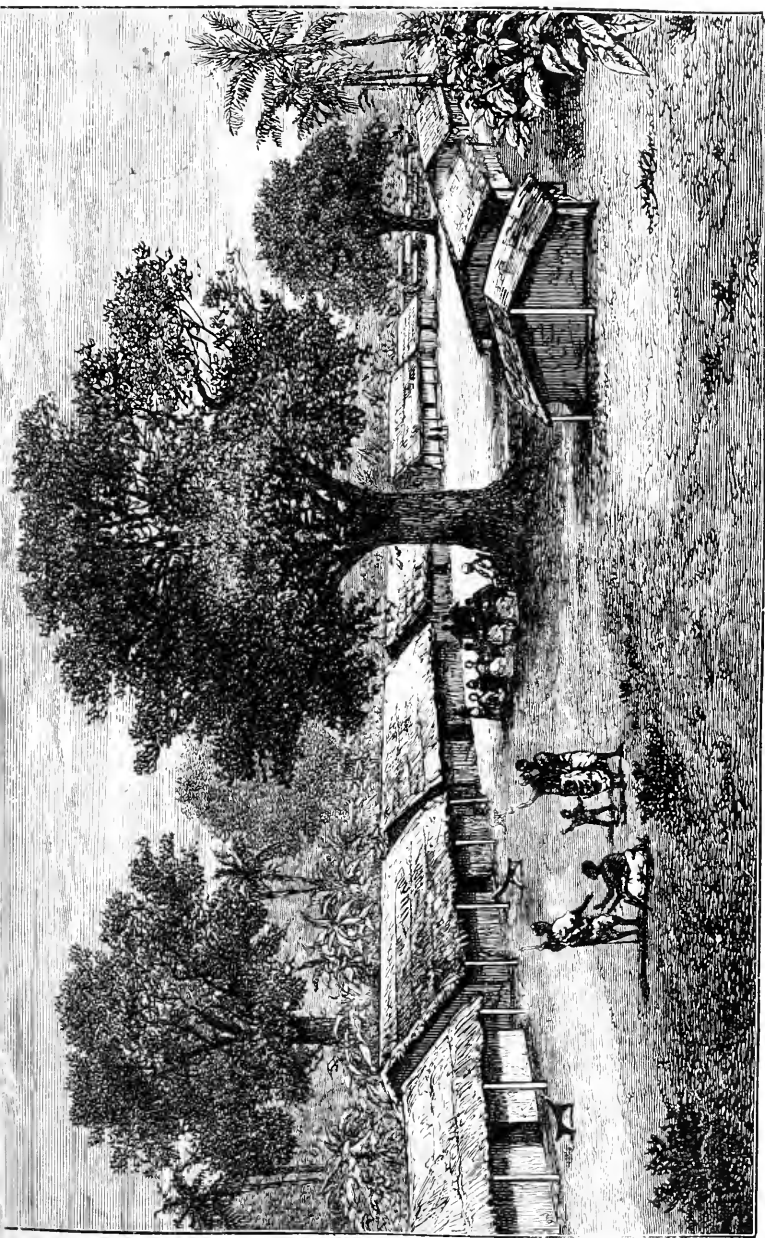
The Nganga of Congo-land, the Mganga of the Wasawahili and the Uganga of the Gaboon, exactly



GROUP OF CONGO NATIVES.

corresponds with M. Michelet's Sorcière of the Middle Ages, "physicienne," that is doctor for the people and poisoner; we cannot, however, apply in Africa the adage of Louis XIII.'s day, "To one wizard ten thousand witches." In the "Muata Cazembe" (pp. 57, *et passim*) we read "O Ganga or O Surjão;" the magician is there called "Muroi," which, like "Fite," is also applied to magie. The Abbé Proyart opines of

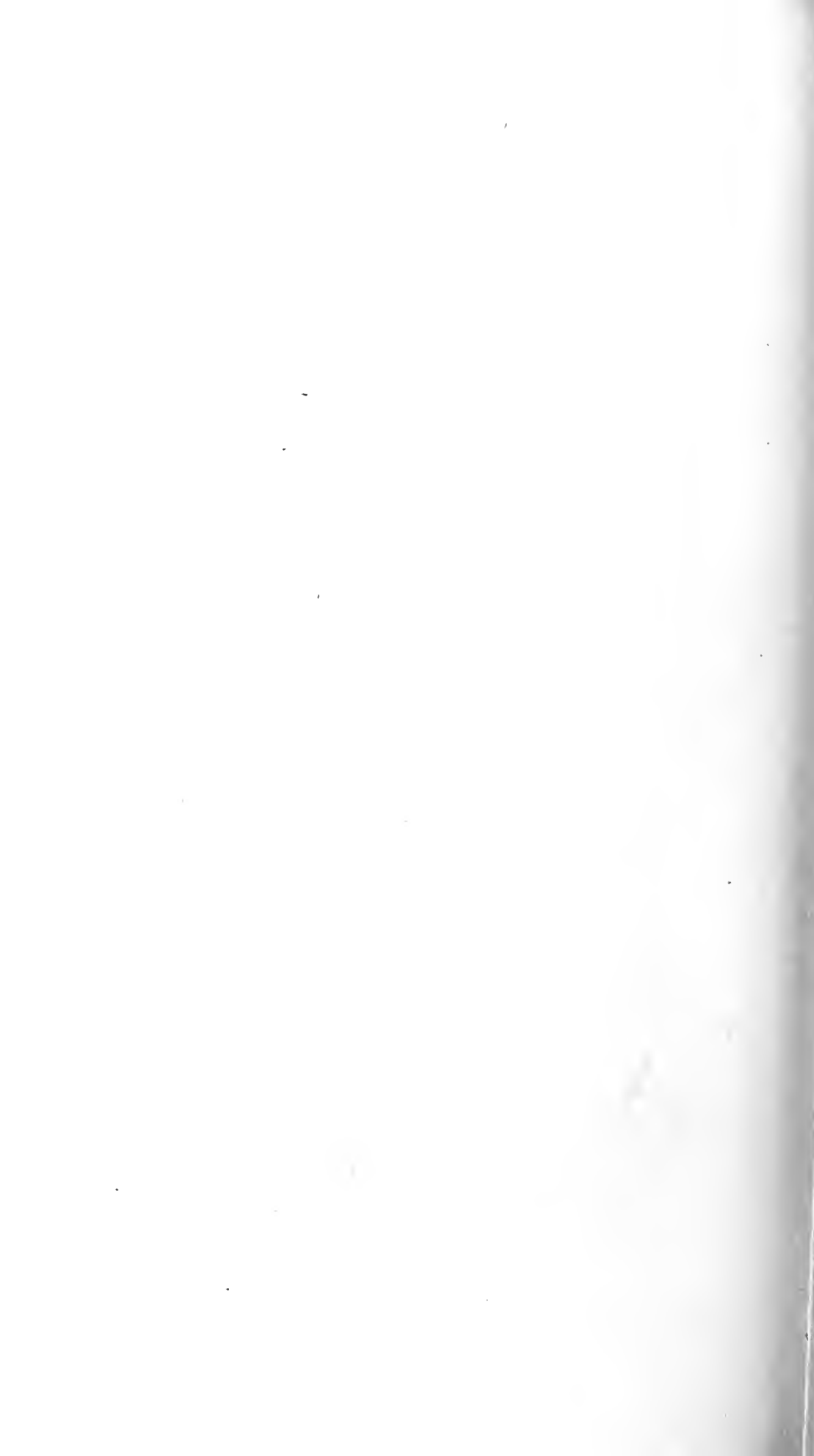
his professional brother, "he is ignorant as the rest of the people, but a greater rogue,"—a pregnant saying. Yet here "the man of two worlds" is not *l'homme de révolution*, and he suffices for the small "spiritual wants" of his flock. He has charge of the "Kizila," the "Chigella" of Merolla and the "Quistilla" of James Barbot—*Anglicè* putting things in fetish, which corresponds with the Tahitian tapu or taboo. The African idea is, that he who touches the article, for instance, gold on the eastern coast of Guinea, will inevitably come to grief. When "fetish is taken off," as by the seller of palm wine who tastes it in presence of the buyer, the precaution is evidently against poison. Many of these "Kizila" are self-imposed, for instance a water melon may never enter Banza Nokki, and, though slaves may eat bananas upon a journey, the master may not. Others refuse the flesh of a fowl until it has been tasted by a woman. These rules are delivered to the young, either by the fetishman or the parents, and, when broken, they lead to death, doubtless often the consequence of strong belief. The Nganga superintends, as grand inquisitor, the witch-ordeal, by causing the accused to chew red-wood and other drugs in this land *ferax venenorum*. Park was right: "By witchcraft is meant pretended magic, affecting the lives and healths of persons, in other words it is the administering of poison." European "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic" exactly explain the African idea, except in one point: there the witch "only suffered from not being able to prove to Satan how much she burned to suffer for his sake;" here she has no Satan. Both European and African are the firmest believers in their own powers; they often confess, although knowing that the confession leads directly to torture and death, with all the diabolical ingenuity of which either race was capable. In Tuckey's time a bargain was concluded by breaking a leaf or a blade of grass, and this rite it was "found necessary to perform with the seller of every fowl:" apparently it is now obsolete. Finally, although the



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A STREET IN A CONGO VILLAGE.

To face p. 104.



Fetish man may be wrong, the fetish cannot err. If a *contretemps* occur, a reason will surely be found; and, should the "doctor" die, he has fallen a victim to a rival or an enemy more powerful than himself.

A striking institution of the Congo region is that of the Jinkemba, which, curious to say, is unnoticed by Tuckey. It is not, however, peculiar to the Congo; it is the "Semo" of the Susus or Soosoos of the Windward Coast, and the "Purrah" of the Sherbro-Balloms or Bulloms, rendered *Anglicè* by "free-masonry." The



FETISH BOY.

novitiate there lasts for seven or eight years, and whilst the boys live in the woods food is placed for them by their relations: the initiation, indeed, appears to be especially severe. Here all the free-born males are subjected to the wrongly called "Mosaic rite." Merolla tells us that the wizards circumcise children on the eighth day (like the Jews), not out of regard for the law, but with some wicked end and purpose of their own. At any time between the ages of five and fifteen (eight to ten being generally preferred), boys are taken from their parents (which must be an ex-

ceeding comfort to the latter), and for a native year, which is half of ours, they must dwell in the *Vivála ya Ankimba*, or *Casa de Feitiço*, like that which we passed before reaching *Banza Nokki*. They are now instructed by the *Nganga* in the practices of their intricate creed; they are taught the mysteries under solemn oaths, and, in fine, they are prepared for marriage. Upon the Congo they must eat no cooked food, living wholly upon roots and edibles; but they are allowed to enter the villages for provisions, and here they often appear armed with machets, bayonets, and wooden swords. Their faces and necks, bodies and arms, are ghastly white with chalk or ashes; the hair is left in its original jet, and the dingy lower limbs contrast violently with the ghostlike absence of colour above. The dress is a crinoline of palm-fronds, some fresh and green, others sere and brown; a band of strong mid-rib like a yellow hoop passed round the waist spreads out the petticoat like a furthingale, and the ragged ends depend to the knees; sometimes it is worn under the axillæ, but in all cases the chalked arms must be outside. The favourite attitude is that of the Rhodian Colossus, with the elbows bent to the fore and the hands clasped behind the head. To increase their prestige of terror, the *Jinkomba* abjure the use of human language, and, meeting a stranger, ejaculate with all their might, "*Hár-rr-rr-rr-rr!*" and "*Jojolo! Jojolo!*" words mystic and meaningless. When walking in procession, they warn the profane out of the way by striking one slip of wood upon another. They are wilder in appearance than the Hindu *Jogi* or *Sanyasi*, who also affects the use of ashes, but neglects that of the palm-thatch. It is certainly enough to startle a man of impressible nerves—one, for instance, who cannot enter a room without a side-long glance at an unexpected coffin—to see these hideous beings starting with their savage cry from the depths of an African forest. Evidently, also, such is the intention of the costume.

Contrasting the Congoese with the Goanese, we obtain a measure of difference between the African and

the Asiatic. Both were Portuguese colonies founded about the same time, and under very similar circumstances; both were catechized and Christianized in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; both had governors and palaces, bishops and cathedrals, educational establishments and a large staff of missionaries. But Asia was not so inimical, mentally or bodily, to the European frame as Africa; the Goanese throve after a fashion, the mixed breed became the staple population, and thus it continues till this day. On the other hand the Hamitic element so completely asserted its superiority over insidious Japheth, that almost every trace has disappeared in a couple of centuries. There lingers, it is true, amongst the Congoese of the coast-regions a something derived from the olden age, still distinguishing them from the wild people of the interior, and at times they break out naturally in the tongue of their conquerors. But it requires a practised eye to mark these minutiae.

The Congoese are passably brave amongst themselves; crafty and confined in their views, they carry "knowledge of life" as far as it is required, and their ceremonious intercourse is remarkable and complicated. They have relapsed into the alphabetic state of their ancestors; they are great at eloquence; and, though without our poetical forms, they have a variety of songs upon all subjects, and they improvise panegyrics in honour of chiefs and guests. Their dances have been copied in Europe. Without ever inventing the modes of the Greeks, which are still preserved by the Hindoos, they have an original music, dealing in harmony rather than in tune, and there are motives, of course all in the minor key, which might be utilized



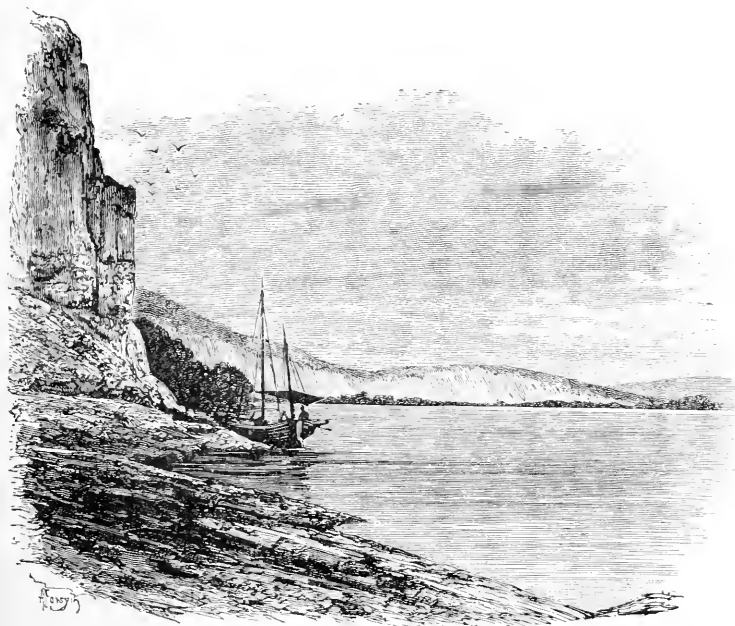
A BY-YANZI.

by advanced peoples; these sons of nature would especially supply material for that recitative which Verdi first made something better than a vehicle for dialogue. Hence the old missionaries are divided in opinion; whilst some find the sound of the "little guitar," with strings of palm-thread and played with the thumbs of both hands, "very low, but not ungrateful," others speak of the "hellish harmony" of their neophytes' bands. The instrument alluded to is the nsambi or nehambi; four strings are attached to bent sticks springing from the box; it is the wambi of the Shekyanis (Du Chaillu, chap. xii.), but the bridge, like that of our violin, gives it an evident superiority, and great care and labour are required in the maker.

This form of the universal marimba is a sounding-board of light wood, measuring eight inches by five; some eight to eleven iron keys, flat strips of thin metal, pass over an upright bamboo bridge, fixed by thongs to the body, and rest at the further end upon a piece of skin which prevents "twanging." The tocador or performer brings out soft and pleasing tones with the sides of the thumbs and fingers. They have drums and the bell-like cymbals called chingufu: M. Valdez (ii. 221 *et passim*), writes "Clineufo," which he has taken from a misprint in Monteiro and Gamitto. The chingufu of East Africa is a hollow box performed upon with a drum-stick of caoutchouc. The pipes are wooden tubes with sundry holes and a bridge below the mouth-piece; they are played over edge like our flutes. The "hellish harmonies" mostly result from an improvised band, one strumming the guitar, another clapping the sticks, and the third beating the bell-shaped irons that act as castanets.

The language of the people on and near the Congo River is called "Fiote," a term used by old travellers to denote a black man as opposed to Mundele (white), and also applied to things, as Bondefiote or black baft. James Barbot (p. 512) gives specimens of some thirty-three words and the numerals in the "Angoy language, spoken at Cabinde," which proves to be that of the

River. Of these many are erroneous: for instance, "nova," to sleep (ku-núa); "sursu," a hen (nsusu); while "fina," scarlet; "bayeta," baize; and "fumu," tobacco, are corrupted Portuguese. A young lad, "muleche" (moleque), Father Merolla's "molecchas, a general name among the negroes," for which Douville prefers "moleke" (masc.) and "molecka" (fem.), is applied only to a slave, and in this sense it has extended



BANKS OF THE CONGO.

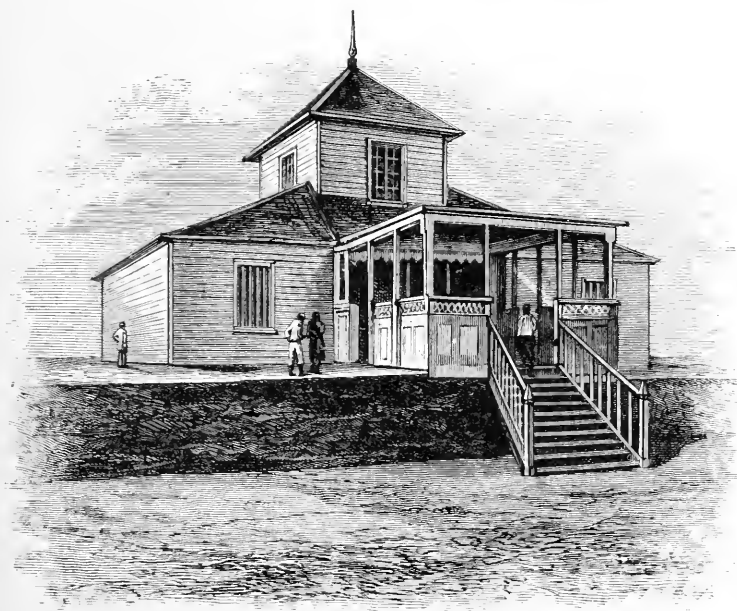
west of the Atlantic. In the numerals, "wale" (2) should be "kwále," "quina" (4) "kúyá," and "evona" (9) "iowá." We may remark the pentenary system of the Windward Coast and the Gaboon negroes; *e.g.*, 6 is "sambano" ("mose" and "tano" 1 + 5), and 7 is "sambwale" ("mose" and "kwale") and so forth, whilst "kumi" (10), possibly derived from neighbouring races, belongs to the decimal system.

The first attempt at a regular vocabulary was made by Douville (vol. iii. p. 261): "*Vocabulaire de la Langue*

Mogialoua, et des deux dialects principaux Abunda (Angolan) et Congo" (Fiote); it is also very incorrect. The best is that published in Appendix No. 1 to the Congo Expedition, under the name of "Embomma;" we may quote the author's final remark: "This vocabulary I do not consider to be free from mistakes which I cannot now find time to discover. All the objects of the senses are, however, correct." M. Parrot showed me a MS. left at Banana Point by a French medical officer, but little could be said in its praise. Monteiro and Gamitto (pp. 479-480) give seventeen "Conguez" words, and the Congo numerals as opposed to the "Bundo."

The Fiote is a member of the great South African family; some missionaries argued, from its beauty and richness, that it had formerly been written, but of this there is no proof. M. Malte-Brun supposes the Congoese dialects to indicate "a meditative genius foreign to the habitual condition of these people," ignoring the fact that the most complicated and laborious tongues are those of barbarous nations, whilst modern civilization invariably labours to simplify. It is copious; every place, tree, shrub, or plant used by the people has its proper name; it is harmonious and pleasing, abounding in vowels and liquids, destitute of gutturals, and sparing in aspirates and other harsh consonants. At the same time, like the rest of the family, it is clumsy and unwieldy, whilst immense prolixity and frequent repetition must develope the finer shades of meaning. Its peculiarity is a greater resemblance to the Zanzibarian Kiswahili than any tongue known to me on the Western Coast: often a question asked by the guide, as "Njia hápá?" (Is this the road?) and "Jina lako nání?" (What's your name?) was perfectly intelligible to me. The latter is a fair specimen of the peculiar euphony which I have noticed in "Zanzibar" (vol. i. chap. x.). We should expect "Jina jako," whereas this would offend the native ear. It requires a scholar-like knowledge of the tongue to apply the curious process correctly, and the self-sufficient critic should beware how he attempts to correct quotations from the native languages.

I need hardly say that the speakers are foul-mouthed as the *Anglo-African* of S'a Leone and the "English" Coast; they borrow the vilest words from foreign tongues; a spade is called a spade with a witness, and feminine relatives are ever the subject of abuse; a practice which, beginning in Europe with the Slav race, extends more or less throughout the Old World. I specify the Old World, because the so-called "Indians" of North and South America apparently ignore the



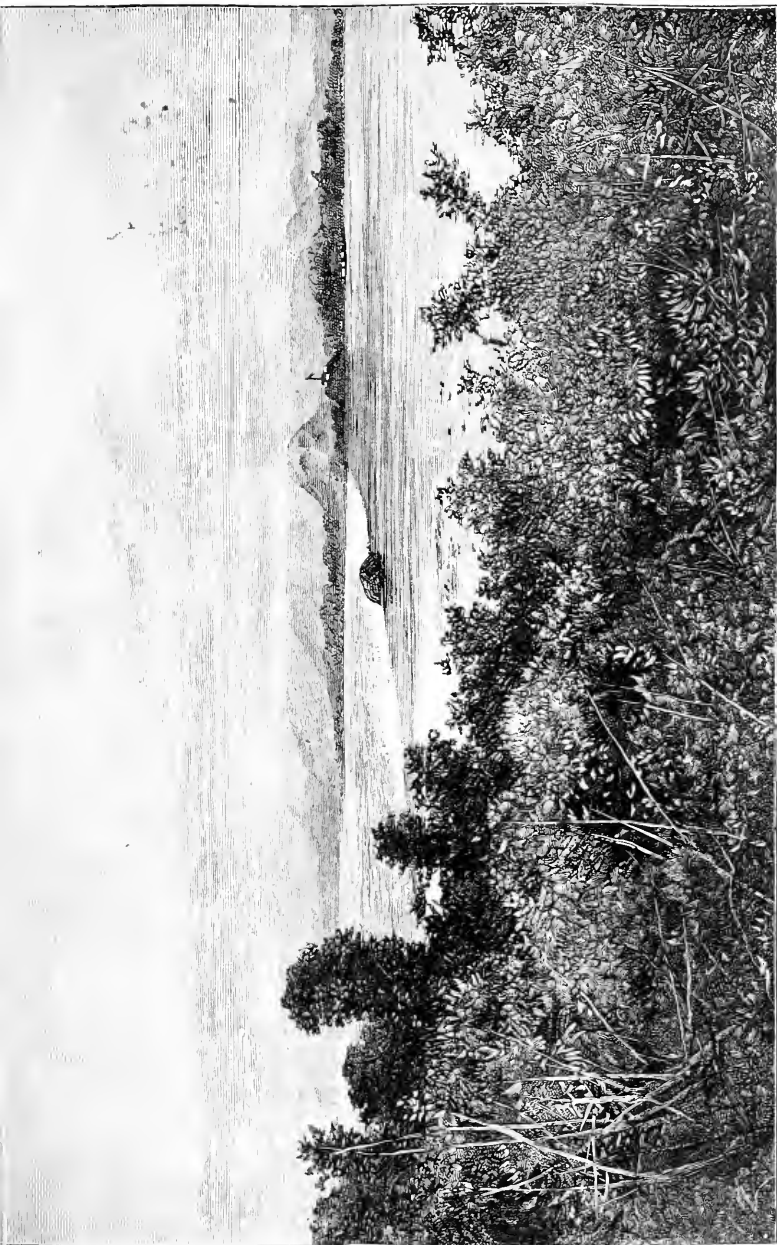
A CONGO STATION.

habit except where they have learned it from Southern Europe. Finally, cursing takes the place of swearing, the latter being confined, I believe, to the Scandinavians, the Teutons, and their allied races.

Nothing can be more unpleasant than the Portuguese spoken by the Congoman. He transposes the letters lacking the proper sounds in his own tongue: for instance, "sinholo" (*sinyolo*) is "senhor;" "munyele" or "minyele" is "mulher;" "O luo" stands in lieu of "O rio"

(the river); "rua" of "lua" (luna), and so forth. For to-morrow you must use "cedo" as "manhã" would not be understood, and the prolixity of the native language is transferred to the foreign idiom. For instance, if you ask, "What do you call this thing?" the paraphrase to be intelligible would be, "The white man calls this thing so-and-so; what does the Fiote call this thing?" sixteen words for six. I have elsewhere remarked how Englishmen make themselves unintelligible by transferring to Hindostani and other Asiatic tongues the conciseness of their own idiom, in which as much is understood as is expressed. We can well understand the outraged feelings with which poor Father Canneccattim heard his sermons travestied by the Abundo negroes do Paiz or linguists, the effect of which was to make him compose his laborious dictionary in Angolan, Latin, and Portuguese. His wrath in reflecting upon "estos homens ou estos brutos" drives the ecclesiastic to imitate the ill-conditioned layman who habitually addresses his slave as "O bruto! O burro! O bicho! O diabo!" when he does not apply the more injurious native terms as "Konongwako" and "Vendengwandi." It is only fair to confess that no race is harsher in its language and manners to its "black brethren," than the liberated Africans of the English settlements.

At Banza Nokki I saw the first specimen of a Mundongo slave girl. The tribe is confounded with the Madingo (Mandenga) Moslems by the author of the "Introduction to Tuckey's Journey" (p. lxxxi.); by Tuckey (p. 141), who also calls them Mandonzo (p. 135), and by Prof. Smith (p. 315); but not by the accurate Marsden (p. 389). She described her tribe as living inland to the east and north-east of the Congo peoples, distant two moons—a detail, of course, not to be depended upon. I afterwards met many of these "captives," who declared that they had been sold after defeats: a fine, tall race, one is equal to two Congo men, and the boldness of demeanour in both sexes distinguishes them from other serviles. Apparently under this name there are several tribes inhabiting lands of various elevations;



VOL. II.

LOOKING DOWN THE CONGO FROM ISANGILA.

To face p. 112.

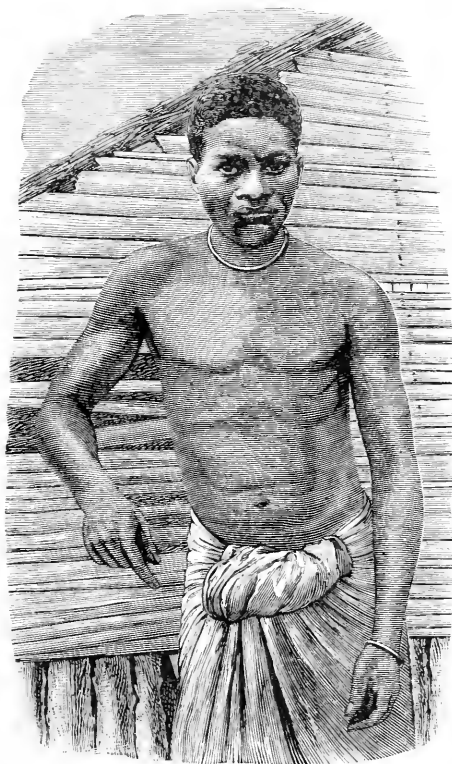


some are coloured *café au lait*, as if born in a high and healthy region; others are almost jet black, with the hair frightfully "wispy," like a mop. Generally the head is bullet-shaped, the face round, the features negroid, not negro, and the hands and feet large but not ill-shaped. Some again have the Hausa mark,

thread-like perpendicular cuts from the zygomatic arches running parallel with the chin; in other cases the stigmata are broad beauty-slashes drawn transversely across the cheeks to the jawbone, and forming with the vertical axis an angle of 45° .

All are exceedingly fond of meat, and, like the Kru-men, will devour it semi-putrified. The

Congoese declare them to be "papa-gentes" (cannibals), a term generally applied by the more advanced to the bushmen living beyond their frontier, and useful to deter travellers and runaways. They themselves declare that they eat the slain only after a battle—the sentimental form of anthropophagy. The slave-girl produced on this occasion was told to sing; after receiving some beads, without which she would not open her lips, we were treated to a "criard" performance which reminded



A BASUNDI.

the bushmen living beyond their frontier, and useful to deter travellers and runaways. They themselves declare that they eat the slain only after a battle—the sentimental form of anthropophagy. The slave-girl produced on this occasion was told to sing; after receiving some beads, without which she would not open her lips, we were treated to a "criard" performance which reminded

me of the "heavenly muse" in the Lake Regions of Central Africa.

The neighbours of the Mundongos are the Mubangos, the Muyanji (Muyanji?), and the Mijolo, by some called Mijere. Possibly Tuckey alludes to the Mijolos when he tells us (p. 141), that the "Mandingo" slave whom he bought on the Upper River, called his country "M'intolo." I have seen specimens of the three, who are so similar in appearance that a stranger distinguishes them only by the tattoo. No. 1 gashes a line from the root of the hair to the commissure of the nose: No. 2 has a patch of cuts, five in length and three in depth, extending from the bend of the eye-brow across the zygomata to the ear; and No. 3 wears cuts across the forehead. I was shown a sword belonging to the Mijolo: all declared that it is of native make; yet it irresistibly suggested the old two-handed weapon of Europe, preserved by the Bedawin and the Eastern Arabs, who now mostly derive it from Sollingen. The long, straight, flexible, and double-edged blade is neatly mounted by the tang in a handle with a pommel, or terminating knob, of ivory; others prefer wood. The guard is very peculiar, a thin bar of iron springing from the junction of blade and grip, forming an open oval below, and prolonged upwards and downwards in two branches parallel with the handle, and protecting the hand. They dance, brandishing this weapon, according to the slaves, in the presence of their princes.

I inquired vainly about the Anzicos, Anzichi, Anzigui, Anzigi, or Anziki, whose king, Makoko, the ruler of thirteen kingdoms, was placed by Dapper north-west of Monemugi (Unyamwezi), and whom Pigafetta (p. 79) located close to the Congo, and near his northern Lake. "It is true that there are two lakes, not, however, lying east and west (Ptolemy's system), but north and south of each other, and about 400 miles asunder. The first is in south latitude 12°. The Nile, issuing from it, does not, according to Odoardo (Duarte Lopez), sink in the earth nor conceal itself, but, after flowing northwards, it enters the second lake, which

is 220 miles in extent, and is called by the natives a sea." If the Tanganyika shall be found to connect with the Luta Nzige or Mwutan Lake, this passage will be found wonderfully truthful. The Tanganyika's southern versant is now placed in south latitude $8^{\circ} 46' 54''$, or in round numbers 9° , and the other figures are nearly as



GRASS APRON.

correct. James Barbot causes these Anzikos to wander "almost through all Africa," from Nubia to the Congo, like negro Bedawin or Scythians; the common food was man's flesh fattened for the market and eaten by the relatives, even of those who died diseased. Their "capital," Monsol, was built by D'Anville, close to the equator in the very centre of Africa (east longitude

Greenwich, 26° 20') hard by Douville's "Yanvo;" and the "Opener of Inner Africa in 1852" (pp. 3, 4, 69), with equal correctness, caused them to "occupy the hills opposite to Sundi, and extending downwards to Emboma below the Falls."

Mr. Cooley ("Ocean Highways," June, 1873), now explains the word as A-nzi-co, "people not of the country," barbarians, bushmen. This kind of information, derived from a superficial knowledge of an Angolan vocabulary, is peculiarly valueless. I doubt that a negative can thus be suffixed to a genitive. The name may simply have been A-nziko (man) of the back-settlement. In 1832, Mr. Cooley writes: "the nation of the Anziko (or Ngeco):" in 1845, "the Anziki, north of Congo:" in 1852, "the Micoco or king of the Anziko"—*und so weiter*. What can we make of this geographical Proteus? The first Congo Expedition who covered all the ground where the Creator of the Great Central Sea places the Anzikos, never heard of them—nor will the second.

Not being then so well convinced of the non-existence of the Giaghi, Giagas, Gagas, or Jagas as a nation, I inquired as vainly for those terrible cannibals who had gone the way of all the Anzikos. According to Lopez, Battel, Merolla, and others, they "consider human flesh as the most delicious food, and goblets of warm blood as the most exquisite beverage." This act on the part of savage warriors might have been a show of mere bravado. But I cannot agree with the editor of Tuckey's "Narrative," "From the character and disposition of the native African, it may fairly be doubted whether, throughout the whole of this great continent, a negro cannibal has any existence." The year 1816 was the Augustan age of outrageous negrophilism and equally extreme anti-Napoleonism. "If a French general" (Introduction, p. i) "brutally seized the person and papers of a British naval officer, on his return from a voyage of discovery," who, I would ask, plundered and destroyed the fine botanical collection made at risk of health and life, during fifteen months

of hard labour, by the learned Palisot de Beauvois, author of the "Flore d'Oware?" The "Reviewer" of Douville (p. 177) as sensibly declares that cannibalism "has hitherto continually retired before the investigation of sober-minded, enlightened men," when, after a century or two of intercourse with white traders, it still flourishes on the Bonny and New Calabar Rivers.

We are glad to be rid of the Jagas, a subject which has a small literature of its own; the savage race appeared everywhere like a "deus ex machinâ," and it became to Intertropical Africa what the "Lost Tribes" were, and even now are in some cases, to Asia and not rarely to Europe. Even the sensible Mr. Wilson ("West Africa," p. 238) has "no doubt of the Jagas being the same people with the more modernly discovered Pangwes" (Fâns); and this is duly copied by M. du Chaillu (chap. viii.). M. Valdez (ii. 150) more sensibly records that the first Jaga established in Portuguese territory was called Colaxingo (Kolashingo), and that his descendants were named "Jagas," like the Egyptian Pharaohs, the Roman Cæsars, the Austrian Kaisers, and the Russian Czars: he also reminds us (p. 150) that the chief of the Bangalas inhabiting Cassange (= Kasanjí) was *the* Jaga or ruler *par excellence*.

Early on the morning of September 11, I was aroused by a "bob" in the open before us. We started up, fearing that some death by accident had taken place: the occasion proved, on the contrary, to be one of ushering into life. The women were assembled in a ring round the mother, and each howled with all the might of her lungs, either to keep off some evil spirit or to drown the sufferer's cries. In some parts of Africa, the Gold Coast for instance, it is considered infamous for a woman thus to betray her pain, but here we are amongst a softer race.

CHAPTER VII.

THE YELLALA OF THE CONGO.

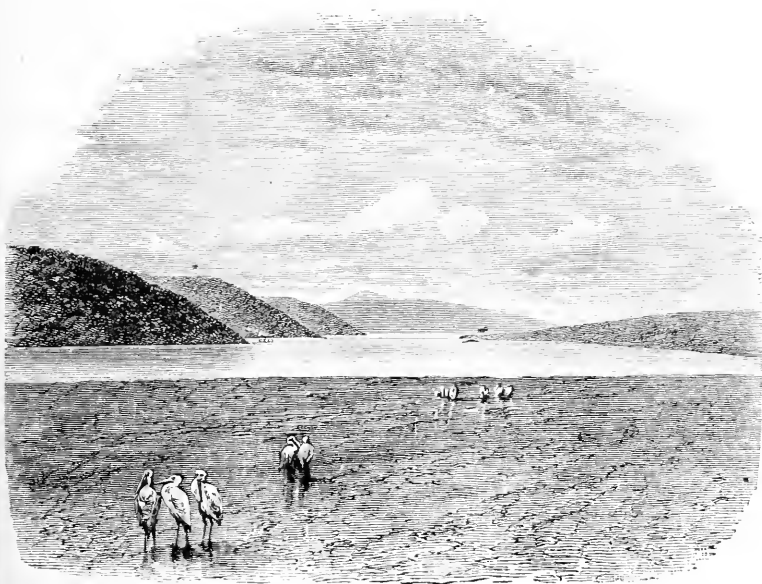
THE following is a description of the famous Yellala Falls:—

At dawn (September 16), I began the short march leading to the Yellala. By stepping a few paces south of Nkulu, we had a fine view of the Borongwa ya Vivi, the lowest rapids, whose foaming slope contrasted well with the broad, smooth basin beyond. Palabala, the village of Nekorado on the other side of the stream, bore south (Mag.), still serving as a landmark; and in this direction the ridges were crowned with palm orchards and settlements. But the great Yellala was hidden by the hill-shoulder.

We at once fell into a descent of some 890 feet, which occupied an hour. The ground was red iron-clay, greasy and slippery; dew-dripping grass, twelve to fifteen feet tall, lined the path; the surface was studded with dark ant-hills of the mushroom shape; short sycamores appeared, and presently we came to rough gradients of stone, which severely tried the "jarrets." After an hour, we crossed at the trough-foot a brook of pure water, which, uniting with two others, turns to the north-east, and, tumbling over a little ledge, discharges itself into the main drain. An ascent then led over a rounded hill with level summit, and precipitous face all steps and drops of rock, some of them six and seven feet high, opposed to the stream. Another half hour, and a descent of 127 feet placed us under a stunted calabash, 100 feet above the water, and commanding a full view of the Yellala.

On the whole, the impression was favourable. Old Shimbah, the Linguister at Porto da Lenha, and other

natives had assured me that the Cataracts were taller than the tallest trees. On the other hand, the plain and unadorned narrative of the "Expedition" had prepared me for a second-rate stream bubbling over a strong bed. The river here sweeps round from the north-west, and bends with a sharp elbow first to the south-west and then to the south-east, the length of the latter reach being between four and five miles. As far as the eye can see, the bed, which narrows from 900 to



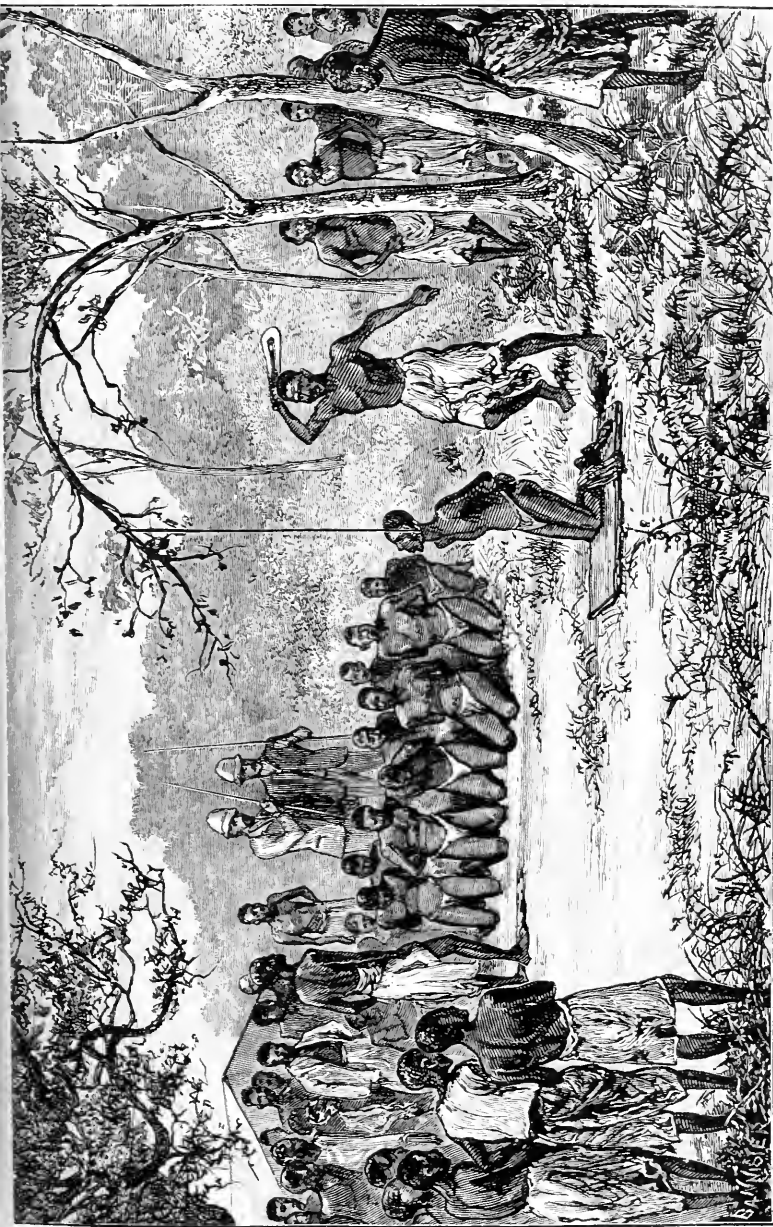
SOME INHABITANTS OF THE CONGO.

400 and 500 yards, is broken by rocks and reefs. A gate at the upper end pours over its lintel a clear but dwarf fall, perhaps two feet high. The eastern staple rises at first sheer from the water's edge to the estimated altitude of a thousand feet—this is the "Crocodile's Head" which we saw on the last march, and already the thin rains are robing its rocky surface with tender green. The strata are disposed at angles, varying from 35° to 45° , and three streaks of bright trees denote Fiumaras about to be filled. Opposite it is the "Quoin

Hill," bluff to the stream, and falling west with gradual incline. The noise of this higher fall can hardly be heard at Nkulu, except on the stillest nights.

Below the upper gate, the bed, now narrowing to 300 yards, shows the great Yellala; the waters, after breaking into waves for a mile and a half above, rush down an inclined plane of some thirty feet in 300 yards, spuming, colliding and throwing up foam, which looks dingy white against the dull yellow-brown of the less disturbed channel—the movement is that of waves dashing upon a pier. The bed is broken by the Zungachya Malemba, which some pronounced Sanga chya Malemba, an oval islet in mid-stream, whose greater diameter is disposed along the axis of the bed. The north-western apex, raised about fifty feet above the present level of the waters, shows a little bay of pure sand, the detritus of its rocks, with a flood-mark fifteen feet high, whilst the opposite side bears a few wind-wrung trees. The materials are gneiss and schist, banded with quartz—Tuckey's great masses of slate. This is the "Terrapin" of the Nzadi. The eastern fork, about 150 yards broad, is a mountain-torrent, coursing unobstructed down its sandy trough, and, viewed from an eminence, the waters of the mid-channel appear convex, a shallow section of a cylinder,—it is a familiar shape well marked upon the St. Lawrence Rapids. The western half is traversed by a reef, connecting the islets with the right bank. During August, this branch was found almost dry; in mid-September, it was nearly full, and here the water breaks with the greatest violence. The right bank is subtended for some hundred yards by blocks of granite and greenstone, pitted with large basins and pot-holes, delicately rounded, turned as with a lathe by the turbid waters. The people declare that this greenstone contains copper, and Professor Smith found particles in his specimens. The Portuguese agents, to whom the natives carefully submit everything curious, doubt the fact, as well as all reports of gold; yet there is no reason why the latter should not be found.

The current whirls and winds through its tortuous



channels, which are like castings of metal, in many distinct flows; some places are almost stagnant, suggesting passages for canoes. Here the fishermen have planted their weirs; some are wading in the pools, others are drying their nets upon the stony ledges. During the floods, however, this *cheval-de-frise* of boulders must all be under water, and probably im-



A CONGO CHIEF.

passable. Tuckey supposes that the inundation must produce a spectacle which justifies the high-flown description of the people. I should imagine the reverse to be the case; and Dr. Livingstone justly remarked * that, when the river was full, the Yellala rapids would become comparatively smooth, as he had found those of

* At the memorable Bath meeting of the British Association, Sept. 1864.

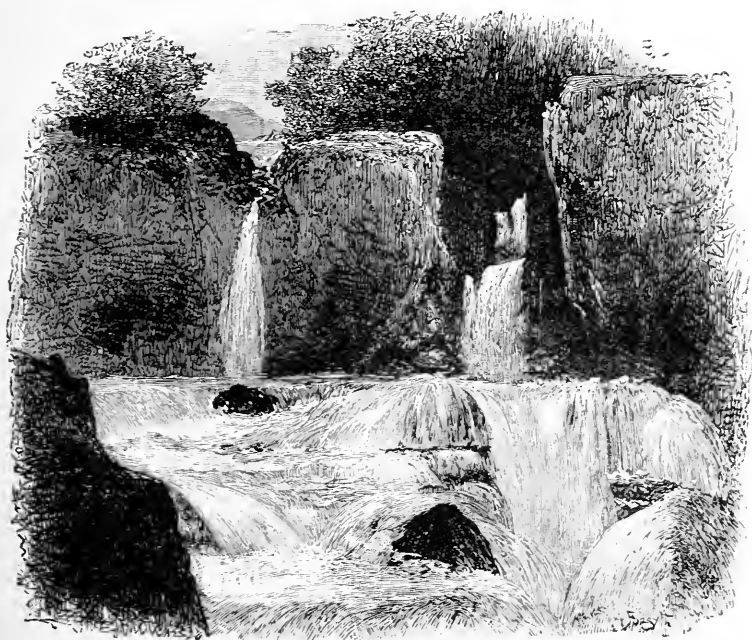
the Zambeze; and that therefore a *voyage pittoresque* up the Congo should be made at that season.

Before leaving the Yellala, I wandered along the right bank, and found a cliff, whose overhanging brow formed a fine cavern; it remarkably resembled the Martianez Fountain under the rock near the beautiful Puerto de Orotava. Here the fishermen were disporting themselves, and cooking their game, which they willingly exchanged for beads. All were of the Silurus family, varying from a few inches to two feet. Fish-eagles sat upon the ledges overhanging the stream, and a flight of large cranes wheeled majestically in the upper air: according to the people, they are always to be seen at the Yellalas.

The extent of a few hundred feet afforded a good bird's-eye view of the scene. The old river-valley, shown by the scarp of the rocks, must have presented gigantic features, and the height of the trough-walls, at least a thousand feet, gives the Yellala a certain beauty and grandeur. The site is apparently the highest axis of the dividing ridge separating the maritime lowlands from the inner plateau. Looking eastward the land smoothens, the dorsa fall more gently towards the counter-slope, and there are none of the "Morros" which we have traversed.

With the members of the Congo Expedition, I was somewhat startled by the contrast between the apparently shrunken volume of waters and the vast breadth of the lower river; hence Professor Smith's theory of underground caverns and communications, in fact of a subterraneous river, a favourite hobby in those days. But there is not a trace of limestone formation around, nor is there the hollow echo which inevitably would result from such a tunnel. Evidently the difference is to be accounted for by the rapidity of the torrent, the effect of abnormal slope deceiving the eye. At the Mosi-wa-tunya Falls the gigantic Zambeze, from a breadth of a thousand yards suddenly plunges into a trough only forty-five to sixty feet wide; the same is the case with the Brazilian São Francisco, which, a mile

wide above the Cachoeira de Paulo Affonso, is choked to a minimum breadth of fifty-one feet. At the Pongo (narrows) de Manseriche also, the Amazonas, "already a noble river, is contracted at its narrowest part to a width of only twenty-five toises, bounded on each margin by lofty perpendicular cliffs, at the end of which the Andes are fairly passed, and the river emerges on



CASCADES.

the great plain."* Thus the Yellala belongs to the class of obstructed rapids like those of the Nile, compared with the unobstructed, of which a fine specimen is the St. Lawrence. It reminded me strongly of the Búsa (Boussa) described by Richard Lander, where the breadth of the Niger is reduced to a stone-throw, and the stream is broken by black rugged rocks arising from mid-channel. It is probably a less marked feature than the

* Mr. Richard Spruce, "Ocean Highways," August, 1873, p. 213.

Congo, for in June, after the "Malka" or fourteen days of incessant rain, the author speaks of whirlpools, not of a regular break.

I thus make the distance of the Yellala from the mouth between 116 and 117 miles and the total fall 390 feet, of which about one half (195) occurs in the sixty-four miles between Boma and the Yellala: of this figure again 100 feet belong to the section of five miles between the Vivi and the Great Rapids. The Zambeze, according to Dr. Livingstone ("First Expedition," p. 284), has a steeper declivity than some other great rivers, reaching even 7 inches per mile. With 3 to 4 inches, the Ganges, the Amazonas, and the Mississippi flow at the rate of three knots an hour in the lowest season and five or six during the flood: what, then, may be expected from the Nzadi?

According to the people, beyond the small upper fall where projections shut out the view, the channel smoothenes for a short space and carries canoes. Native travellers from Nkulu usually take the mountain-path cutting across an easterly bend of the bed to Banza Menzi, the Manzy of Tuckey's text and the Menzi Macooloo of his map. It is situated on a level platform nine miles north of Nkulu, and they find the stream still violent. The second march is to Banza Ninga, by the First Expedition called "Inga," an indirect line of five hours = 15 miles. The third, of about the same distance, makes Banza Mavunda where, twenty to twenty-four miles above the Yellala, Tuckey found the river once more navigable, clear in the middle and flowing at the rate of two miles an hour—a retardation evidently caused by the rapids beyond: I have remarked this effect in the Brazilian "Cachoeiras." * Above it the Nzadi widens, and canoeing is practicable with portages at the two Sangallas. The southern feature, double like the Yellala, shows an upper and a lower break, separated by two miles, the rapids being formed as usual by sunken ledges of rock. Two days' paddling lead to the northern or highest Sangalla, which obstructs the stream for twenty-

* "Lowlands of the Brazil," chap. xvii. Tinsleys, 1875.

two miles : Tuckey (p. 184) makes his Songo Sangalla contain three rapids ; Prof. Smith, whose topography is painfully vague, doubles the number, at the same time he makes Sanga Jalala (p. 327) the "uppermost fall but one and the highest." Finally, at Nsundi (on the map Soondy-N'sanga), which was reached on Sept. 9, a



CHICKEN SELLER.

picturesque sandy cove at the opening of a creek behind a long projecting point, begins a lake-like river, three miles broad, with fine open country on both banks : the explorer describes it as "beautiful scenery equal to anything on the banks of the Thames."

Here the Nzadi is bounded by low limestone hills already showing the alluvial basin of Central Africa :

and the land is well populated, because calcareous districts are fertile in the tropics and provisions are plentiful. Prof. Smith (p. 336) was "so much enraptured with the improved appearance of the country and the magnificence of the river, that it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevailed on to return." Of course, the coaster middle-men report the people to be cannibals.

From the Vivi Rapids to Nsundi along the windings of the bed is a total of 115 miles, about the distance of Vivi to the sea; the direct land march was seventy-five miles. Captain Tuckey heard nothing of the Lumini River entering forty-three leagues above the Yellala, and he gives no professional opinion touching the navigability of the total of six greater rapids which, to judge from what I saw, can hardly offer any serious obstruction to the development of the Nzadi.

At Nkulu an intelligent native traveller whom I examined through the interpreters, strongly advised the line of the southern bank; five stages would lead to Nsundi, and the ten "kings" on the road are not such "rapacious gentlemen" as our present hosts. A glance at Tuckey's map shows that this southern line cuts across a long westerly deflection of the bed.

I had been warned when setting out that a shipful of goods would not take me past Nkulu. This was soon confirmed. On the evening after arrival I had directed my interpreter to sound the "bush-kings" touching the expense of a march to Nsundi. They modestly demanded 100 lbs. of beads, fifty kegs of powder, forty demijohns of rum, twelve uniforms, ten burnuses, a few swords, and 200 whole pieces of various expensive cloths, such as Costa Finas, Riscados, and satin stripes—briefly, about £300 for three days' march. It suggested the modest demand made by King Adooley of Badagry, from the brothers Lander.

The air of Nkulu was a cordial; the aspect of the land suggested that it is the threshold to a country singularly fertile and delicious, in fact, the paradise which Bishop Berkeley (*Gaudentio di Lucca*) placed in

Central Africa. The heat of the lowlands had disappeared—

“The scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease.”

The thermometer, it is true, did not sink below 67° (F.), whilst the “Expedition” (p. 118) had found it 60° in August, even at Boma during the dewy nights. The lowest temperature of the water was 75° , and the highest 79° , whereas at the mouth it is sometimes 83° ; Tuckey gives 76° – 77° ; 74° in the upper river above the Falls, and 73° where there are limestone springs. The oxydization of iron suddenly ceased; after a single day’s drying, the plants were ready for a journey to England, and meat which will hardly keep one day in the lowlands is here eatable on the fifth.

Whilst the important subject of “dash” was being discussed I set out in my hammock to visit a quitanda or market held hard by. As we started, the women sang—

“Lungwá u telemene ko Mwanza
Ko Yellala o kwenda.”

“The boat that arrives at the Mwanza (*the River*) the same shall go up to the Yellala” (rapids). It is part of a chant which the mothers of men now old taught them in childhood, and the sole reminiscence of the Congo Expedition, whose double boats, the Ajôjôs of the Brazil, struck their rude minds half a century ago.

These quitandas are attended by people living a dozen miles off, and they give names to the days, which consequently everywhere vary. Thus at Boma Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday are respectively called “Nkenge,” “Sona,” “Kandu,” and “Konso.” This style of dividing time, which is common throughout Pagan West Africa, is commonly styled a week: thus the Abbé Proyart tells us that the Loango week consists of four days, and that on the fourth the men “rest” by hunting and going to market. Tuckey also recognizes the “week of four days,” opposed to the seven days’ week of the Gold Coast.

After half an hour's run to the north-west my bearers, raising loud shouts of "Alli! vai sempre!" dashed into the market-place where about a hundred souls were assembled. The women rose in terror from their baskets and piles of vendibles; some began hastily to pack up, others threw themselves into the bush. Order was soon restored by the interpreter; both sexes and all ages crowded round me with hootings of wonder, and, when they had stared their fill, allowed me to sit down under a kind of figs, not unlike the banyan-tree (*Ficus Indica*). Tuckey (p. 181) says that this fig is planted in all market-places and is considered sacred; his people got into trouble by piling their muskets against one of them: I heard of nothing of the kind. The scanty supplies—a few fowls, sun-dried fish, kola-nuts, beans, and red peppers—were spread upon skins, or stored in well-worked baskets, an art carried to perfection in Africa; even the Somali Bedawin weave pots that will hold water. The small change was represented by a medium which even Montesquieu would not set down as a certain mark of civilization. The horse-shoe of Loggun (Denham and Clapperton), the Fán fleam, the "small piece of iron like an ace of spades on the upper Nile" (Baker), and the iron money of the brachycephalic Nyam-nyams described and drawn by Schweinfurth (i. 279), here becomes a triangle or demi-square of bast-cloth, about five inches of max. length, fringed, coloured like a *torchon* after a month of kitchen use, and worth one-twentieth of the dollar or fathom of cloth. These money-mats or coin-clouts are known to old travellers as Macuitas and Libonges (in Angolan Libangos). Carli and Merolla make them equivalent to brass money; the former were grass-cloth a yard long, and ten = 100 reis; in 1694 they were changed at Angola for a small copper coin worth $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, and the change caused a disturbance for which five soldiers were shot. Silver was represented by "Intagas," thick cottons the size of two large kerchiefs (= 1s. 6d.) and "Folingas," finer sorts used for waist-cloths (= 3s. 6d.); and gold by Beirames (*alii* Biramis): Carli says the latter are coarse Indian

cottons five ells long and each = 200 reis; others describe them as fine-linen each piece worth 7s. 6d. to 8s. The bank-note was the "Indian piece or Mulech, a young black about twenty years of age, worth 20 Mil Reys (dollars) each." (Carli.) In the Barbots' day each "coin-clout" was equivalent to 2d.; some were unmarked, whilst others bore the Portuguese arms single or double. The wilder Kru-men still keep up their "buyapart" (= 25 cents), a cloth four inches square and thickly sewn over with cowries.

The only liquor was palm wine in huge calabashes. The smoking of Lyamba (Bhang or *Cannabis sativa*) seems to become more common as we advance. I did not find the plant growing, as did Dr. Livingstone at Linyanti and amongst the Batoka ("First Expedition," 198, 541). The pipe is the gourd of a baobab, which here sometimes grows a foot and a half long; it is cleared, filled with water and provided with a wooden tube fixed in the upper part away from the mouth, and supporting a small "chillam" or bowl of badly baked clay. The people when smoking affect the bunched shoulders, the deep inhalation, and the loud and body-shaking bark, which seems inseparable from the enjoyment of this stimulant. I have used it for months together, and my conclusion is, that mostly the cough is an affectation. Tobacco is smoked in the usual heavy clay pipes, with long mouthpieces of soft wood, quite as civilized as the best European. "Progress" seems unknown to the pipe; the most advanced nations are somewhat behind the barbarians, and in the matter of snuff the Tupi or Brazilian savage has never been rivalled.



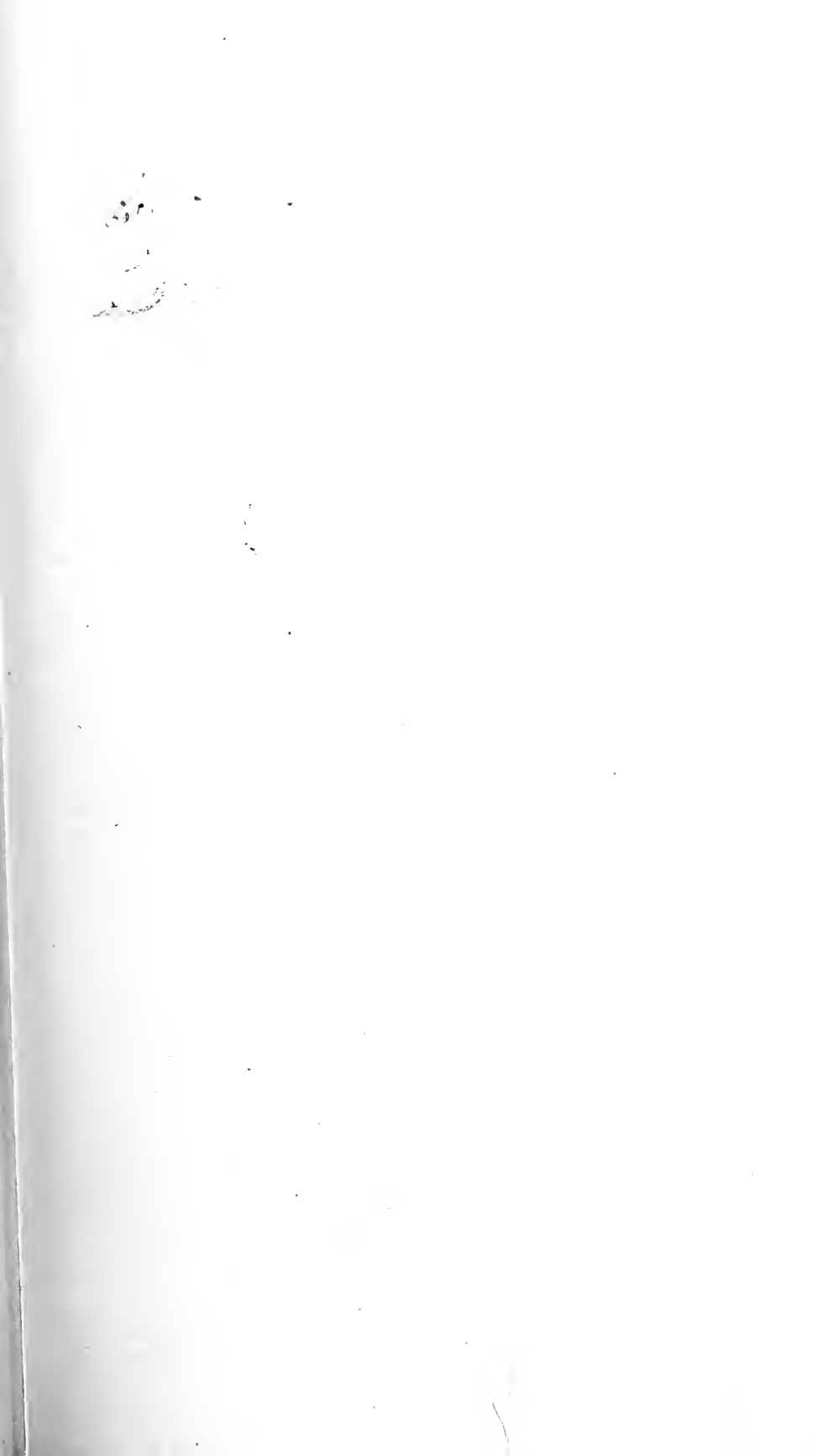
A BATOKA.

The greater part of the vendors seemed to be women, of the buyers men; there was more difference of appearance than in any European fair, and the population

about Nkulu seemed to be a very mixed race. Some were ultra-negro, of the dead dull-black type, prognathous and long-headed like apes; others were of the red variety, with hair and eyes of a brownish tinge, and a few had features which if whitewashed could hardly be distinguished from Europeans. The tattoo was remarkable as amongst the tribes of the lower Zambeze.* There were waistcoats, epaulettes, braces and cross-belts of huge welts, and raised polished lumps which must have cost not a little suffering; the skin is pinched up between the fingers and sawn across with a bluntish knife, the deeper the better; various plants are used as styptics, and the proper size of the cicatrice is maintained by constant pressure, which makes the flesh protrude from the wound. The teeth were as barbarously mutilated as the skin; these had all the incisors sharp-tipped; those chipped a chevron-shaped hole in the two upper or lower frontals, and not a few seemed to attempt converting the whole *denture* into molars. The legs were undeniably fine; even Hieland Mary's would hardly be admired here. Whilst the brown mothers smoked and carried their babies, the men bore guns adorned with brass tacks, or leaned upon their short, straight, conical "spuds" and hoes, long-handled bits of iron whose points, after African fashion, passed through the wood. I nowhere saw the handsome carved spoons, the hafts and knife-sheaths figured by the Congo Expedition.

We left the quitanda with the same shouting and rushing which accompanied my appearance.

* "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. iii. p. 206, 1833.



CHAPTER VIII.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY ON LAKE TANGANIKA.

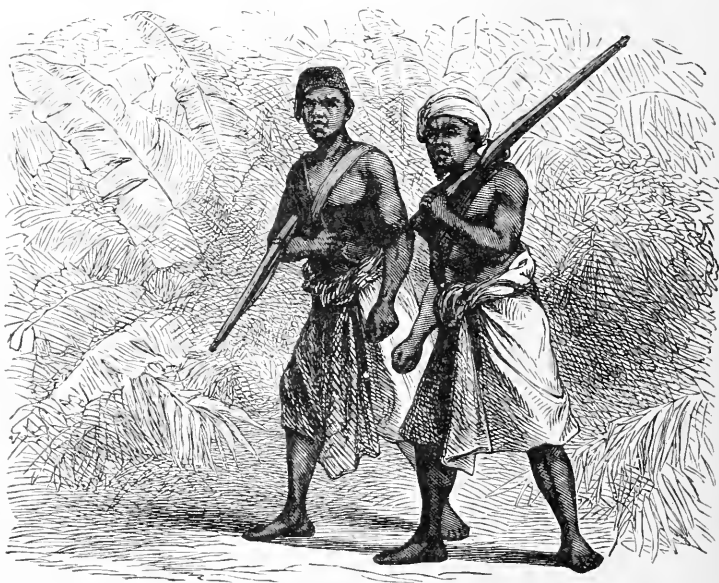
WE have already dealt with the life and the great work accomplished by Livingstone, and referred to the bright episode of Stanley's visit to the weary explorer at Ujiji on Lake Tanganika. They spent several happy weeks together, and Livingstone initiated Stanley into the mysteries of exploration by arranging an expedition to the north end of Lake Tanganika, the object of which was to discover if the river Rusizi flowed into or out of the lake, and to settle whether the latter were connected with the Great Nile system. The journey took place at the end of 1871.

Had Livingstone and myself, after making up our minds to visit the northern head of the Lake Tanganika, been compelled by the absurd demands or fears of a crew of Wajiji to return to Unyanyembe without having resolved the problem of the Rusizi River, we had surely deserved to be greeted by everybody at home with a universal giggling and cackling. But Capt. Burton's failure to settle it, by engaging Wajiji, and that ridiculous savage chief Kannena, had warned us of the negative assistance we could expect from such people for the solution of a geographical problem. We had enough good sailors with us, who were entirely under our commands. Could we but procure the loan of a canoe, we thought all might be well.

Upon application to Sayd bin Majid, he at once generously permitted us to use his canoe for any service for which we might require it. After engaging two Wajiji guides at two doti each, we prepared to sail from the port of Ujiji, in about a week or so after my entrance into Ujiji.

I have already stated how it was that the Doctor and I undertook the exploration of the northern half of the Tanganika and the River Rusizi, about which so much had been said and written.

Before embarking on this enterprise, Dr. Livingstone had not definitely made up his mind which course he should take, as his position was truly deplorable. His servants consisted of Susi, Chumah, Hamoydah, Gardner, and Halimah, the female cook and wife of Hamoydah ;



STANLEY'S GUIDES.

to these was added Kaif-Halek, the man whom I compelled to follow me from Unyanyembe to deliver the Livingstone letters to his master.

Whither could Dr. Livingstone march with these few men, and the few table-cloths and beads that remained to him from the store squandered by the imbecile Sherif? This was a puzzling question. Had Dr. Livingstone been in good health, his usual hardihood and indomitable spirit had answered it in a summary way. He might have borrowed some cloth from Sayd

bin Majid at an exorbitant price, sufficient to bring him to Unyanyembe and the sea-coast. But how long would he have been compelled to sit down at Ujiji, waiting and waiting for the goods that were said to be at Unyanyembe, a prey to high expectations, hoping day after day that the war would end—hoping week after week to hear that his goods were coming? Who knows how long his weak health had borne up against



WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

the several disappointments to which he would be subjected?

Though it was with all due deference to Dr. Livingstone's vast experience as a traveller, I made bold to suggest the following courses to him, either of which he could adopt:

1st. To go home, and take the rest he so well deserved, and, as he appeared then, to be so much in need of.

2nd. To proceed to Unyanyembe, receive his goods, and enlist pagazis sufficient to enable him to travel anywhere, either to Manyema or Rua, and settle the

Nile problem, which he said he was in a fair way of doing.

3rd. To proceed to Unyanyembe, receive his caravan, enlist men, and try to join Sir Samuel Baker, either by going to Muanza, and sailing through Ukerewe or Victoria N'Yanza in my boats—which I should put up—to Mtesa's palace at Uganda, thus passing by Mirambo and Swaruru of Usui, who would rob him if he took the usual caravan road to Uganda; thence from Mtesa to Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, where he would of course hear of the great white man who was said to be with a large force of men at Gondokoro.

4th. To proceed to Unyanyembe, receive his caravan, enlist men, and return to Ujiji, and back to Manyuema by way of Uguhha.

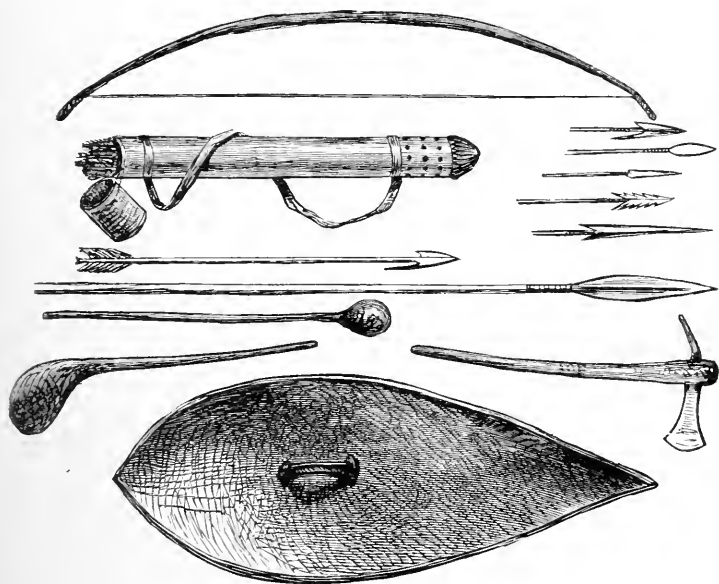
5th. To proceed by way of the Rusizi through Ruanda, and so on to Itara, Unyoro, and Baker.

For either course, whichever he thought most expedient, I and my men would assist him as escort and carriers, to the best of our ability. If he should elect to go home, I informed him I should be proud to escort him, and consider myself subject to his commands—travelling only when he desired, and camping only when he gave the word.

6th. The last course which I suggested to him, was to permit me to escort him to Unyanyembe, where he could receive his own goods, and where I could deliver up to him a large supply of first-class cloth and beads, guns and ammunition, cooking utensils, clothing, boats, tents, &c., and where he could rest in a comfortable house, while I would hurry down to the coast, organise a new expedition composed of fifty or sixty faithful men, well armed, by whom I could send an additional supply of needful luxuries in the shape of creature comforts.

After long consideration, he resolved to adopt the last course, as it appeared to him to be the most feasible one, and the best, though he did not hesitate to comment upon the unaccountable apathy of his agent at Zanzibar, which had caused him so much trouble and vexation, and weary marching of hundreds of miles.

Our ship—though nothing more than a cranky canoe hollowed out of a noble mvule tree of Ugoma—was an African Argo, bound on a nobler enterprise than its famous Grecian prototype. We were bound upon no mercenary errand, after no Golden Fleece, but perhaps to discover a highway for commerce which should bring the ships of the Nile up to Ujiji, Usowa, and far Marungu. We did not know what we might discover on our voyage to the northern head of the Tanganika ;



WEAPONS OF WAR.

we supposed that we should find the Rusizi to be an affluent of the Tanganika, flowing down to the Albert or the Victoria N'Yanza. We were told by natives and Arabs that the Rusizi ran out of the lake.

Sayd bin Majid had stated that his canoe would carry twenty-five men, and 3,500 lbs. of ivory. Acting upon this information, we embarked twenty-five men, several of whom had stored away bags of salt for the purposes of trade with the natives ; but upon pushing off from the shore near Ujiji, we discovered the boat was too heavily

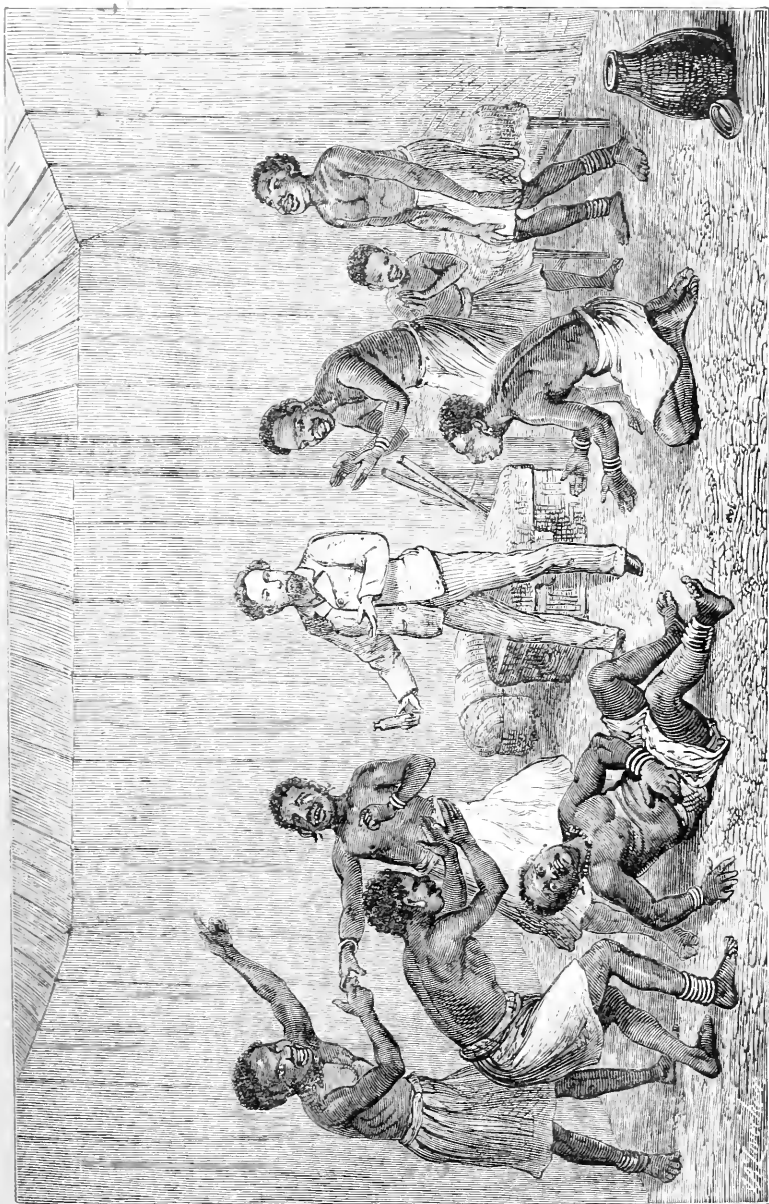
laden, and was down to the gunwale. Returning in-shore, we disembarked six men, and unloaded the bags of salt, which left us with sixteen rowers, Selim, Ferajji the cook, and the two Wajiji guides.

Having thus properly trimmed our boat we again pushed off, and steered her head for Bangwe Island, which was distant four or five miles from the Bunder of Ujiji. While passing this island the guides informed us that the Arabs and Wajiji took shelter on it during an incursion of the Watuta—which took place some years ago—when they came and invaded Ujiji, and massacred several of the inhabitants. Those who took refuge on the island were the only persons who escaped the fire and sword with which the Watuta had visited Ujiji.

After passing the island and following the various bends and indentations of the shore, we came in sight of the magnificent bay of Kigoma, which strikes one at once as being an excellent harbour from the variable winds which blow over the Tanganika. About 10 A.M. we drew in towards the village of Kigoma, as the east wind was then rising, and threatened to drive us to sea. With these travelling parties who are not in much hurry Kigoma is always the first port for canoes bound north from Ujiji. The next morning at dawn we struck tent, stowed baggage, cooked, and drank coffee, and set off northward again.

The lake was quite calm; its waters, of a dark-green colour, reflected the serene blue sky above. The hippopotami came up to breathe in alarmingly close proximity to our canoe, and then plunged their heads again, as if they were playing hide-and-seek with us. Arriving opposite the high wooded hills of Bemba, and being a mile from shore, we thought it a good opportunity to sound the depth of the water, whose colour seemed to indicate great depth. We found thirty-five fathoms at this place.

Our canoeing of this day was made close in-shore, with a range of hills, beautifully wooded and clothed with green grass, sloping abruptly, almost precipitously, into the depths of the fresh-water sea, towering imme-



diately above us, and as we rounded the several capes or points, roused high expectations of some new wonder, or some exquisite picture being revealed as the deep folds disclosed themselves to us. Nor were we disappointed. The wooded hills, with a wealth of boscage of beautiful trees, many of which were in bloom, and crowned with floral glory, exhaling an indescribably sweet fragrance, lifting their heads in varied contour—one pyramidal, another a truncated cone; one table-



A VILLAGE GATE.

topped, another ridgy, like the steep roof of a church: one a glorious heave with an even outline, another jagged and savage—interested us considerably; and the pretty pictures, exquisitely pretty, at the head of the several bays, evoked many an exclamation of admiration. It was the most natural thing in the world that I should feel deepest admiration for these successive pictures of quiet scenic beauty, but the Doctor had quite as much to say about them as I had myself, though, as one might imagine, satiated with pictures of

this kind far more beautiful—far more wonderful—he should long ago have expended all his powers of admiring scenes in nature.

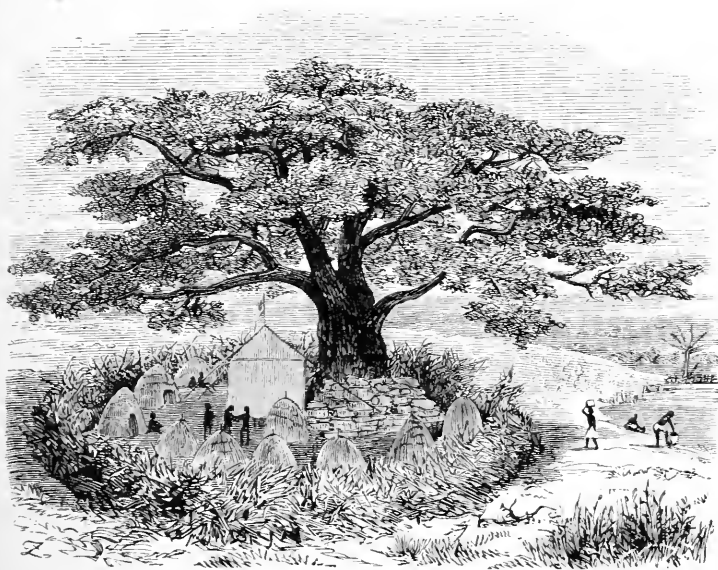
From Bagamoyo to Ujiji I had seen nothing to compare to them—none of these fishing settlements under the shade of a grove of palms and plantains, banians and mimosa, with cassava gardens to the right and left of palmy forests, and patches of luxuriant grain looking down upon a quiet bay, whose calm waters at the early morn reflected the beauties of the hills which sheltered them from the rough and boisterous tempests that so often blew without.

The fishermen evidently think themselves comfortably situated. The lake affords them all the fish they require, more than enough to eat, and the industrious a great deal to sell. The steep slopes of the hills, cultivated by the housewives, contribute plenty of grain, such as dourra and Indian corn, besides cassava, ground-nuts or pea-nuts, and sweet potatoes. The palm trees afford oil, and the plantains an abundance of delicious fruit. The ravines and deep gullies supply them with the tall shapely trees from which they cut out their canoes. Nature has supplied them bountifully with all that a man's heart or stomach can desire. It is while looking at what seems both externally and internally complete and perfect happiness that the thought occurs—how must these people sigh, when driven across the dreary wilderness that intervenes between the lake country and the sea-coast, for such homes as these!—those unfortunates who, bought by the Arabs for a couple of *loti*, are taken away to Zanzibar to pick cloves, or do hamal work!

As we drew near Niasanga, our second camp, the comparison between the noble array of picturesque hills and receding coves, with their pastoral and agricultural scenes, and the shores of old Pontus, was very great. A few minutes before we hauled our canoe ashore, two little incidents occurred. I shot an enormous dog-faced monkey, which measured from nose to end of tail 4 feet 9 inches; the face was 8½ inches long, its body weighed

about 100 lbs. It had no mane or tuft at end of tail, but the body was covered with long wiry hair. Numbers of these specimens were seen, as well as of the active cat-headed and long-tailed smaller ones. The other was the sight of a large lizard, about 2 ft. 6 in. long, which waddled into cover before we had well noticed it. The Doctor thought it to be the *Monitor terrestris*.

We encamped under a banian tree ; our surroundings



GIGANTIC SYCAMORE, AND CAMP BENEATH IT.

were the now light-grey waters of the Tanganika, an amphitheatral range of hills, and the village of Niasanga, situated at the mouth of the rivulet Niasanga, with its grove of palms, thicket of plantains, and plots of grain and cassava fields. Near our tent were about half-a-dozen canoes, large and small, belonging to the villagers. Our tent door fronted the glorious expanse of fresh water, inviting the breeze, and the views of distant Ugoma and Ukaramba, and the Island of Muzimu, whose ridges appeared of a deep-blue colour. At our feet were

the clean and well-washed pebbles, borne upward into tiny lines and heaps by the restless surf. A search amongst these would reveal to us the material of the mountain heaps which rose behind and on our right and left; there was schist, conglomerate sandstone, a hard white clay, an ochreish clay containing much iron, polished quartz, &c. Looking out of our tent, we could see a line on each side of us of thick tall reeds, which form something like a hedge between the beach and the cultivated area around Niasanga. Among birds seen here, the most noted were the merry wagtails, which are regarded as good omens and messengers of peace by the natives, and any harm done unto them is quickly resented, and is fineable. Except to the mischievously inclined, they offer no inducement to commit violence. On landing, they flew to meet us, balancing themselves in the air in front, within easy reach of our hands. The other birds were crows, turtle-doves, fish-hawks, kingfishers, ibis nigra and ibis religiosa, flocks of whydah birds, geese, darters, paddy birds, kites, and eagles.

At this place the Doctor suffered from dysentery—it is his only weak point, he says; and, as I afterwards found, it is a frequent complaint with him. Whatever disturbed his mind, or any irregularity in eating, was sure to end in an attack of dysentery, which had lately become of a chronic character.

The third day of our journey on the Tanganika brought us to Zassi River and village, after a four hours' pull. Along the line of road the mountains rose 2,000 and 2,500 feet above the waters of the lake. I imagined the scenery getting more picturesque and animated at every step, and thought it by far lovelier than anything seen near Lake George or on the Hudson. The cosy nooks at the head of the many small bays constitute most admirable pictures, filled in as they are with the ever-beautiful feathery palms and broad green plantain fronds. These nooks have all been taken possession of by fishermen, and their conically beehive-shaped huts always peep from under the frondage. The shores are

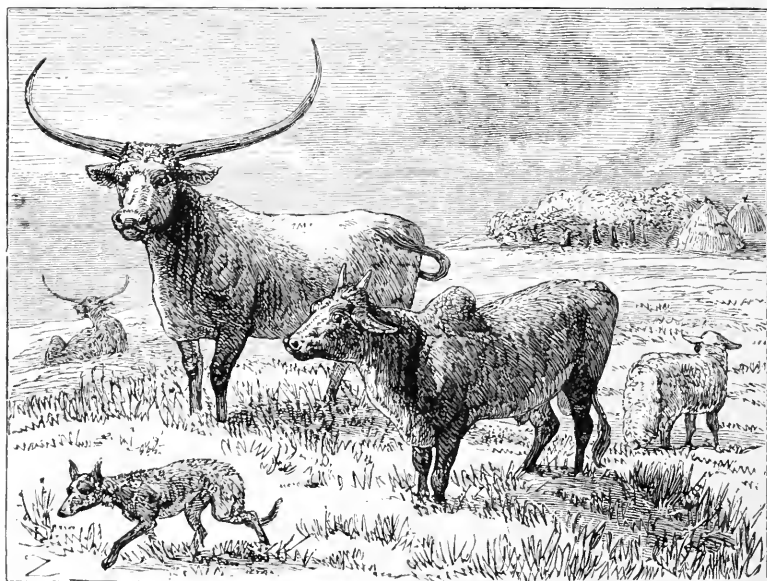
thus extremely populous; every terrace, small plateau, and bit of level ground is occupied.

Zassi is easily known by a group of conical hills which rise near by, and are called Kirassa. Opposite to these, at the distance of about a mile from shore, we sounded, and obtained 35 fathoms, as on the previous day. Getting out a mile further, I let go the whole length of my line, 115 fathoms, and obtained no bottom. In drawing it up again the line parted, and I lost the lead, with three-fourths of the line. The Doctor stated, apropos of this, that he had sounded opposite the lofty Kabogo, south of Ujiji, and obtained the great depth of 300 fathoms. He also lost his lead and 100 fathoms of his line, but he had nearly 900 fathoms left, and this was in the canoes. We hope to use this long sounding line in going across from the eastern to the western shore.

On the fourth day we arrived at Nyabigma, a sandy island in Urundi. We had passed the boundary line between Ujiji and Urundi half an hour before arriving at Nyabigma. The Mshala River is considered by both nations to be the proper divisional line; though there are parties of Warundi who have emigrated beyond the frontier into Ujiji: for instance, the Mutware and villagers of populous Kagunga, distant an hour north from Zassi. There are also several small parties of Wajiji, who have taken advantage of the fine lands in the deltas of the Kasokwe, Namusinga, and Luaba Rivers, the two first of which enter the Tanganika in this bay, near the head of which Nyabigma is situated.

From Nyabigma, a pretty good view of the deep curve in the great mountain range which stretches from Cape Kazinga and terminates at Cape Kasofu, may be obtained—a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles. It is a most imposing scene, this great humpy, ridgy, and irregular line of mountains. Deep ravines and chasms afford outlets to the numerous streams and rivers which take their rise in the background; the pale fleecy ether almost always shrouds its summit. From its base ex-

tends a broad alluvial plain, rich beyond description, teeming with palms and plantains, and umbrageous trees. Villages are seen in clusters everywhere. Into this alluvial plain run the Luaba, or Ruaba River, on the north side of Cape Kitunda, and the Kasokwe, Namusinga, and Mshala Rivers, on the south side of the cape. All the deltas of rivers emptying into the Tanganika are hedged in on all sides with a thick growth of matete, a gigantic species of grass, and papyrus. In



UJJI COW, UNYAMWEZI COW, PARIASH DOG, AND FAT-TAILED SHEEP.

some deltas, as that of Luaba and Kasokwe, morasses have been formed, in which the matete and papyrus jungle is impenetrable. In the depths of them are quiet and deep pools, frequented by various aquatic birds, such as geese, ducks, snipes, widgeons, kingfishers and ibis, cranes and storks, and pelicans. To reach their haunts is, however, a work of great difficulty to the sportsman in quest of game; a work often attended with great danger, from the treacherous nature of these morasses, as well as from the dreadful attacks

of fever which, in these regions, invariably follow wet feet and wet clothes."

At Nyabigma we prepared, by distributing ten rounds of ammunition to each of our men, for a tussle with the Warundi of two stages ahead, should they invite it by a too forward exhibition of their prejudice to strangers.

At dawn of the fifth day we quitted the haven of Nyabigma Island, and in less than an hour had arrived off Cape Kitunda. This cape is a low platform of conglomerate sandstone, extending for about eight miles from the base of the great mountain curve which gives birth to the Luaba and its sister streams. Crossing the deep bay, at the head of which is the delta of the Luaba, we came to Cape Kasofu. Villages are numerous in this vicinity. From hence we obtained a view of a series of points or capes, Kigongo, Katunga, and Buguluka, all of which we passed before coming to a halt at the pretty position of Mukungu.

At Mukungu, where we stopped on the fifth day, we were asked for hongas, or tribute. The cloth and beads upon which we subsisted during our lake voyage were mine, but the Doctor, being the elder of the two, more experienced, and the "big man" of the party, had the charge of satisfying all such demands. Many and many a time had I gone through the tedious and soul-wearying task of settling the hongas, and I was quite curious to see how the great traveller would perform the work.

The Mateko (a man inferior to a Mutware) of Mukungu asked for two and a half doti. This was the extent of the demand, which he made known to us a little after dark. The Doctor asked if nothing had been brought to us. He was answered, "No, it was too late to get anything now; but, if we paid the hongas, the Mateko would be ready to give us something when we came back." Livingstone, upon hearing this, smiled, and the Mateko being then and there in front of him, he said to him, "Well, if you can't get us anything now, and intend to give something when we return, we had better keep the hongas until then." The Mateko was rather taken aback at this, and demurred to any such proposi-

tion. Seeing that he was dissatisfied, we urged him to bring one sheep—one little sheep—for our stomachs were nearly empty, having been waiting more than half a day for it. The appeal was successful, for the old man hastened, and brought us a lamb and a three-gallon pot of sweet but strong zogga, or palm toddy, and in return the Doctor gave him two and a half doti of cloth. The lamb was killed, and, our digestions being good, its flesh agreed with us; but, alas, for the effects of zogga, or palm toddy! Susi, the invaluable adjunct of Dr. Livingstone, and Bombay, the headman of my caravan, were the two charged with watching the canoe; but, having imbibed too freely of this intoxicating toddy, they slept heavily, and in the morning the Doctor and I had to regret the loss of several valuable and indispensable things; among which may be mentioned the Doctor's 900-fathom sounding-line, 500 rounds of pin, rim, and central-fire cartridges for my arms, and ninety musket bullets, also belonging to me. Besides these, which were indispensable in hostile Warundi, a large bag of flour and the Doctor's entire stock of white sugar were stolen. This was the third time that my reliance in Bombay's trustworthiness resulted in a great loss to me, and for the ninety-ninth time I had to regret bitterly having placed such entire confidence in Speke's loud commendation of him. It was only the natural cowardice of ignorant thieves that prevented the savages from taking the boat and its entire contents, together with Bombay and Susi as slaves. I can well imagine the joyful surprise which must have been called forth at the sight and exquisite taste of the Doctor's sugar, and the wonder with which they must have regarded the strange ammunition of the Wasungu. It is to be sincerely hoped that they did not hurt themselves with the explosive bullets and rim cartridges through any ignorance of the nature of the deadly contents; in which case the box and its contents would prove a very Pandora's casket.

Much grieved at our loss, we set off on the sixth day at the usual hour on our watery journey. We coasted



close to the several low headlands formed by the rivers Kigwēna, Kikuma, and Kisunwe; and when any bay promised to be interesting, steered the canoe according to its indentations. While travelling on the water—each day brought forth similar scenes—on our right rose the mountains of Urundi, now and then disclosing the ravines through which the several rivers and streams issued into the great lake; at their base were the alluvial plains, where flourished the oil-palm and grate-



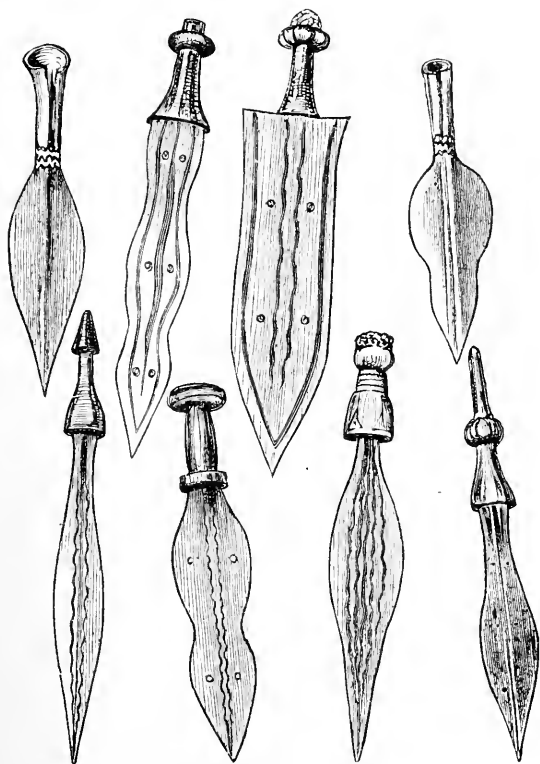
AN IDOL.

ful plantain, while scores of villages were grouped under their shade. Now and then we passed long narrow strips of pebbly or sandy beach, whereon markets were improvised for selling fish, and the staple products of the respective communities. Then we passed broad swampy morasses, formed by the numerous streams which the mountains discharged, where the matete and papyrus flourished. Now the mountains approached to the water, their sides descending abruptly to the water's edge; then they receded into deep folds, at the base of which was sure to be seen an alluvial plain from one to

eight miles broad. Almost constantly we observed canoes being punted vigorously close to the surf, in fearless defiance of a catastrophe, such as a capsize and gobbling-up by voracious crocodiles. Sometimes we sighted a canoe a short distance ahead of us ; whereupon our men, with song and chorus, would exert themselves to the utmost to overtake it. Upon observing our efforts, the natives would bend themselves to their tasks, and paddling standing and stark naked, give us ample opportunities for studying at our leisure comparative anatomy. Or we saw a group of fishermen lazily reclining *in puris naturalibus* on the beach, regarding with curious eye the canoes as they passed their neighbourhood : then we passed a flotilla of canoes, their owners sitting quietly in their huts, busily plying the rod and hook, or casting their nets, or a couple of men arranging their long dragnets close in shore for a haul ; or children sporting fearlessly in the water, with their mothers looking on approvingly from under the shade of a tree, from which I infer that there are not many crocodiles in the lake, except in the neighbourhood of the large rivers.

After passing the low headland of Kisunwe, formed by the Kisunwe River, we came in view of Murembwe Cape, distant about four or five miles ; the intervening ground being low land, a sandy and pebbly beach. Close to the beach are scores of villages, while the crowded shore indicates the populousness of the place beyond. About half way between Cape Kisunwe and Murembwe, is a cluster of villages called Bikari, which has a Mutware who is in the habit of taking honga. As we were rendered unable to cope for any length of time with any mischievously inclined community, all villages having a bad reputation with the Wajiji were avoided by us. But even the Wajiji guides were sometimes mistaken, and led us more than once into dangerous places. The guides evidently had no objections to halt at Bikari, as it was the second camp from Mukungu ; because with them a halt in the cool shade of plantains was infinitely preferable to sitting like carved pieces of

wood in a cranky canoe. But before they stated their objections and preferences, the Bikari people called to us in a loud voice to come ashore, threatening us with the vengeance of the great Wami if we did not halt. As the voices were anything but siren-like, we obstinately refused to accede to the request. Finding



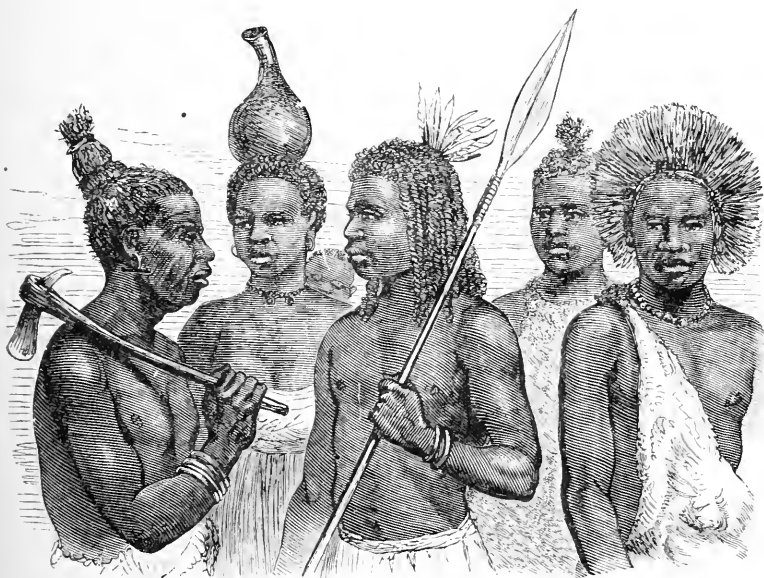
DAGGERS AND SPEAR HEADS. 2

threats of no avail, they had recourse to stones, and, accordingly, flung them at us in a most hearty manner. As one came within a foot of my arm, I suggested that a bullet be sent in return in close proximity to their feet; but Livingstone, though he said nothing, yet showed plainly enough that he did not quite approve of this. As these demonstrations of hostility were anything but welcome, and as we saw signs of it almost

every time we came opposite a village, we kept on our way until we came to Murembwe Point, which, being a delta of a river of the same name, was well protected by a breadth of thorny jungle, spiky cane, and a thick growth of reed and papyrus, from which the boldest Mrundi might well shrink, especially if he called to mind that beyond this inhospitable swamp were the guns of the strangers his like had so rudely challenged. We drew our canoe ashore here, and, on a limited area of clean sand, Ferajji, our rough-and-ready cook, lit his fire, and manufactured for us a supply of most delicious Mocha coffee. Despite the dangers which still beset us, we were quite happy, and seasoned our meal with a little moral philosophy, which lifted us unconsciously into infinitely superior beings to the pagans by whom we were surrounded—upon whom we now looked down, under the influence of Mocha coffee and moral philosophy, with calm contempt, and unmixed with a certain amount of compassion. The Doctor related some experiences he had had among people of similar disposition, but did not fail to ascribe them, with the wisdom of a man of ripe experiences, to the unwise conduct of the Arabs and half-castes; in this opinion I unreservedly concur.

From Murembwe Point, having finished our coffee and ended our discourse on ethics, we proceeded on our voyage, steering for Cape Sentakeyi, which, though it was eight or ten miles away, we hoped to make before dark. The Wangwana pulled with right good will, but ten hours went by, and night was drawing near, and we were still far from Sentakeyi. As it was a fine moonlight night, and we were fully alive to the dangerous position in which we might find ourselves, they consented to pull an hour or two more. About 1 P.M., we pulled in shore for a deserted spot—a clean shelf of sand, about thirty feet long by ten deep, from which a clay bank rose about ten or twelve feet above, while on each side there were masses of disintegrated rock. Here we thought, that by preserving some degree of silence, we might escape observation, and consequent annoyance,

for a few hours, when, being rested, we might continue our journey. Our kettle was boiling for tea, and the men had built a little fire for themselves, and had filled their black earthen pot with water for porridge, when our look-outs perceived dark forms creeping towards our bivouac. Being hailed, they at once came forward, and saluted us with the native "Wake." Our guides explained that we were Wangwana, and intended to camp until morning, when, if they had anything to sell, we

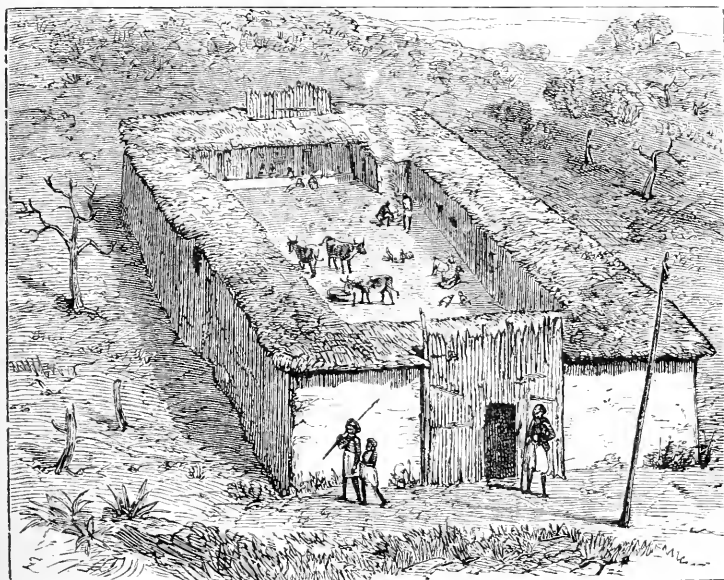


GROUP OF NATIVES.

should be glad to trade with them. They said they were rejoiced to hear this, and after they had exchanged a few words more—during which time we observed that they were taking mental notes of the camp—they went away. Upon leaving, they promised to return in the morning with food, and make friends with us. While drinking our tea, the look-outs warned us of the approach of a second party, which went through the same process of saluting and observing as the first had done. These also went away, over-exuberant, as I thought,

and were shortly succeeded by a third party, who came and went as the others had. From all this we inferred that the news was spreading rapidly through the villages about, and we had noticed two canoes passing backwards and forwards with rather more haste than we deemed usual or necessary. We had good cause to be suspicious; it is not customary for people (at least, between Ujiji and Zanzibar) to be about visiting and saluting after dark, under any pretence; it is not permitted to persons to prowl about camp after dark without being shot at; and this going backward and forward, this ostentatious exuberance of joy at the arrival of a small party of Wangwana, which in many parts of Urundi would be regarded as a very common event, was altogether very suspicious. While the Doctor and I were arriving at the conclusion that these movements were preliminary to or significant of hostility, a fourth body, very boisterous and loud, came and visited us. Our supper had been by this time despatched, and we thought it high time to act. The fourth party having gone with extravagant manifestations of delight, the men were hurried into the canoe, and, when all were seated, and the look-outs embarked, we quietly pushed off, but not a moment too soon. As the canoe was gliding from the darkened light that surrounded us, I called the Doctor's attention to several dark forms; some of whom were crouching behind the rocks on our right, and others scrambling over them to obtain good or better positions; at the same time people were approaching from the left of our position, in the same suspicious way; and directly a voice hailed us from the top of the clay bank overhanging the sandy shelf where we had lately been resting. "Neatly done," cried the Doctor, as we were shooting through the water, leaving the discomfited would-be robbers behind us. Here, again, my hand was stayed from planting a couple of good shots, as a warning to them in future from molesting strangers, by the mere presence of the Doctor, who, as I thought, if it were actually necessary, would not hesitate to give the word.

After pulling six hours more, during which we had rounded Cape Sentakeyi, we stopped at the small fishing village of Mugeyo, where we were permitted to sleep unmolested. At dawn we continued our journey, and about 8 A.M. arrived at the village of the friendly Mutware of Magala. We had pulled for eighteen hours at a stretch, which, at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, would make forty-five miles. Taking bearings from our camp at Cape Magala, one of the most promi-



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF A TEMBE.

nent points in travelling north from Ujiji, we found that the large island of Muzimu, which had been in sight ever since rounding Cape Bangwe, near Ujiji Bunder, bore about south-south-west, and that the western shore had considerably approached to the eastern; the breadth of the lake being at this point about eight or ten miles. We had a good view of the western highlands, which seemed to be of an average height, about 3,000 feet above the lake. Luhanga Peak, rising a little to the north of west from Magala, might be about 500 feet higher; and

Samburizi, a little north of Luhanga, where lived Mruta, Sultan of Uvira, the country opposite to this part of Urundi, about 300 feet higher than the neighbouring heights. Northward from Magala Cape the lake streamed away between two chains of mountains; both meeting in a point about thirty miles north of us.

The Warundi of Magala were very civil, and profound starers. They flocked around the tent door, and most pertinaciously gazed on us, as if we were subjects of most intense interest, but liable to sudden and eternal departure. The Mutware came to see us late in the afternoon, dressed with great pomp. He turned out to be a boy whom I had noticed in the crowd of gazers for his good looks and fine teeth, which he showed, being addicted to laughing continually. There was no mistaking him, though he was now decorated with many ivory ornaments, with necklaces, and with heavy brass bracelets and iron wire anklets. Our admiration of him was reciprocated; and, in return for our two doti of cloth and a fundo of samsam, he gave a fine fat and broad-tailed sheep, and a pot of milk. In our condition both were extremely acceptable.

At Magala we heard of a war raging between Mukamba, for whose country we were bound, and Warumashanya, a Sultan of an adjoining district; and we were advised that, unless we intended to assist one of these chiefs against the other, it would be better for us to return. But, as we had started to solve the problem of the Rusizi River, such considerations had no weight with us.

On the eighth morning from leaving Ujiji we bade farewell to the hospitable people of Magala, and set off for Mukamba's country, which was in view. Soon after passing the boundary between Urundi proper, and what is known as Usigè, a storm from the south-west arose; and the fearful yawing of our canoe into the wave trough warned us from proceeding further; so we turned her head for Kisuka village, about four miles north, where Mugere, in Usigè, begins.

At Kisuka a Mgwana living with Mukamba came to





see us, and gave us details of the war between Mukamba and Warumashanya, from which it seemed that these two chiefs were continually at loggerheads. It is a tame way of fighting, after all. One chief makes a raid into the other's country, and succeeds in making off with a herd of cattle, killing one or two men who have been surprised. Weeks, or perhaps months elapse before the other retaliates, and effects a capture in a similar way, and then a balance is struck in which neither is the gainer. Seldom do they attack each other with courage and hearty good-will, the constitution of the African being decidedly against any such energetic warfare.

This Mgwana, further, upon being questioned, gave us information far more interesting, viz., about the Rusizi. He told us positively, with the air of a man who knew all about it, and as if anybody who doubted him might well be set down as an egregious ass, that the Rusizi River flowed out of the lake, away to Suna's (Mtesa's) country. "Where else could it flow to?" he asked. The Doctor was inclined to believe it, or, perhaps he was more inclined to let it rest as stated until our own eyes should confirm it. I was more inclined to doubt, as I told the Doctor; first, it was too good to be true; second, the fellow was too enthusiastic upon a subject that could not possibly interest him. His "Barikallahs" and "Inshallahs" were far too fervid; his answers too much in accordance with our wishes. The Doctor laid great stress on the report of a Mgwana he met far south, who stated that the grandfather or father of Rumanika, present King of Karagwah, had thought of excavating the bed of the Kitangule River, in order that his canoes might go to Ujiji to open a trade. From this, I imagine, coinciding as it did with his often-expressed and present firm belief that the waters of the Tanganika had an outlet somewhere, the Doctor was partial to the report of the Mgwana; but as we proceed we shall see how all this will end.

On the ninth morning from Ujiji, about two hours after sunrise, we passed the broad delta of the Mugere,

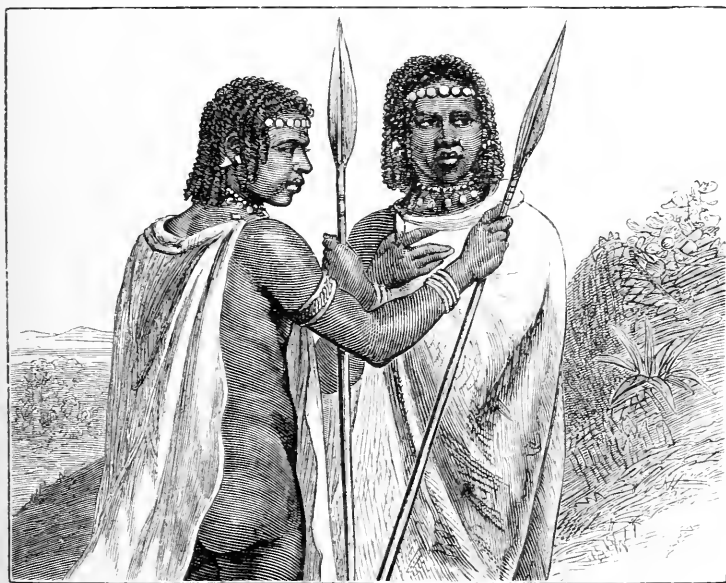
a river which gives its name also to the district on the eastern shore ruled over by Mukamba. We had come directly opposite the most southern of its three mouths, when we found quite a difference in the colour of the water. An almost straight line, drawn east and west from the mouth, would serve well to mark off the difference that existed between the waters. On the south side was pure water of a light green, on the north side it was muddy, and the current could be distinctly seen flowing north. Soon after passing the first mouth we came to a second, and then a third mouth, each only a few yards broad, but each discharging sufficient water to permit our following the line of the currents several rods north beyond the respective mouths.

Beyond the third mouth of the Mugere a bend disclosed itself, with groups of villages beyond on its bank. These were Mukamba's, and in one of them lived Mukamba, the chief. The natives had yet never seen a white man, and, of course, as soon as we landed we were surrounded by a large concourse, all armed with long spears—the only weapon visible amongst them save a club-stick, and here and there a hatchet.

We were shown into a hut, which the Doctor and I shared between us. What followed on that day I have but a dim recollection, having been struck down by fever—the first since leaving Unyanyembe. I dimly recollect trying to make out what age Mukamba might be, and noting that he was good-looking withal, and kindly-disposed towards us. And during the intervals of agony and unconsciousness, I saw, or fancied I saw, Livingstone's form moving towards me, and felt, or fancied I felt, Livingstone's hand tenderly feeling my hot head and limbs. I had suffered several fevers between Bagamoyo and Unyanyembe, without anything or anybody to relieve me of the tedious racking headache and pain, or to illumine the dark and gloomy prospect which must necessarily surround the bedside of the sick and solitary traveller. But though this fever, having enjoyed immunity from it for three months, was more severe than usual, I did not much regret its occurrence, since I

became the recipient of the very tender and fatherly kindness of the good man whose companion I now found myself.

The next morning, having recovered slightly from the fever, when Mukamba came with a present of an ox, a sheep, and a goat, I was able to attend to the answers which he gave to the questions about the Rusizi River and the head of the lake. The ever cheerful and enthusiastic Mgwana was there also, and he was not a whit



YOUTHFUL WARRIORS.

abashed, when, through him, the chief told us that the Rusizi, joined by the Ruanda, or Luanda, at a distance of two days' journey by water, or one day by land from the head of the lake, flowed into the lake.

Thus our hopes, excited somewhat by the positive and repeated assurances that the river flowed out away towards Karagwah, collapsed as speedily as they were raised.

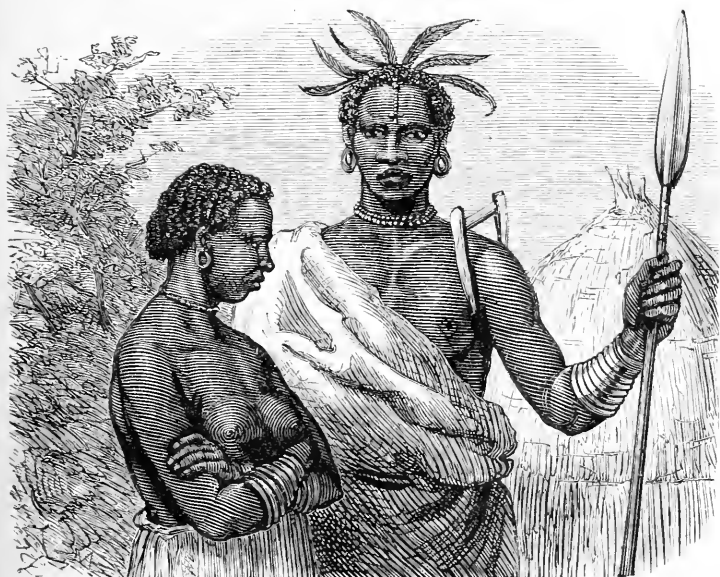
We paid Mukamba the hongas, consisting of nine doti and nine fundo of samsam, lunghio, muzurio n'zige.

The printed handkerchiefs, which I had in abundance at Unyanyembe, would have gone well here. After receiving his present, the chief introduced his son, a tall youth of eighteen or thereabouts, to the Doctor, as a would-be son of the Doctor; but, with a good-natured laugh, the Doctor scouted all such relationship with him, as it was instituted only for the purpose of drawing more cloth out of him. Mukamba took it in good part, and did not insist on getting more.

Our second evening at Mukamba's, Susi, the Doctor's servant, got gloriously drunk, through the chief's liberal and profuse gifts of pombe. Just at dawn next morning I was awakened by hearing several sharp, crack-like sounds. I listened, and I found the noise was in our hut. It was caused by the Doctor, who, towards midnight, had felt some one come and lie down by his side on the same bed, and, thinking it was me, he had kindly made room, and laid down on the edge of the bed. But in the morning, feeling rather cold, he had been thoroughly awakened, and, on rising on his elbow to see who his bed-fellow was, he discovered, to his great astonishment, that it was no other than his black servant, Susi, who taking possession of his blankets, and folding them about himself most selfishly, was occupying almost the whole bed. The Doctor, with that gentleness characteristic of him, instead of taking a rod, had contented himself with slapping Susi on the back, saying, "Get up, Susi, will you? You are in my bed. How dare you, sir, get drunk in this way, after I have told you so often not to. Get up. You won't. Take that, and that, and that." Still Susi slept and grunted; so the slapping continued, until even Susi's thick hide began to feel it, and he was thoroughly awakened to the sense of his want of devotion and sympathy for his master in the usurping of even his master's bed. Susi looked very much crestfallen after this *exposé* of his infirmity before the "little master," as I was called.

The next day at dusk—Mukamba having come to bid us good-bye, and requested that as soon as we reached

his brother Ruhinga, whose country was at the head of the lake, we would send our canoe back for him, and that in the meanwhile we should leave two of our men with him, with their guns, to help defend him in case Warumashanya should attack him as soon as we were gone—we embarked and pulled across. In nine hours we had arrived at the head of the lake in Mugiheva, the country of Ruhinga, Mukamba's elder brother. In looking back to where we had come from we perceived



UGOGO MAN AND WOMAN.

that we had made a diagonal cut across from south-east to north-west, instead of having made a direct east and west course; or, in other words, from Mugere—which was at least ten miles from the northernmost point of the eastern shore—we had come to Mugiheva, situated at the northernmost point of the western shore. Had we continued along the eastern shore, and so round the northern side of the lake, we should have passed by Mukanigi, the country of Warumashanya, and Usumbura of Simveh, his ally and friend. But by

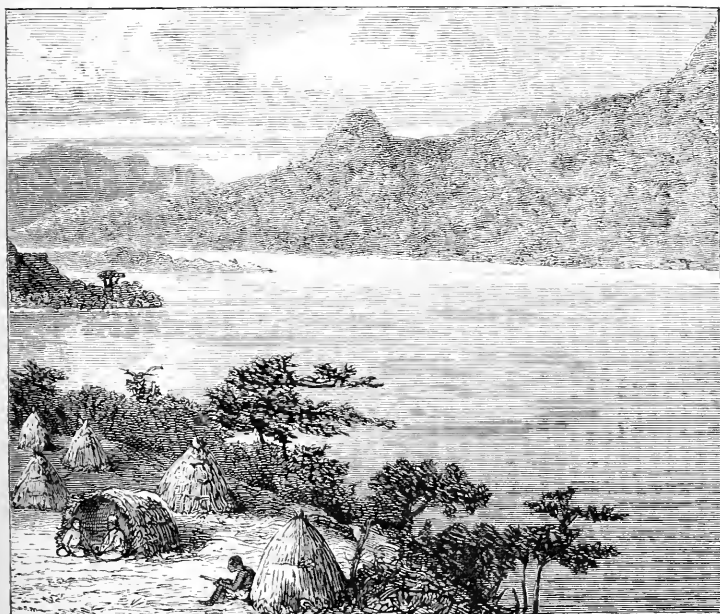
making a diagonal course, as just described, we had arrived at the extreme head of the lake without any difficulty.

The country in which we now found ourselves, Mugihewa, is situated in the delta of the Rusizi River. It is an extremely flat country, the highest part of which is not ten feet above the lake, with numerous depressions in it overgrown with the rankest of matete-grass and the tallest of papyrus, and pond-like hollows, filled with stagnant water, which emit malaria wholesale. Large herds of cattle are reared on it; for where the ground is not covered with marshy plants it produces rich, sweet grass. The sheep and goats, especially the former, are always in good condition; and though they are not to be compared with English or American sheep, they are the finest I have seen in Africa. Numerous villages are seen on this land because the intervening spaces are not occupied with the rank and luxuriant jungle common in other parts of Africa. Were it not for the *Euphorbia kolquall* of Abyssinia—which some chief has caused to be planted as a defence round the villages—one might see from one end of Mugihewa to the other. The waters along the head of the lake, from the western to the eastern shores, swarm with crocodiles. From the banks, I counted ten heads of crocodiles, and the Rusizi, we were told, was full of them.

Ruhinga, who came to see us soon after we had taken up our quarters in his village, was a most amiable man, who always contrived to see something that excited his risibility; though older by five or six years perhaps—he said he was a hundred years old—than Mukamba, he was not half so dignified, nor regarded with so much admiration by his people as his younger brother. Ruhinga had a better knowledge, however, of the country than Mukamba, and an admirable memory, and was able to impart his knowledge of the country intelligently. After he had done the honours as chief to us—presented us with an ox and a sheep, milk and honey—we were not backward in endeavouring to elicit as much information as possible out of him.

The summary of the information derived from Ruhinga may be stated as follows :—

The country bordering the head of the lake from Urundi proper, on the eastern shore, to Uvira on the western, is divided into the following districts: 1st. Mugere, governed by Mukamba, through which issued into the lake the small rivers of Mugere and Mpanda. 2nd. Mukanigi, governed by Warumashanya, which



A LAKE VILLAGE.

occupied the whole of the north-eastern head of the lake, through which issued into the lake the small rivers of Karindwa and Mugera wa Kanigi. 3rd. On the eastern half of the district, at the head of the lake, was Usumbura, governed by Simveh, ally and friend of Warumashanya, extending to the eastern bank of the Rusizi. 4th. Commencing from the western bank of the Rusizi, to the extreme north-western head of the lake, was Mugihewa—Ruhinga's country. 5th. From Uvira on the west, running north past Mugihewa, and

overlapping it on the north side as far as the hills of Chamati, was Ruwenga, also a country governed by Mukamba. Beyond Ruwenga, from the hills of Chamati to the Ruanda River, was the country of Chamati. West of Ruwenga, comprising all the mountains for two days' journey in that direction, was Uashi. These are the smaller subdivisions of what is commonly known as Ruwenga and Usige. Ruwenga comprises the countries of Ruwenga and Mugihewa; Usige, the countries of Usumbura, Mukanigi, and Mugere. But all these countries are only part and parcel of Urundi, which comprises all that country bordering the lake from Mshala River, on the eastern shore, to Uvira, on the western, extending over ten days' journey direct north from the head of the lake, and one month in a north-eastern direction to Murukuko, the capital of Mwezi, Sultan of all Urundi. Direct north of Urundi is Ruanda; also a very large country.

The Rusizi River—according to Ruhinga—rose near a lake called Kivo, which he said is as long as from Mugihawa to Mugere, and as broad as from Mugihawa to Warumashanya's country, or, say eighteen miles in length by about eight in breadth. The lake is surrounded by mountains on the western and northern sides: on the south-western side of one of these mountains issues the Rusizi—at first a small rapid stream; but as it proceeds towards the lake it receives the rivers Kagunissi, Kaburan, Mohira, Nyamagana, Nyakagunda, Ruviro, Rofubu, Kavimvira, Myove, Ruhuha, Mukindu, Sange, Rubirizi, Kiriba, and, lastly, the Ruanda River, which seems to be the largest of them all. Kivo Lake is so called from the country in which it is situated. On one side is Mutumbi (probably the Utumbi of Speke and Baker), on the west is Ruanda; on the east is Urundi. The name of the chief of Kivo is Kwansibura.

After so many minute details about the River Rusizi, it only remained for us to see it. On the second morning of our arrival at Mugihewa we mustered ten strong paddlers, and set out to explore the head of the lake and the mouth of the Rusizi. We found that the



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MR. STANLEY'S ENCOUNTER WITH AN ELEPHANT.

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northern head of the lake was indented with seven broad bays, each from one and a half to three miles broad; that long broad spits of sand, overgrown with matete, separated each bay from the other. The first, starting from west to east, at the broadest part, to the extreme southern point of Mugiheva, was about three miles broad, and served as a line of demarcation between Mukamba's district of Ruwenga and Mugiheva of Ruhinga; it was also two miles deep. The second bay was a mile from the southern extremity of Mugiheva to Ruhinga's village at the head of the bay, and it was a mile across to another spit of sand which was terminated by a small island. The third bay stretched for nearly a mile to a long spit, at the end of which was another island, one and a quarter mile in length, and was the western side of the fourth bay, at the head of which was the delta of the Rusizi. This fourth bay, at its base, was about three miles in depth, and penetrated half a mile further inland than any other. Soundings indicated six feet deep, and the same depth was kept to within a few hundred yards of the principal mouth of the Rusizi. The current was very sluggish; not more than a mile an hour. Though we constantly kept our binocular searching for the river, we could not see the main channel until within 200 yards of it, and then only by watching by what outlet the fishing canoes came out. The bay at this point had narrowed from two miles to about 200 yards in breadth. Inviting a canoe to show us the way, a small flotilla of canoes preceded us, from the sheer curiosity of their owners. We followed, and in a few minutes were ascending the stream, which was very rapid, though but about ten yards wide; and very shallow, not more than two feet deep. We ascended about half a mile, the current being very strong, from six to eight miles an hour, and quite far enough to observe the nature of the stream at its embouchure. We could see that it widened and spread out in a myriad of channels, rushing by isolated clumps of sedge and matete grass; and that it had the appearance of a swamp. We had ascended the central, or

main channel. The western channel was about eight yards broad. We observed, after we had returned to the bay, that the easternmost channel was about six yards broad, and about ten feet deep, but very sluggish. We had thus examined each of its three mouths, and settled all doubts as to the Rusizi being an effluent or



BRIDGING A STREAM.

influent. It was not necessary to ascend higher, there being nothing about the river itself to repay exploration of it.

The question, "Was the Rusizi an effluent or an influent?" was answered for ever. There was now no doubt any more on that point. In size it was not to be compared with the Malagarazi River, neither is it, or

can it be, navigable for anything but the smallest canoes. The only thing remarkable about it is that it abounds in crocodiles, but not one hippopotamus was seen; which may be taken as another evidence of its shallowness. The bays to the east of the Rusizi are of the same conformation as those on the west. Carefully judging from the width of the several bays from point to point, and of the several spits which separate them, the breadth of the lake may be said to be about twelve or fourteen miles. Had we contented ourselves with simply looking at the conformation, and the meeting of the eastern and western ranges, we should have said that the lake ended in a point, as Captain Speke had sketched it on his map. But its exploration dissolved that idea. Chamati Hill is the extreme northern termination of the western range, and seems, upon a superficial examination, to abut against the Ramata mountains of the eastern range, which are opposite Chamati; but a valley about a mile in breadth separates the two ranges, and through this valley the Rusizi flows towards the lake.* Though Chamati terminates the western range, the eastern range continues for miles beyond, north-westerly. After its issue from this broad gorge, the Rusizi runs seemingly in a broad and mighty stream, through a wide alluvial plain, its own formation, in a hundred channels, until, approaching the lake, it flows into it by three channels only, as above described.

I should not omit to state here, that though the Doctor and I have had to contend against the strong current of the Rusizi River, as it flowed swift and strong into the Tanganika, the Doctor still adheres to the conviction that, whatever part the Rusizi plays, there must be an outlet to the Tanganika somewhere, from the fact that all fresh-water lakes have outlets. The Doctor is able to state his opinions and reasons far better than I can find for him; and, lest I misconstrue

* After the patient investigation of the North end of the Lake, and satisfying ourselves by personal observation that the Rusizi ran into the Lake, the native rumour which Sir Samuel Baker brought home that the Tanganika and the Albert N'Yanza have a water connection still finds many believers!

the subject, I shall leave it until he has an opportunity to explain them himself; which his great knowledge of Africa will enable him to do with advantage.

One thing is evident to me, and I believe to the Doctor, that Sir Samuel Baker will have to curtail the Albert N'Yanza by one, if not two degrees of latitude. That well-known traveller has drawn his lake far into the territory of the Warundi, while Ruanda has been placed on the eastern side; whereas a large portion of it, if not all, should be placed north of what he has designated on his map as Usige. The information of such an intelligent man as Ruhinga is not to be despised; for, if Lake Albert came within a hundred miles of the Tanganika, he would surely have heard of its existence, even if he had not seen it himself. Originally he came from Mutumbi, and he has travelled from that country into Mugihewa, the district he now governs. He has seen Mwezi, the great King of Urundi, and describes him as a man about forty years old, and as a very good man.

Our work was now done; there was nothing more to detain us at Mugihewa. Ruhinga had been exceedingly kind, and given us one ox after another to butcher and eat. Mukamba had done the same. Their women had supplied us with an abundance of milk and butter, and we had now bounteous supplies of both.

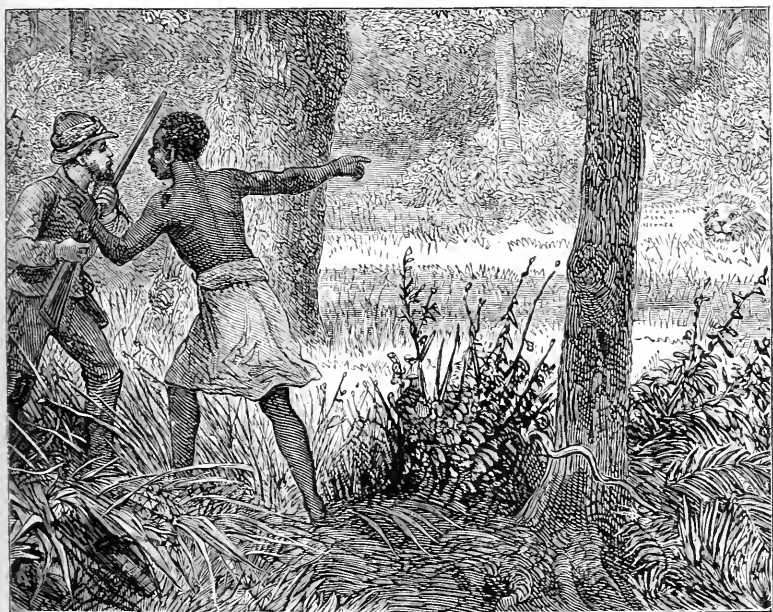
The Doctor had taken a series of observations for latitude and longitude; and Mugihewa was made out to be in $3^{\circ} 19'$ S. latitude.

On the 7th December, early in the morning, we left Mugihewa, and rowing past the southern extremity of the Katangara Islands, we approached the highlands of Uashi, near the boundary line between Mukamba's country and Uvira. The boundary line is supposed to be a wide ravine, in the depths of which is a grove of tall, beautiful, and straight-stemmed trees, out of which the natives make their canoes.

Passing Kanyamabengu River, which issues into the lake close to the market-ground of Kirabula, the extreme point of Burton and Speke's explorations of the Tau-

ganika, we steered south along the western shore of the lake for half an hour longer to Kavimba, where we halted to cook breakfast.

The village where lived Mruta, the King of Uvira, was in sight of our encampment, and as we observed parties of men ascending and descending the mountains much more often than we thought augured good to ourselves, we determined to continue on our course south. Besides, there was a party of disconsolate-looking Wajiji



LION IN THE GRASS.

here, who had been plundered only a few days before our arrival, for attempting, as the Wavira believed, to evade the honga payment. Such facts as these, and our knowledge of the general state of insecurity in the country, resulting from the many wars in which the districts of the Tanganika were engaged, determined us not to halt at Kavimba.

We embarked quickly in our boat before the Wavira had collected themselves, and headed south against a

strong gale, which came driving down on us from the south-west. After a hard pull of about two hours in the teeth of the storm, which was rapidly rising, we pointed the head of the boat into a little quiet cove, almost hidden in tall reeds, and disembarked for the night.

Cognizant of the dangers which surrounded us, knowing that savage and implacable man was the worst enemy we had to fear, we employed our utmost energies in the construction of a stout fence of thorn bushes, and then sat down to supper after our work was done, and turned in to sleep; but not before we had posted watchmen to guard our canoe, lest the daring thieves of Uvira might abstract it, in which case we should have been in a pretty plight, and in most unenviable distress.

At daybreak, leaving Kukumba Point after our humble breakfast of coffee, cheese, and dourra cakes was despatched, we steered south once more. Our fires had attracted the notice of the sharp-eyed and suspicious fishermen of Kukumba; but our precautions and the vigilant watch we had set before retiring, had proved an effectual safeguard against the Kivira thieves.

The western shores of the lake as we proceeded were loftier, and more bold than the wooded heights of Urundi and bearded knolls of Ujiji. A back ridge—the vanguard of the mountains which rise beyond—disclosed itself between the serrated tops of the front line of mountains, which rose to a height of from 2,500 to 3,000 feet above the lake. Within the folds of the front line of mountains rise isolated hills of considerable magnitude, precipitous and abrupt, but scenically very picturesque. The greater part of these hills have the rounded and smooth top, or are tabularly summited. The ridge enfolding these hills shoots out, at intervals, promontorial projections of gradual sloping outlines, which on the map I have designated capes, or points. When rounding these points, up went our compasses for the taking of bearings, and observing the directions of all prominent objects of interest. Often these capes are formed by the alluvial plains, through which we may be sure a river will be found flowing. These pretty

alluvial plains, enfolded on the south, the west, and the north by a grand mountain arc, present most luxurious and enchanting scenery. The vegetation seems to be of spontaneous growth. Groups of the *Elæis Guineensis* palm embowering some dun-brown village; an array of majestic, superb growth of mvule trees; a broad extent covered with vivid green sorghum stalks; parachute-like tops of mimosa; a line of white sand, on which native canoes are drawn far above the reach of the plangent, uneasy surf; fishermen idly reclining in the shade of a tree;—these are the scenes which reveal themselves to us as we voyage in our canoe on the Tanganika. When wearied with the romance of wild tropic scenes such as these, we have but to lift our eyes to the great mountain tops looming darkly and grandly on our right; to watch the light pencilling of the cirrus, brushing their summits, as it is drifted toward the north by the rising wind: to watch the changing forms which the clouds assume, from the fleecy horizontal bars of the cirrus, to the denser, gloomier cumulus, prognosticator of storm and rain, which soon settles into a portentous group—Alps above Alps, one above another—and we know the storm which was brewing is at hand, and that it is time to seek shelter.

Passing Muikamba, we saw several groves of the tall mvule tree. As far as Bemba the Wabembe occupy the mountain summits, while the Wavira cultivate the alluvial plains along the base and lower slopes of the mountain. At Bemba we halted to take in pieces of pipe-clay, in accordance with the superstition of the Wajiji, who thought us certain of safe passage and good fortune if we complied with the ancient custom.

Passing Ngovi, we came to a deep bend, which curved off to Cape Kabogi at the distance of ten miles. About two-thirds of the way we arrived at a group of islets, three in number, all very steep and rocky; the largest about 300 feet in length at the base, and about 200 feet in breadth. Here we made preparations to halt for the night. The inhabitants of the island were a gorgeously-feathered old cock, which was kept as a propitiatory

offering to the spirit of the island, a sickly yellow-looking thrush, a hammer-headed stork, and two fish-hawks, who, finding we had taken possession of what had been religiously reserved for them, took flight to the most western island, where from their perches they continued to eye us most solemnly.

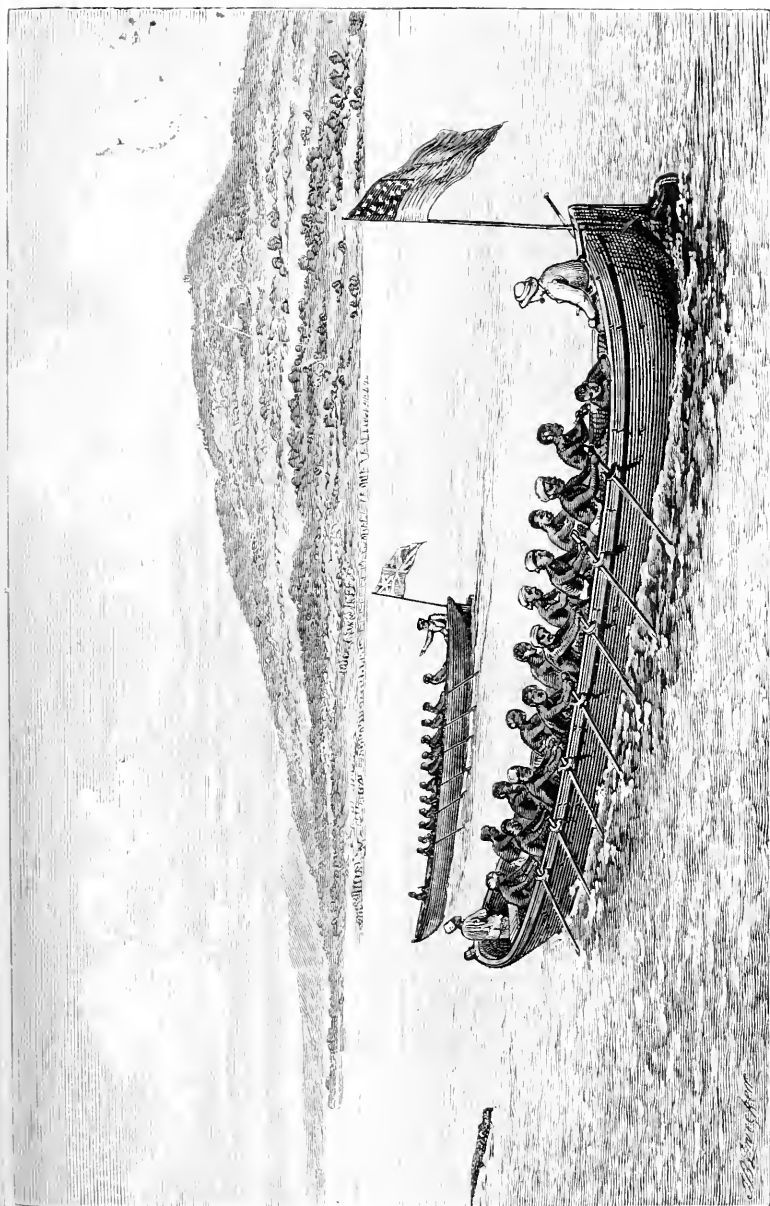
As these islands were with difficulty pronounced by us as Kavunvweh, the Doctor, seeing that they were the only objects we were likely to discover, named them the "‘New York Herald’ Islets;" and, in confirmation of the new designation given them, shook hands with me upon it. Careful dead-reckoning settled them to be in lat. $3^{\circ} 41' S$.

The summit of the largest island was well adapted to take bearings, and we improved the opportunity, as most extensive views of the broad and lengthy lake and surrounding lines of imposing mountains were attainable. The Ramata Hills were clearly visible, and bore N.N.E. from it: Katanga Cape, S.E. by S.; Sentakeyi, E.S.E.; Magala, E. by N.; south-western point of Muzimu bore S., northern point of Muzimu island, S.S.E.

At dawn on the 9th December we prepared to resume our voyage. Once or twice in the night we had been visited by fishermen, but our anxious watchfulness prevented any marauding. It seemed to me, however, that the people of the opposite shore, who were our visitors, were eagerly watching an opportunity to pounce upon our canoe, or take us bodily for a prey; and our men were considerably affected by these thoughts, if we may judge from the hearty good-will with which they rowed away from our late encampment.

Arriving at Cape Kabogi, we came to the territory of the Wasansi. We knew we were abreast of a different tribe by the greeting "Moholo," which a group of fishermen gave us; as that of the Wavira was "Wake," like that of Urundi, Usige, and Uhha.

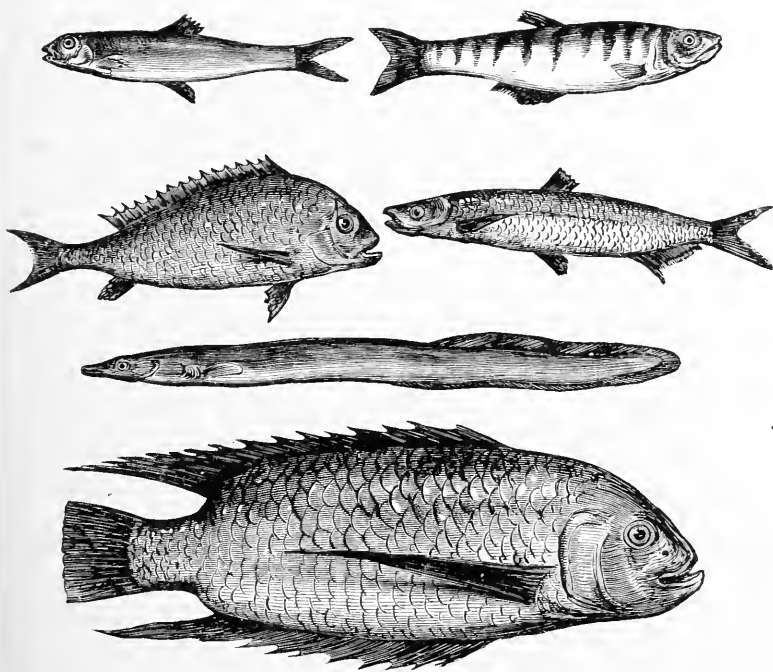
We soon sighted Cape Luvumba—a sloping projection of a mountain ridge which shot far into the lake. As a storm was brewing, we steered for a snug little cove that





appeared before a village ; and, drawing our canoe from the water, began to set the tent, and make other preparations for passing the night.

As the natives appeared quiet and civil enough, we saw no reason to suspect that they entertained any hostility to Arabs and Wangwana. Accordingly we had our breakfast cooked, and as usual laid down for an afternoon nap. I soon fell asleep, and was dreaming away



FISHES OF THE TANGANIKA.

in my tent, in happy oblivion of the strife and contention that had arisen since I had gone to sleep, when I heard a voice hailing me with, "Master, master ! get up, quick. Here is a fight going to begin !" I sprang up, and snatching my revolver belt from the gun-stand, walked outside. Surely, there appeared to be considerable animus between the several factions ; between a noisy, vindictive-looking set of natives of the one part,

and our people of the other part. Seven or eight of our people had taken refuge behind the canoe, and had their loaded guns half pointing at the passionate mob, which was momentarily increasing in numbers, but I could not see the Doctor anywhere.

"Where is the Doctor?" I asked.

"He has gone over that hill, sir, with his compass," said Selim.

"Anybody with him?"

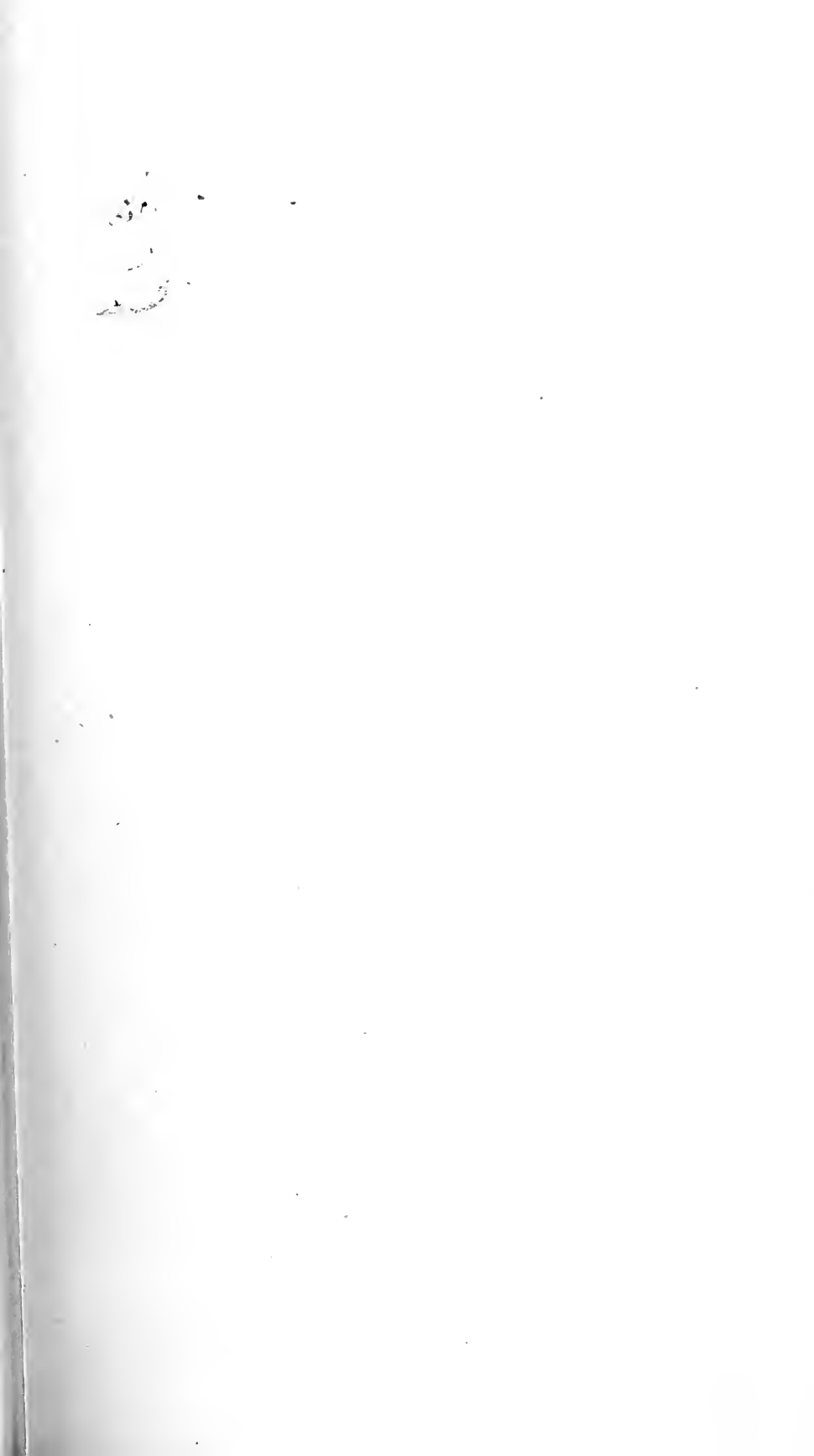
"Susi and Chumah."

"You, Bombay, send two men off to warn the Doctor, and tell him to hurry up here."

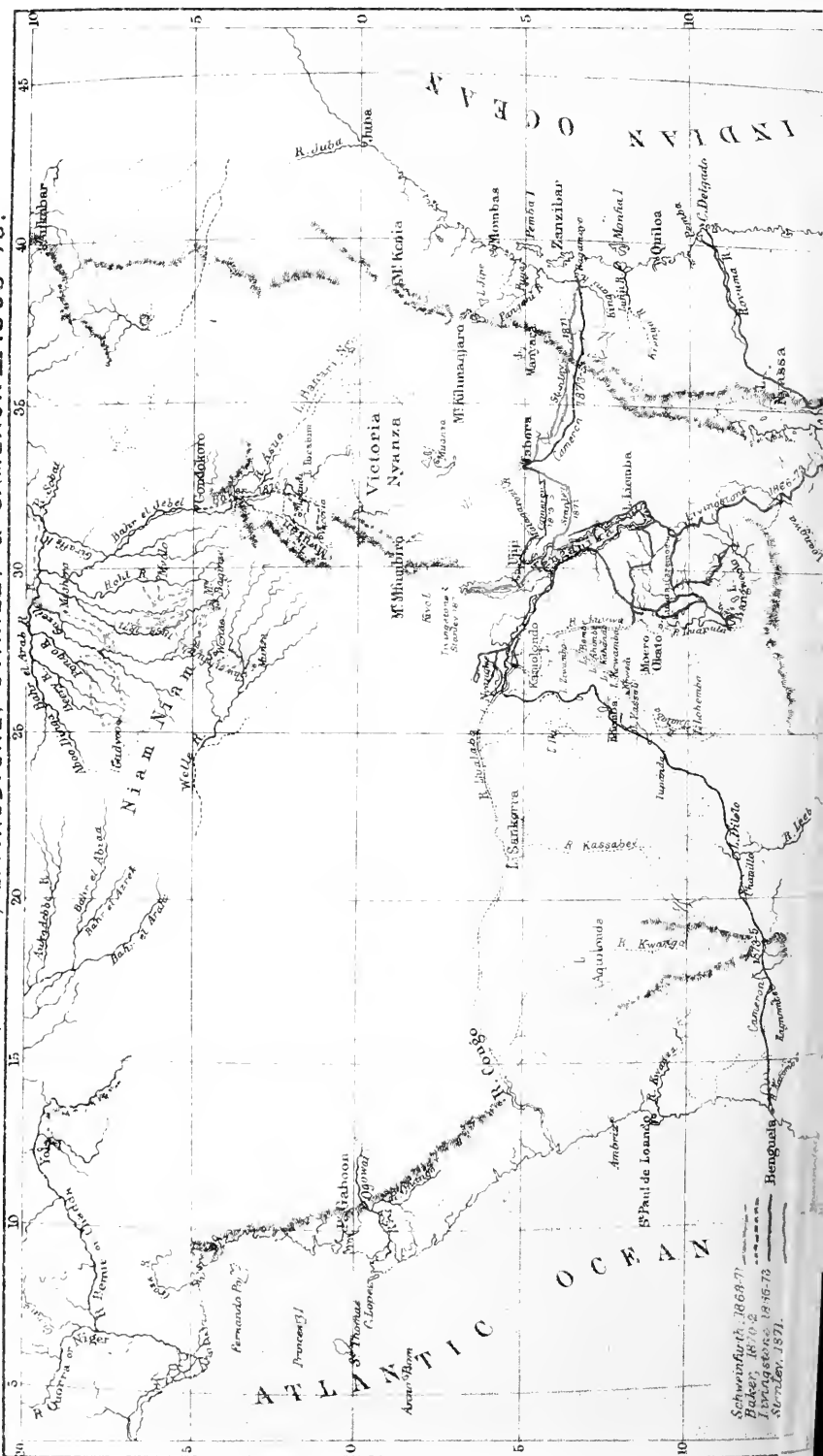
But just at this period the Doctor and his two men appeared on the brow of the hill, looking down in a most complacent manner upon the serio-comic scene that the little basin wherein we were encamped presented. For, indeed, despite the serious aspect of it, there was much that was comical blended with it—in a naked young man who—perfectly drunk, barely able to stand on his feet—was beating the ground with his only loin-cloth, screaming and storming away like a madman; declaring by this, and by that, in his own choice language, that no Mgwana or Arab should halt one moment on the sacred soil of Usansi. His father, the Sultan, was as inebriated as himself, though not quite so violent in his behaviour.

In the meantime the Doctor arrived upon the scene, and Selim had slipped my Winchester rifle, with the magazine full of cartridges, into my hand. The Doctor calmly asked what was the matter, and was answered by the Wajiji guides that the people wished us to leave, as they were on hostile terms with the Arabs, because the eldest son of the Sultan of Muzimu, the large island nearly opposite, had been beaten to death by a Baluch, named Khamis, at Ujiji, because the young fellow had dared look into his harem, and ever since peace had been broken between the Wasansi and Arabs.

After consulting with the guides, the Doctor and I came to the conclusion that it were better that we should endeavour to pacify the Sultan by a present, rather than



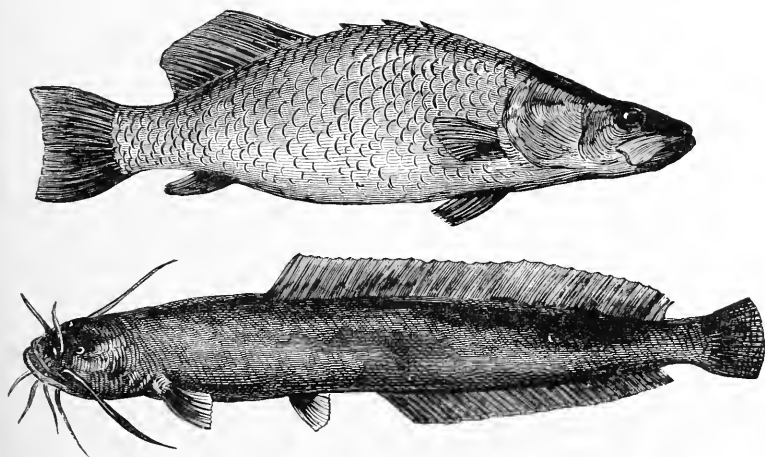
SCHWEINFURTH, BAKER, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY & CAMERON — 1866-75.



Schweinfurth, 1868-71
 Baker, 1870-2
 Livingstone, 1845-75
 Stanley, 1871

take offence at a drunken boy's extravagant freak. In his insane fury he had attempted to slash at one of my men with a billhook he carried. This had been taken as a declaration of hostilities, and the soldiers were ready enough to engage in war; but there was no necessity to commence fighting with a drunken mob, who could have been cleared off the ground with our revolvers alone had we desired it.

The Doctor, baring his arm, said to them that he was not a Mgwana, or an Arab; but a white man; that Arabs and Wangwana had no such colour as we had. We were



FISHES OF THE TANGANIKA.

white men, different people altogether from those whom they were accustomed to see; that no black men had ever suffered injury from white men. This seemed to produce great effect, for after a little gentle persuasion the drunken youth, and his no less inebriate sire, were induced to sit down to talk quietly. In their conversation with us, they frequently referred to Mombo, the son of Kisesa, Sultan of Muzimu, who was brutally murdered. "Yes, brutally murdered!" they exclaimed several times, in their own tongue; illustrating, by a faithful pantomime, how the unfortunate youth had died.

Livingstone continued talking with them in a mild, paternal way, and their loud protestations against Arab cruelty were about to subside, when the old Sultan suddenly rose up and began to pace about in an excited manner, and in one of his perambulations deliberately slashed his leg with the sharp blade of his spear, and then exclaimed that the Wangwana had wounded him !

At this cry one half of the mob hastily took to flight, but one old woman, who carried a strong staff with a carved lizard's body on its top, commenced to abuse the chief with all the power of her voluble tongue, charging him with a desire to have them all killed, and other women joined in with her in advising him to be quiet, and accept the present we were willing to give.

But it is evident that there was little needed to cause all men present in that little hollow to begin a most sanguinary strife. The gentle, patient bearing of the Doctor had more effect than anything else in making all forbear bloodshed, while there was left the least chance of an amicable settlement, and in the end it prevailed. The Sultan and his son were both sent on their way rejoicing.

While the Doctor conversed with them, and endeavoured to calm their fierce passions, I had the tent struck, and the canoes launched, and the baggage stowed, and when the negotiations had concluded amicably, I begged the Doctor to jump into the boat, as this apparent peace was simply a lull before a storm ; besides, said I, there are two or three cowardly creatures in the boat, who, in case of another disturbance, would not scruple to leave both of us here.

From Cape Luvumba, about 4.30 P.M. we commenced pulling across ; at 8 P.M. we were abreast of Cape Panza, the northern extremity of the island of Muzimu ; at 6 A.M. we were southward of Bikari, and pulling for Mukungu, in Urundi, at which place we arrived at 10 A.M., having been seventeen hours and a half in crossing the lake, which, computing at two miles an hour, may be said to be thirty-five miles direct breadth.

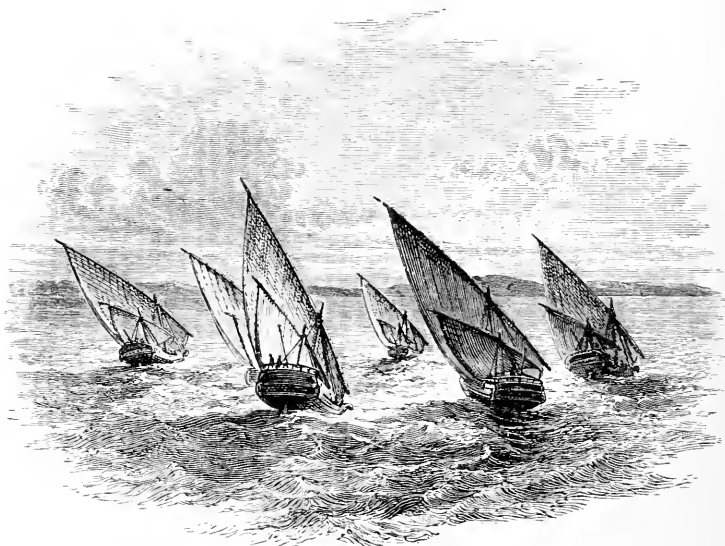
and a little more than forty-three miles from Cape Luvumba.

On the 11th of December, after seven hours' pulling, we arrived at picturesque Zassi again; on the 12th, at the pretty cove of Niasanga; and at 11 A.M. we had rounded past Bangwe, and Ujiji was before us.

We entered the port very quietly, without the usual firing of guns, as we were short of powder and ball. As we landed, our soldiers and the Arab magnates came to the water's edge to greet us.

Mabruki had a rich budget to relate to us, of what had occurred during our absence. This faithful man, left behind in charge of Livingstone's house, had done most excellently. Kalulu had scalded himself, and had a frightful raw sore on his chest in consequence. Mabruki had locked up Marora in chains for wounding one of the asses. Bilali, the stuttering coward, a bully of women, had caused a tumult in the market-place, and had been sharply belaboured with the stick by Mabruki. And, above all most welcome, was a letter I received from the American Consul at Zanzibar, dated June 11th, containing telegrams from Paris as late as April 22nd of the same year! Poor Livingstone exclaimed, "And I have none. What a pleasant thing it is to have a real and good friend!"

Our voyage on the Tanganika had lasted twenty-eight days, during which time we had traversed over 300 miles of water.




FROM ZANZIBAR TO BAGAMOYO.

CHAPTER IX.

ROUND LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

WE now come to some of the principal episodes in one of the greatest expeditions that ever entered Africa. We have already seen Stanley exploring Lake Tanganika in company with Livingstone. Stanley first entered Africa simply as a "special correspondent," commissioned by the *New York Herald* to find Livingstone. He had not, however, been long in the company of the great explorer before he was inspired with enthusiasm for the opening up of the "Dark Continent," and after his return from the Ashanti War he persuaded the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* to send him on a 'great exploring expedition across the Continent. The expedition lasted three years, 1874 to 1877, and during its course Stanley



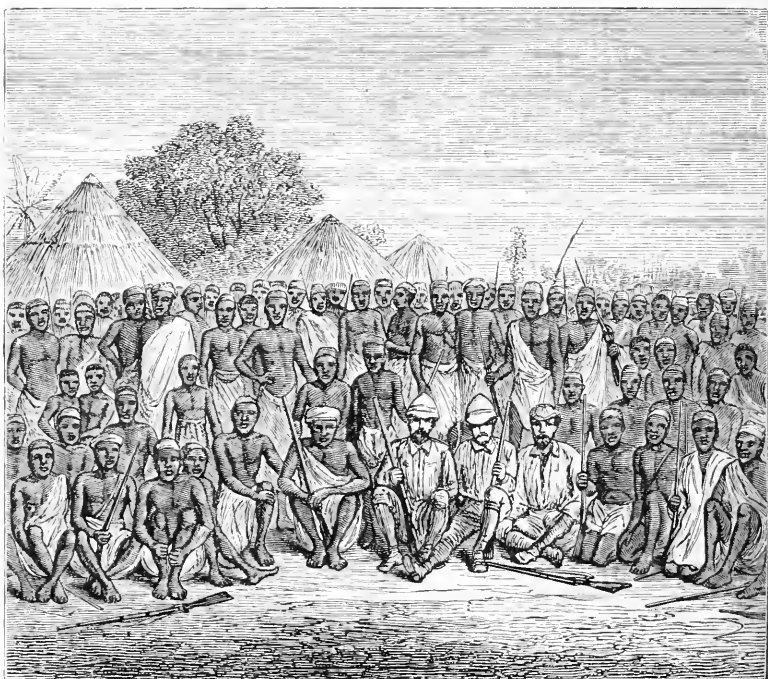
solved some of the most important of the remaining problems in African geography; among them was the greatest of all, the course of the mysterious river Congo. The expedition, consisting of Mr. Stanley, the two brothers Pocock, and a young man named Barker, with a small army of natives, left Bagamoyo in November, 1874. It travelled westwards and northwards, until it reached the south shore of the Victoria Nyanza, or Lake Victoria, in the end of February, 1875; the country in which they found themselves when they reached the lake was Kagehyi. The extent and shape of the great lake discovered by Speke fifteen years before, was very imperfectly known; and one of Mr. Stanley's great tasks was to circumnavigate its waters and lay down its correct contour on the map. His account of the voyage, full of interest, is as follows:—

We all woke up on the morning of the 28th of February with a feeling of intense relief. There were no more marches, no more bugle summons to rouse us up for another fatiguing day, no more fear of hunger—at least for a season.

We Europeans did not rise from bed until 8 A.M., and we then found the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi still extended at their full lengths on their mats and goat-skins, and peacefully reposing after their fatigues; and had I not finally sallied out into the open air at this hour, I believe that Sungoro and Kaduma, who, by the bye, were inseparable friends, would, from motives of delicacy, have refrained from paying a morning call, supposing that I should need many hours of rest.

At 9 A.M. a *burzah*, or levee, was held. First came Frank and Fred—now quite recovered from fever—to bid me good morning, and to congratulate themselves and me upon the prospective rest before us. Next came the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi chiefs, to express a hope that I had slept well, and after them the bold youths of the Expedition; then came Prince Kaduma and Sungoro, to whom we were bound this

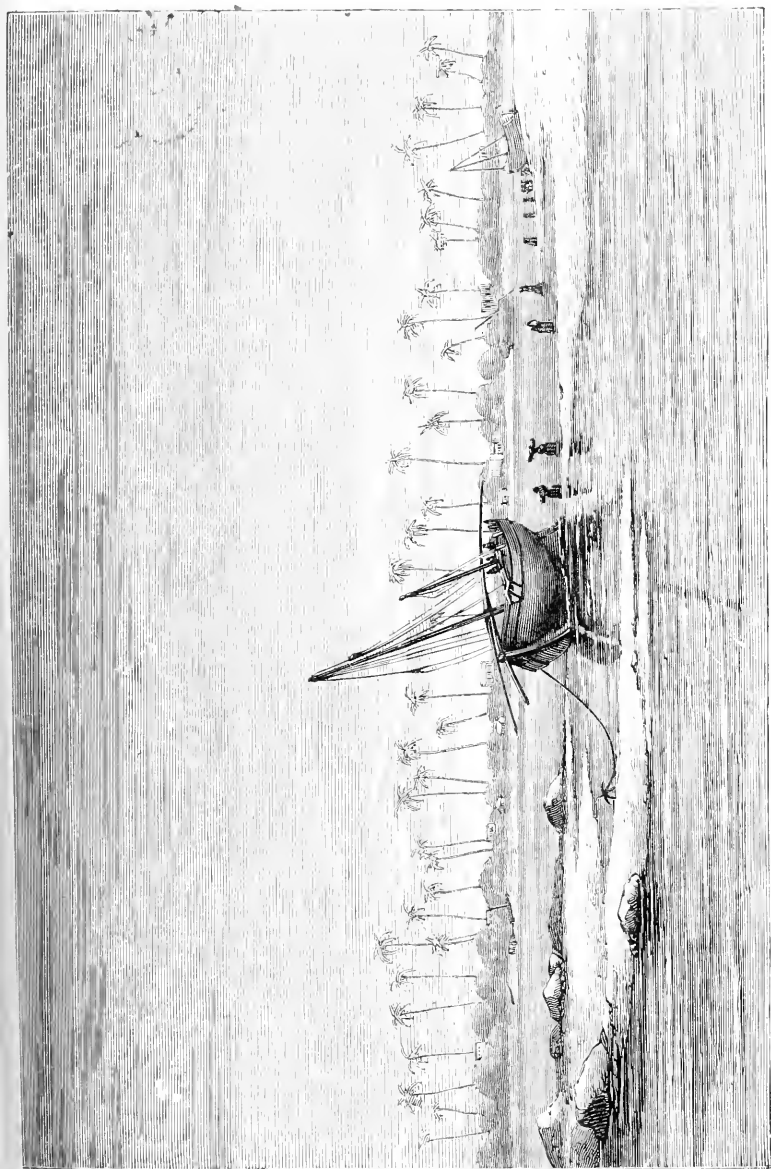
day to render an account of the journey and to give the latest news from Zanzibar ; and, lastly, the princess and her principal friends—for introductions have to be undergone in this land as in others. The burzah lasted two hours, after which my visitors retired to pursue their respective avocations, which I discovered to be principally confined, on the part of the natives, to gossiping, making or repairing fishing-nets, hatchets,



THE EXPEDITION.

canoes, food-troughs, village fences, and huts ; and on the part of our people to arranging plans for building their own grass-huts, being perfectly content to endure a long stay at Kagehyi.

Though the people had only their own small domestic affairs to engage their attentions, and Frank and Fred were for this day relieved from duty, I had much to do—observations to take to ascertain the position of





Kagehyi, and its altitude above the sea; to prepare paper, pens, and ink for the morrow's report to the journals which had despatched me to this remote and secluded part of the globe; to make calculations of the time likely to be occupied in a halt at Kagehyi, in preparing and equipping the *Lady Alice* for sea, and in circumnavigating the great "Nianja," as the Wasukuma call the lake. It was also incumbent upon me to ascertain the political condition of the country before leaving the port and the camp, that my mind might be at rest about its safety during my contemplated absence. Estimates were also to be entered upon as to the quantity of cloth and beads likely to be required for the provisioning of the expeditionary force during my absence, and as to the amount of tribute and presents to be bestowed upon the King of Uchambi—of which Kagehyi was only a small district, and to whom Prince Kaduma was only a subordinate and tributary. In brief, my own personal work was but begun, and pages would not suffice to describe in detail the full extent of the new duties now devolving upon me.

During the afternoon the Wasukuma recruits were summoned to receive farewell gifts, and nearly all were discharged. Then thirteen doti of cloth were measured for the King of Uchambi, and ten doti for Prince Kaduma; and beads were also given in proportion—the expectations of these two magnates and their favourite wives being thus satisfactorily realised. These grave affairs were not to be disposed of as mere trivialities, and occupied me many hours of our second day's life at Kagehyi. Meanwhile the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi required me to show my appreciation of their fidelity to me during the march, and chiefs and men received accordingly substantial tokens thereof. Besides new cloths to wear, and beads to purchase luxuries, I was expected to furnish them with meat for a banquet; and in accordance with their just wishes, six bullocks were purchased and slaughtered for their benefit. In addition to which, as a banquet

would be rather tame without wine for cheer, twenty gallons of *pombé*—beer in a state of natural fermentation—were distributed. To satisfy all which demands and expectations, three full bales of cloth and 120 lbs. of beads were disbursed.

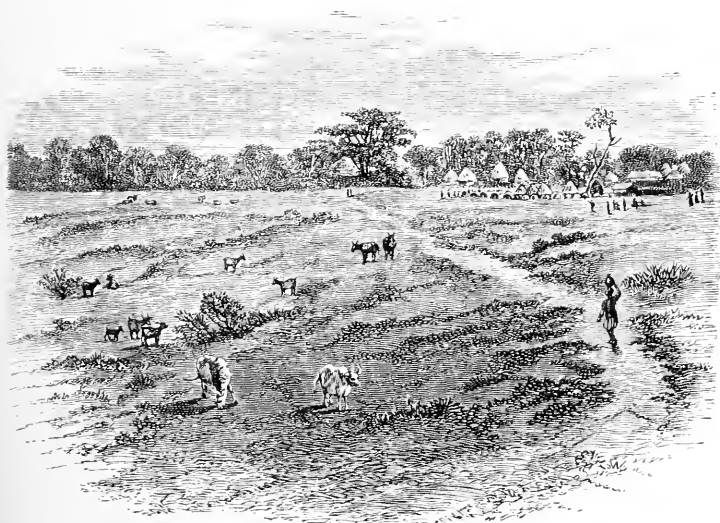
On the evening of the second day, I was rewarded for my liberality when I saw the general contentment, and heard on all sides expressions of esteem and renewed loyalty.

Nor were Frank and Fred forgotten, for I gave permission for them to issue for themselves, each day while in camp, four yards of cloth, or two fundo of beads, to be expended as they thought fit, over and above ration money. Small as this may seem, it was really equal to a gift of 4s. per day pocket-money. Though they lived on similar food to that cooked for myself, I observed that they chose to indulge in many things which I could not digest, or for which I had no appetite, such as ground-nuts, ripe bananas, plantains, and parched green corn. Fred Barker was remarkably partial to these things. This extra pocket-money also served to purchase a larger quantity of milk, eggs, chickens, and rice from the Wasukuma and Sungora. My daily fare at this time consisted principally of chickens, sweet potatoes, milk, tea and coffee. Pocock and Barker varied this diet with rice, with which Sungoro furnished them, and bread made of Indian corn and millet.

The village of Kagehyi, in the Uchambi district and country of Usukuma, became after our arrival a place of great local importance. It attracted an unusual number of native traders from all sides within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Fishermen from Ukerewé, whose purple hills we saw across the arm of the lake, came in their canoes, with stores of dried fish; those of Igusa, Sima, and Magu, east of us in Usukuma, brought their cassava, or manioc, and ripe bananas; the herdsmen of Usmau, thirty miles south of Kagehyi, sent their oxen; and the tribes of Muanza—famous historically as being the point whence Speke first saw

this broad gulf of Lake Victoria—brought their hoes, iron wire, and salt, besides great plenty of sweet-potatoes and yams.

Reports of us were carried far along the paths of trade to the countries contiguous to the highways of traffic, because we were in a land which had been, from time immemorial, a land of gossip and primitive commerce; and a small band of peaceful natives, accustomed to travel, might explore hundreds of square miles in Usukuma without molestation. But though



KAGEHYI.

Unyanyembé, and through it Zanzibar, might receive within a few months reliable information about our movements, there were countries in the immediate neighbourhood of Kagehyi whither traders never venture, which were for ever cut off from the interesting intelligence that there were three *white* men on the shores of the lake, who were said to be most amiable and sociable. Ujiiji, far away on Lake Tanganika, might be set to wondering whether they had come from Masr (Cairo) or from Zanzibar, but Wirigedi, close at hand

here, on Speke Gulf, might still be in profound ignorance of the arrival. Mtesa of Uganda might prick up his ears at the gratifying intelligence, and hope they would soon visit him, while Ukara, though only about twenty-five geographical miles from Kagehi, might be excluded for ever from discussing the strange topic. The natives of Karagwé and their gentle king might be greatly exercised in their minds with the agreeable news, and wonder whether they, in their turn, should ever see the white men, and yet Komeh, 300 miles nearer to us, might only hear of the wonderful event years after our departure! Thus it is that information is only conveyed along the lines of traffic, and does not filter into those countries which are ostracised from common interests and events by the reputed ferocity of their inhabitants and their jealous hostility to strangers, even though they may actually border upon the localities where those interests and events are freely discussed.

Prince Kaduma, truth compels me to state, is a true Central African "topper"—a naturally amiable man, whose natural amiability might be increased to enormous proportions, provided that it was stimulated by endless supplies of pombé. From perpetual indulgence in his favourite vice, he has already attained to that bleary-eyed, thick-tongued, husky-voiced state from which only months of total abstinence can redeem a man. In his sober moments—I cannot say hours—which were soon after he rose in the morning, he pretended to manifest an interest in his cattle-yard, and to be deeply alive to the importance of doing something in the way of business whenever opportunities offered. In fact, he would sometimes go so far as to say to his half-dozen elders that he had something in view even then—"but we must have a shauri first." Becoming exceedingly interested, the elders would invite him to speak, and instantly assume that wise, thoughtful, grave aspect which you sometimes see in members of Parliament, Congress, Reichstag, &c. "Ah, but," Kaduma would say, "does a man work when he is

hungry? 'Can he talk when he is thirsty?' The elders ~~sly~~ exchange winks and nods of approval, at which Kaduma bursts into a hoarse chuckle—never a laugh—for Kaduma is remarkable for possessing the conceit of humour. Others may laugh at his dry sayings, but he himself never laughs: he chuckles.



FRANK POCKOCK.

The great jar of froth-topped pombé* is then brought up by a naked youth of fourteen or fifteen years, who is exceedingly careful to plant the egg-bottomed jar firmly on the ground lest it should topple over. Beside it is conveniently placed Kaduma's favourite drinking-

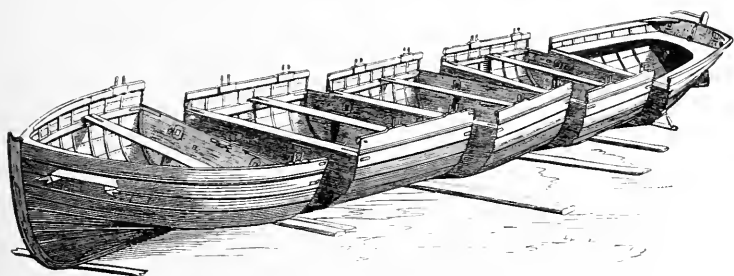
* Native beer, made from fermented grain or coarse flour.

cup, as large as a quart measure, and cut out of a symmetrically shaped gourd. Kaduma is now seated on a favourite low stool, and folds his greasy Sohari cloth about him, while the elders are seated on either side of him on wood chips, or axe handles, or rocks. The foaming jar is ready, and the dusky Ganymede attentive. Kaduma stretches out his hand languidly—it is all affectation, for Kaduma is really thirsty—and Ganymede, with both hands, presents the cup kneeling. The pombé being broached, the valves of the “shauri” are opened. During the hour devoted to the consumption of the pombé, Kaduma may be said to be rational, and even interested in business. Withal he is gay, light-hearted, and pleasant in conversation; grand projects are hinted at; trading expeditions even as far as Ujiji suggested; a trip to Unyanyembé and Zanzibar appears to be in serious contemplation with him. But, alas! the pombé is ended. Kaduma goes to sleep. At three o’clock he expands again into a creature of intelligence. Two or three pots are exhausted between 3 and 6 P.M., and finally Kaduma reels to his cot like the inebriated sot he really is. Alas! for the virtues of a naturally intelligent nature drowned by such intemperance! Alas! for the fine attributes of manhood conquered by vile indulgences! Alas! for the brains muddled by such impurities!

It will be apparent, then, that, though the Prince of Kagehyi is a well-meaning and well-disposed creature, he possessed an infirmity that rendered him incapable of rendering me that service which he had himself suggested to me. He promised that he would accompany me in my exploration of Lake Victoria! It is to be doubted, after acquiring such a knowledge of his character, whether his intentions could be fulfilled. Yet he informed me that he had visited Ukerewé, Ururi, and Ugeyeya, and would, for a consideration, place himself at my disposal. The consideration was ready, but Kaduma, unfortunately for me, I saw, could not be ready within a decade! Hopes of his assistance and influence were therefore relinquished; and, since

the chief was not available, it became evident that none of his people could be obtained for the service of exploration. Without this insight into Kaduma's life and manners, it would have been a matter for fair speculation whether his weakness and intemperance, or his dread of the vast lake, were the real causes of his reluctance to accompany me.

The prince was learned in the names of several countries or villages—but which they were, I was then ignorant. But if every name he repeated to my interested ears were the names of real countries, then, I began to think, it might be true, as he himself believed, that the lake was so large that its exploration would occupy years. Nearly all the Wangwana, while



THE "LADY ALICE" IN SECTIONS.

the *Lady Alice* was being prepared for sea, were impressed with the vastness of the enterprise, as Prince Kaduma, his people, Sungoro, and his slaves—who had really only reached Ururi—sketched it to them with their superstitious and crude notions of its size. There were, they said, a people dwelling on its shores who were gifted with tails; another who trained enormous and fierce dogs for war; another a tribe of cannibals, who preferred human flesh to all other kinds of meat. The lake was so large it would take years to trace its shores, and who then at the end of that time would remain alive? Therefore, as I expected, there were no volunteers for the exploration of the Great Lake. Its opposite shores, from their very vagueness of outline, and its people, from the distorting fogs of misrepresen-

tation through which we saw them, only heightened the fears of my men as to the dangers which filled the prospect.

Within seven days the boat was ready, and strengthened for a rough sea life. Provisions of flour and dried fish, bales of cloth and beads of various kinds, odds and ends of small possible necessities were boxed, and she was declared, at last, to be only waiting for her crew. "Would any one volunteer to accompany me?" A dead silence ensued. "Not for rewards and extra pay?" Another dead silence: no one would volunteer.

"Yet I must," said I, "depart. Will you let me go alone?"

"No."

"What then? Show me my braves--those men who freely enlist to follow their master round the sea."

All were again dumb. Appealed to individually, each said he knew nothing of sea life; each man frankly declared himself a terrible coward on water.

"Then, what am I to do?"

Manwa Sera said:—

"Master, have done with these questions. Command your party. All your people are your children, and they will not disobey you. While you ask them as a friend, no one will offer his services. Command them, and they will all go."

So I selected a chief, Wadi Safeni—the son of Safeni—and told him to pick out the elect of the young men. Wadi Safeni chose men who knew nothing of boat life. Then I called Kachéché, the detective, and told him to ascertain the names of those young men who were accustomed to sea life, upon which Kachéché informed me that the young guides first selected by me at Bagamoyo were the sailors of the Expedition. After reflecting upon the capacities of the younger men, as they had developed themselves on the road, I made a list of ten sailors and a steersman, to whose fidelity I was willing to entrust myself and fortunes while coasting round the Victorian Sea.



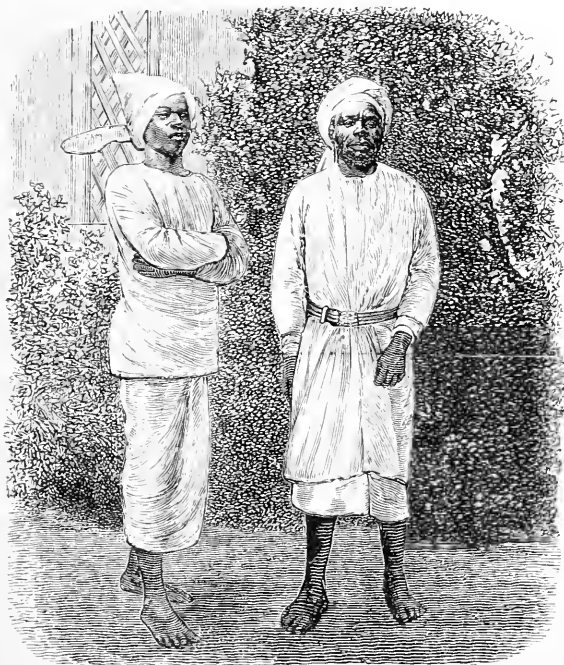
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VIEW OF ZANZIBAR FROM THE SEA.

To face p. 184.



Accordingly, after drawing up instructions for Frank Pocock and Fred Barker on about a score of matters concerning the wellbeing of the Expedition during my absence, and enlisting for them, by an adequate gift, the goodwill of Sungoro and Prince Kaduma, I set sail on the 8th of March, 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which we first sighted.



COXSAIN ULEDI, AND MANWA SERA, CHIEF CAPTAIN.

and which henceforward is known, in honour of its first discoverer, as "Speke Gulf."

Afloat on the waters of Speke Gulf! The sky is gloomy and the light grey water has become a dull ashen grey; the rocks are bare and rugged; and the land, sympathising with the gloom above, appears silent and lonely. The people sigh dolorously, their rowing is as that of men who think they are bound to certain death, and now and again wistful looks are thrown

towards me as though they expected an order to return. Their hearts are full of misgivings. Slowly, however, we move through the dull, dead waters; slowly we pass by the dull grey rocks of Lutari Point, and still slower do the boatmen row when the rugged rocks shut off the view of Kagehyi and front them with their bare rude masses.

Five miles brought us to Igusa, a settlement doubtless pleasant enough under a fair sky, but bearing this afternoon its share of the universal gloom. Without a guide or interpreter, we bore in for a little reed-lined creek. A fisherman, with a head of hair resembling a thick mop, came down to the boat. He had, it seems, visited Kagehyi two or three days before, and recognised us. A better acquaintance was soon begun, and ended in his becoming captivated with our promises of rewards and offering his services as guide. The boatmen were overjoyed; for the guide, whose name was Saramba, proved to have been one of Sungoro's boatmen in some of that Arab's trading excursions to Ururi. We passed a cheerless night, for the reeds turned out to be the haunt of a multitude of mosquitoes, and the air was cold. However, with Saramba as guide, we promised ourselves better quarters in future.

At 6 A.M., after Saramba's appearance, we resumed our voyage, and continued on our way eastward, clinging to the shores of Sima. At 11 A.M. the clouds, which had long been gathering over the horizon to the north-west, discharged both squall and gale, and the scene soon became wild beyond description. We steered from the shore, and were soon involved in the dreadful chaos of watery madness and uproar. The wind swept us over the fierce waves, the *Lady Alice* bounding forward like a wild courser. It lashed the waters into spray and foam, and hurled them over the devoted crew and boat. With a mere rag presented to the gale, we drove unresistingly along. Strange islets in the neighbourhood of Mashakka became then objects of terror to us, but we passed them in safety and saw the grey hills of Magu far in front of us. The boatmen

cowered to windward : Saramba had collapsed in terror, and had, resignedly covered his moppy head with his loin-cloth. Zaidi Mganda, the steersman, and myself were the only persons visible above the gunwale, and our united strengths were required to guide the boat over the raging sea. At 2 P.M. we came in view of the Shimeeyu river, and, steering close to the little island of Natwari, swept round to leeward, and through a calm water made our way into harbour, opposite the entrance to the river.

The next day was beautiful. The wild waters of yesterday were calm as those of a pond. The bold hills of Magu, with all their sere and treeless outlines, stood out in fine relief. Opposite them, at about 1300 yards distant, were the brush-covered tops of the Mazanza heights ; while between them lay glittering the broad and noble creek which receives the tribute flood of the Shimeeyu, the extreme southern reach of Nile waters. The



WIFE OF MANWA SERA.

total length of the course of this river, as laid out on the chart, is 300 miles, which gives the course of the Nile a length of 4200 miles : thus making it the second longest river in the world. The creek extends to a considerable distance, and then contracts to a width of about 400 yards, through which the Monangah, after uniting with the Lwamberri and the Duma rivers, discharges its brown waters, under the name of the Shimeeyu, into the lake.

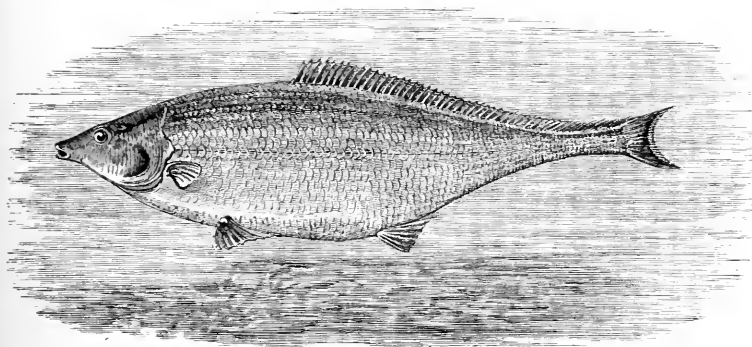
After an examination of these features, we continued our journey along the coast of Mazanza, which forms the eastern shore of the bay of Shimeeyu, passing by the boldly rising and wooded hills of Manassa. At 4 P.M. we attempted to land in a small cove, but were driven away by a multitude of audacious hippopotami, who rushed towards us open-mouthed. Perceiving that they were too numerous and bold for us, we were compelled to drop our stone anchors in forty feet of water, about two miles from shore.

On the 11th of March, after rowing nearly the whole day against a head-wind, we arrived at the eastern end of Speke Gulf, which here narrows to about seven miles. On the southern side Manassa extends from Mazanza, its coast-line marked by an almost unbroken ridge about two miles inland, varied here and there by rounded knolls and hills, from whose base there is a gradual slope covered with woods down to the water's edge. The eastern end of the gulf is closed by the land of the Wirigedi or, as Saramba called them, the Wajika. At the north-eastern end begins Shahshi, consisting of a group of sterile hills, which, as we proceed west along the north side of the gulf, sink down into a naked plain. The Ruana river empties itself into the head of the gulf by two narrow mouths through a low wooded shore.

On the 12th we continued to coast along Shahshi's low, bare plain, margined at the water's edge by *eschinomenæ*, and a little farther inland lined by *mimosa*, thence past Iramba, a similar country to Shahshi, until we reached Pyramid Point, so christened from the shape of its hills, but on running up into the bay (which has its greatest width at Ruggedzi Strait), we found that Pyramid Point really forms the south-western end of a mountain-range. One of the most conspicuous objects we saw, as we stood on the uplands of Usman, looking towards the N.N.E., was this Pyramid Point, but at that time we had, of course, only a dim idea of its neighbourhood to the lake.

Near the Point is a group of small islands, the

principal being Kitáro, on which cattle and goats are found. Though the islanders obtain but a scanty subsistence from the soil, they find reason to congratulate themselves in that they are safe from the periodical raids made by the Wajika, or Wirigedi, a tribe unpleasantly distinguished for the length of their knives and the breadth and weight of their spears. On one of this group, which was uninhabited, we stayed to cook our mid-day meal. It appeared fair and pleasant enough from without—one mass of deepest verdure, with a cone rising about 100 feet above the lake. Upon exploring it, we found it to be a heap of gigantic rocks, between which the deposit of vegetable matter



SAMA-ULOA, FISH FOUND IN LAKE VICTORIA.

had given birth to a forest of young trees, the spreading green foliage of which was rendered still more impervious to sunshine by a multitude of parasitical plants and lianes, which had woven the whole into as thick and dense a shade as I ever remember to have seen. Below this mass of tangled branch and leaf the thermometer descends to 70° Fahr.; without, exposed to the blazing sun, it ascends to 115° Fahr.

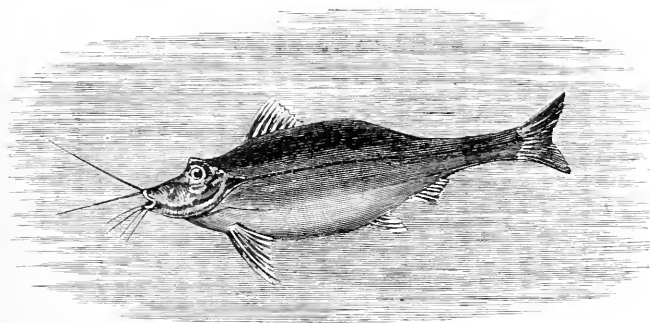
In the evening we camped on a small island in the middle of the bay of Ukerewé, east of the beautiful isle of Nifuah, which is inhabited and is the home of an industrious colony subject to the king of Ukerewé.

From the summit of Nifuah we could distinguish the

h cattle and goats gehyi, across Speke Gulf. talltain but a scanty water's edge, we saw nothing Kac reason to congratulate high, situated three miles Up from the periphery turning our eyes to the north, but Virigedi, a tribe of the low shore which the south length of their k. Standing close to the water at could spears. On we imagined that Ukerewé was an Ridge stayed to strait about two miles broad; but Nifuarir and the north, a couple of hours' rowing turning deepest P. What we could see that the opposing brought we thid is joined to the island, or appears point of of which very low bush-covered neck of land to be join which thus separates the waters of a mile in the great body of Lake Victoria. A Speke Gulf in the narroek is cut by a shallow channel six feet wide and some places only three feet deep. The ground, gh extremely low on each side, is firm and compactugh; but here and there it is of a boggy nature. ence it will be seen that Captain Speke, who called rewé an island, was literally correct.

On 13th we enjoyed a fine six-knot breeze, and were to make a good day's work, though we still clun the shore of Ukerewé near enough to note cleahe features of the water-line. A glance at the cor of Ukerewé showed it to be exceeding populous antensively cultivated. From Matembé to Yam- bnextends a bold ridge about 300 feet above the land beyond this point is a deep indentation, calUkwyia, near the western horn of which we peid a group of islets named Kiregi. These are thets of an immense number of crocodiles, and one nescovered here contained fifty-eight eggs. At ahvery step I took, when walking round one of thd-lined islets, a specimen of the ugly Saurian trrang with a startling rush into the lake. There apl also to be as many monitors as there were cross in this infested islet, and all round me, from the creeks, and sometimes in very close proximity,

lowed the hippopotami. I shot one of the monitors, and it measured seven feet from the tip of the snout to the tip of the tail. One of the boat's crew skinned it, but, not having means or time to preserve it, we were finally compelled to abandon our treasure. Being extremely keen-eyed and agile in its movements, the monitor is a valuable auxiliary to the more indolent crocodile, which it wakes frequently from slumber, and by its impetuous rush at sight of the intruder saves it from becoming a prey to the hunter. In return for its services the greater monster furnishes it with many a delicious meal on its eggs. The enormous number of smaller lizards, skinks, and geckos, which these islets



UGOGO, FISH FOUND IN LAKE VICTORIA.

also sustain, prove that the monitors have abundant means of supplies.

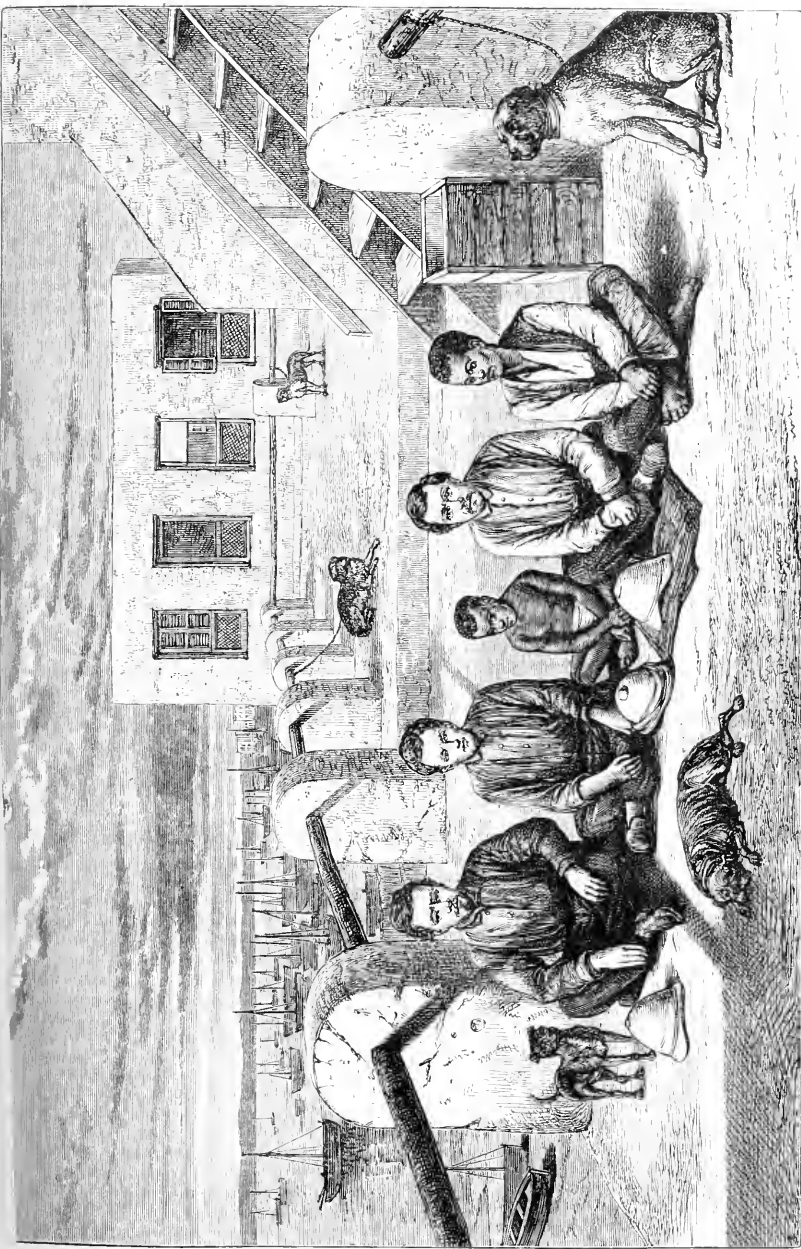
From here we sailed round the coast of Wiru, and leaving about four miles on our left the Kuneneh group, we steered N.N.W. Mag. for the Irangara Islands, at the north-western extremity of Ukerewé, the shore presenting to our view throughout only a low hill range clothed with woods. Leaving Irangara behind us, we emerged in view of the vast amplitude, as though of ocean, of the Victoria Nyanza.*

* Out of respect to the memory of Captain Speke, I leave the word Nyanza as he spelled it, adding only the explanation that none but the Arabs and Wangwana pronounce it N'yanza. All the native tribes and nations round the lake pronounce it either Nee-yanja or Nee-yanza, Nijanja or Niyanza.

After sailing past the Kamassi and Kindevi islets, we rounded the hilly point of Masonga, and beheld on our right, as far as Shizu Island, a broad bay, bounded by a crescent-shaped ridge, springing some 300 feet above the lake, and extensively wooded, while on our left lay the large and populous island of Ukara, peopled by an intensely superstitious colony, who cherish the most devout faith in charms and witchcraft.

As we rode past Shizu Island, we beheld the table-topped mountain of Majita rising, massive and grand, to the eastward. On the 16th of March we encamped on one of the bird-rocks about three miles from the base of Majita, which rises probably between 2000 and 3000 feet above the lake. From the northern angle of Majita we sailed, on a north-east course for the district of Wye, across a deep bay distinguished only for the short hill range of Usambara, between which, on either side, extends the low and almost treeless plain of Shahshi to the waters of Speke Gulf.

From Wye we coasted along populous Ururi. The country appears well cultivated, and villages are numerous. Some of the Waruri fishermen informed us we should be eight years circumnavigating the lake! Numerous rocky islands, almost all uninhabited at this period, stud the neighbourhood of the mainland, and the coast is so indented with deep bays and inlets that it requires very careful attention to survey it. Its features are similar to those of Usukuma, namely, swelling and uneven lines of hills, sometimes with slopes extending for three or four miles, more often, as in the case of nearly all the headlands, with points springing abrupt and sheer from the water's edge. Wherever the ridges rise gradually and at a distance from the lake, special advantages for cultivation appear to obtain, for I have noted that all such sites were thickly populated by the tribes of Ururi, Ukerewé, Sima, Magu, or Uchambi. A few of the Burdett-Coutts Islands exhibited traces of having been the resort of fugitives, for on several of them we discovered bananas and other garden plants, and ruined huts. We struck



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MR. STANLEY'S COMPANIONS.
(From a photograph taken at Zanzibar.)

To face p. 200.



across the bay to Ikungu, and thence across another to picturesque Dobo, nearly opposite Irieni.

Having arrived at anchorage at dusk, we were led to seek shelter under the lee of one of the outlying rocks of Dobo. We had moored both by bow and stern, to prevent being swept by the restless surf against the rocks, but about midnight a storm arose from the eastward, exposing us to all its fury. We were swept with great force against the rocks, and should inevitably have been lost, had not the oars, which we had lashed outside the boat as fenders, protected it. Through the pelting rain, and amid the thunder of the aroused waves which lashed the reef, we laboured strenuously to save ourselves, and finally succeeded in rowing to the other lee.

Externally, the aspect of these islands on the coast of Ururi is very rugged, bare, and unpromising, but within are many acres of cultivable soil covered with green grass, and the hippopotami, which abound in the neighbourhood of these deserted, grassy islands, here find luxuriant pasturage. Like the tribes on the mainland, these amphibie appear to possess also their respective boundaries and their separate haunts. The hippopotami of Lake Victoria, moreover, are an excessively belligerent species, and the unwary voyager, on approaching their haunts, exposes himself to danger. We were frequently chased by them; and as the boat was not adapted for a combat with such pachyderms, a collision would have been fatal to us. The settlements at Irieni possess large herds of cattle, but the soil does not seem to be highly cultivated. In this respect the people appear to resemble in character the Watusi in Unyamwezi, who live only on the milk of their cattle, and such grain as they are enabled to obtain by its sale.

Suspecting, after leaving Irieni, and approaching Mori Bay, that a river of considerable importance emptied into it, we paid particular attention to every indentation on its uneven coast; but on arriving at a lofty though small island at the eastern extremity, and climbing to its summit 150 feet above the lake, we saw

that the river was small, and that its course was from south of east. Observation Island was rich in plants, though only a few hundred yards in length. The wild pine-apple, mimosas, acacia, thorn, gum, vines, euphorbias, eschinomenæ, lianes, water-cane, and spear-grass flourished with a luxuriance quite astonishing. As we passed Utiri, we observed that the natives were much interested in our boat, and some fishermen whom we encountered fell into ecstasies of laughter when they saw the novel method we adopted for propelling her. They mocked us good-naturedly, and by their gestures seemed to express contempt for the method in question, as not being equal to paddling. The rudder and its uses also excited unusual astonishment, and when the sail was hoisted, they skurried away as though it were an object of terror.

After leaving the hilly coast of Utiri, the lowlands of Shirati and Mohruru rose into view, and the black mountain mass of Ugeyeya appeared to the eastward at the distance of about twenty miles. To the west of it, grim and lofty, loomed the island of Ugingo. Clusters of grey, rocky islets stud the lake along the coast of Shirati, while from the water's edge, to a distance of five or six miles, an uninteresting plain, unenlivened by forest or verdure, slopes slowly up to where the land breaks into groups and masses of irregular hills. This continues to the mouth of a river which the natives call Gori, and which terminates the country of Ururi. On the right bank of the river begins mountainous Ugeyeya, the south-western extremity of which runs out into the lake like a promontory.

Gori is an important and powerful river during the rainy season. It is said to rise in a north-easterly direction near Kavi. Far inland on the east, to a distance of twenty-five days' journey, the country is reported to be a continuous plain, dotted with low hills and containing water only in pools. About fifteen days' journey from the lake, the natives also report a region wherein are "low hills which discharge smoke

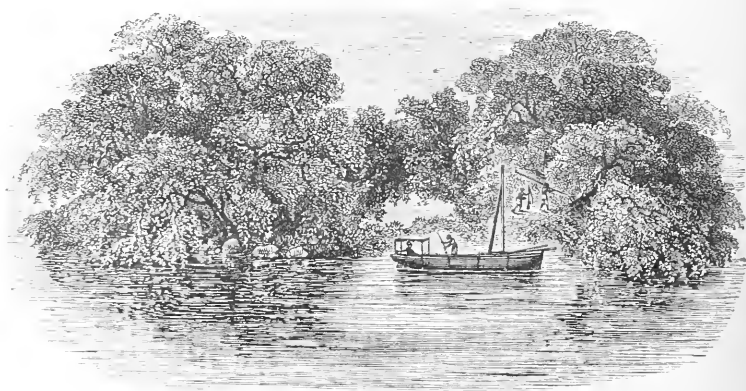
and sometimes fire from their tops." This district is called *Susa*, and is a portion of the Masai Land. All concurred in stating that no stream runs north, but that all waters for at least twenty days' journey enter the lake. Beyond that distance lies a small lake which discharges a stream eastward—supposed by me to be the Pangani.

On the 21st of March we were passing under the lee—for the wind blew then from the north-east, off the land—of the dark headlands of Goshi, which at first rise steeply from the lake 900 feet and, later, receding from the lake, attain a height of from 2000 to 3000 feet. On our left towered the tall, tree-clad island of Ugingo, extending far to the north-west. Thin blue columns of smoke rising from the depths of its woods announced the presence of man, probably fishermen or fugitives from the mainland. Judging from what I observed of the slopes of this extremity of Ugeyeya, I should say that much of this portion is uninhabited. Rounding the point that confronts the island of Ugingo, we passed between two more uninhabited islands, and then the dome-like hills of Wakuneh burst upon our view. Our impression of the land on this side was that it was a pastoral country, and more thickly populated, for smoke curled more frequently from above depressions and sheltered positions.

At evening we camped on Bridge Island, so named from a natural bridge of basaltic rock which forms an irregular arch of about twenty-four feet in length by about twelve feet in depth, and under which we were able to pass from one side of the island to the other. The island is covered with brush-wood and tall grass, and in the interstices of the rocks, where the vegetable deposit was of great depth, grew several fine mangroves. The height is about fifty feet above the lake, and from its summit we obtained a fine view of Ugingo Island, brooding in its gloomy solitude, and of the steep and high ranges of Ugeyeya, with the level plains of Wagansu and Wigassi extending eastward. To the west stretched an apparently boundless sea, its face

ruffled by a strong breeze, and farther northward still loomed upward unknown lands, their contour broken now by rounded domes and again by sharp cones.

The number of islands encountered next day proved so troublesome to us that we were compelled to creep cautiously along the shore. As we neared Nakidimo, we observed the water change from its usual clear grey colour to that of a rich brown, and, seeing a creek close by, felt fully assured that we had discovered some important river. As we entered, the creek widened and disclosed picturesque features of outlined hill and wooded slope. We pulled steadily to its farther ex-



BRIDGE ISLAND.

tremity, but the stream which entered here was small, and oozed through a reedy marsh. We endeavoured for an hour to induce a canoe with three fishermen in it to approach, but all we could make out from Saramba, who, I fear, did not understand them, was that the name of the country was Ugoweh, which sounded so like *You go 'way* that I declined accepting it, until the natives shouted out still more clearly and emphatically, "U-go-weh." It was evident, however, that these natives spoke a language that our guide from the south did not quite comprehend. We continued our keen inspection of the numerous indentations from Ugoweh (?)

to Nakidimo Creek, into which an important stream debouches. The hippopotami were numerous, and as bold as those of Speke Gulf.

Emerging once more into the lake, we anchored about a mile from the shore in six fathoms, and found that there was a current of about half a knot setting westward. At 2 P.M. we hoisted sail, and with a fair wind were able to hug the mainland and make good progress, within view of a very populous and extensively cultivated shore. This was the land of Maheta, we were told, and the same which we had sighted from the summit of Bridge Island. We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Maheta, where we saw a denser population and more clusters of large villages than we had beheld elsewhere. We thought we would make one more effort to learn of the natives the names of some of these villages, and for that purpose steered for a cove on the western shore. We anchored within fifty yards, and so paid out our cable that only a few feet of deep water separated us from the beach. Some half-dozen men, wearing small land-shells above their elbows and a circle of them round their heads, came to the brink. With these we opened a friendly conversation, during which they disclosed the name of the country as "Mahata" or "Maheta" in Ugeyeya; but more they would not communicate unless we would land. We prepared to do so, but the numbers on the shore increased so fast that we were compelled to pull off again until they should moderate their excitement and make room. They seemed to think we were about to pull off altogether, for there suddenly appeared out of the bush on each side of the spot where we had intended to land such a host of spears that we hoisted sail, and left them to try their treachery on some other boat or canoe more imprudent than ours. The discomfited people were seen to consult together on a small ridge behind the bush lining the lake, and no doubt they thought we were about to pass close to a small point at the north end of the cove, for they shouted gleefully at the prospect of a prize; but, lowering sail,

we pulled to windward, far out of the reach of bow or sling, and at dusk made for a small island to which we moored our boat, and there camped in security.

From our little island off Maheta, we sailed at the dawn of day towards the low shores, and were making good progress, when we bumped over the spine of a rising hippopotamus, who frightened by this strange and weighty object on his back, gave a furious lunge, and shook the boat until we all thought she would be shaken to pieces. The hippo, after this manifestation of disgust, rose a few feet astern, and loudly roared his

defiance; but after experiencing his great strength, we rowed away hard from his neighbourhood.

About 10 A.M. we found ourselves abreast of the cones of Manyara, and discovered the long and lofty promontory which had attracted our attention ever since leaving Maheta to be the island of Usuguru, another, though larger, copy of Ugingo. Through a



MUYAMWEZI PAGAZI.

channel two miles broad we entered the bay of Manyara, bounded on the east by the picturesque hills of that country, on the north by the plain of Ugana, and on the west by Muiwanda and the long, narrow promontory of Chaga. This bay forms the extreme north-east corner of Lake Victoria, but strangers, travelling by land, would undoubtedly mistake it for a separate lake, as Usuguru, when looked at from this bay, seems to overlap the points of Chaga and Manyara.

About six miles from the north-eastern extremity of the bay, we anchored on the afternoon of the 24th of March, about 100 yards from the village of Muiwanda. Here we found a people speaking the language of

Usoga. A good deal of diplomacy was employed between the natives and ourselves before a friendly intercourse was established, but we were finally successful in inducing the natives to exchange vegetable produce and a sheep for some of the blue glass beads called *Mutunda*. Neither men nor women wore any covering for their nakedness save a kirtle of green banana-leaves, which appeared to me to resemble in its exceeding primitiveness the fig-leaf costume of Adam and Eve. The men were distinguished, besides, by the absence of the upper and lower front teeth, and by their shaven heads, on which were left only irregular combs or crescents of hair on the top and over the forehead. While we were negotiating for food, a magnificent canoe, painted a reddish brown, came up from the western side of the village, but, despite the loud invitations tendered to them, the strangers kept on their way, and proceeded up the bay of Manyara.

On the 25th, refreshed by the meat and vegetables we had purchased, we began our voyage along the northern coast of Lake Victoria, and, two hours later, were in conversation with the natives of Chaga or Shaga, who informed us that Murambo, king of Usuguru, was also king of Chaga. I am unable to decide whether Chaga is a promontory or an island, but I believe that there is a narrow channel navigable for canoes (of the same nature as the Ruggedzi* Channel) separating Chaga from the mainland. Between its southern point and Usuguru Island, there is a strait about three-quarters of a mile wide, through which we passed to Fisherman's Island, where we rested for our noonday meal. At 2 P.M. we arrived, after an hour's rowing, near Ngevi Island, and when close to it, we were compelled to take shelter from a furious nor'-wester.

We had been at anchor scarcely ten minutes before we saw a small canoe, paddled by two men, boldly approach us from the shore of Ugamba, distant about

* Ruggedzi is the name of the narrow channel which separates Ukerewé from the mainland.

a mile and a half on our right or to the east of us. In our mildest accents we hailed them, and, after a protracted interval employed by them in curiously scanning us, they permitted us to hear the sound of their voices. But nothing would induce them to come nearer than about 100 yards. In the midst of these vain efforts to win their confidence, a canoe similar in form and colour to that which had won our admiration at Muiwanda advanced towards us. A false prow projected upward, curving in the shape of a bent elbow, from the tip of which to the top of the bow of the canoe was strung a taut line, and along this was suspended some fine grass, which waved like a man as she charged up, bold and confident, propelled by forty paddlers. Half of this number, who were seated forward, sprang up when they came within fifty yards, and, seizing long tufted lances and shields, began to sway them menacingly. As we made no demonstration of resistance, they advanced cautiously, and when within twenty yards, swerved aside, wheeling round us in a defiant style.

Finally we broke silence, and demanded who they were, and why they came up as though they would attack us. As they did not understand either Kingwana, Kisukuma, or Kinyamwezi, one of my boatmen attempted Kiganda, a little of which they appeared to understand; and by this means we opened a conversation. They edged towards us a little nearer, and ended by ranging their long canoe alongside of our boat. Our tame, mild manners were in striking contrast to their bullying, overbearing, and insolent demeanour. The paddlers, half of whom were intoxicated, laid their hands with familiar freedom upon everything. We still smiled, and were as mild and placable as though anger and resentment could never enter our hearts. We were so courteous, indeed, that we permitted them to handle our persons with a degree of freedom which to them appeared unaccountable—unless we were so timid that we feared to give offence. If we had been so many sheep, we could not have



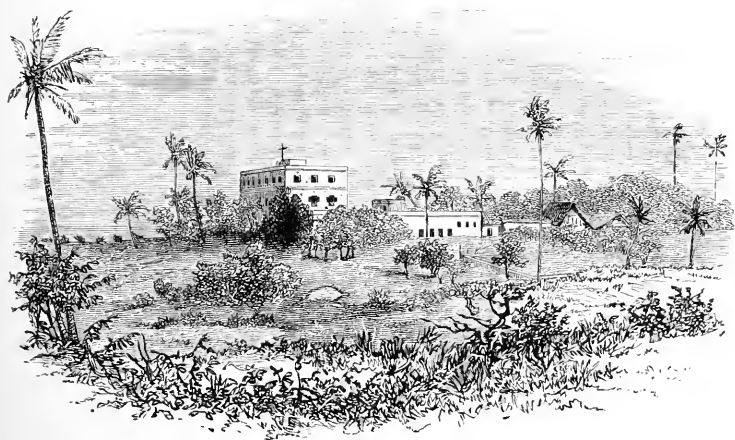
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A WALLED CITY.

To face p. 200.



borne a milder or a more innocent aspect. Our bold friends, reeling and jostling one another in their eagerness to offend, seized their spears and shields, and began to chant in bacchanalian tones a song that was tipsily discordant. Some seized their slings and flung stones to a great distance, which we applauded. Then one of them, under the influence of wine, and spirits elated by the chant, waxed bolder, and looked as though he would aim at myself, seated observant but mute in the stern of my boat. I made a motion with my hand as though deprecating such an action. The



UNIVERSITIES' MISSION AT MTWENNI.

sooty villain seemed to become at once animated by an hysteric passion, and whirled his stone over my head, a loud drunken cheer applauding his boldness.

Perceiving that they were becoming wanton through our apparently mild demeanour, I seized my revolver and fired rapidly into the water, in the direction the stone had been flung, and the effect was painfully ludicrous. The bold, insolent bacchanals at the first shot had sprung overboard, and were swimming for dear life to Ngevi, leaving their canoe in our hands. "Friends, come back, come back; why this fear?" cried out our interpreter; "we simply wished to show you

that we had weapons as well as yourselves. Come, take your canoe; see, we push it away for you to seize it." We eventually won them back with smiles. We spoke to them sweetly as before. The natives were more respectful in their demeanour. They laughed, cried out admiringly; imitated the pistol shots; "Boom, boom, boom," they shouted. They then presented me with a bunch of bananas! We became enthusiastic admirers of each other.

Meantime, two more large canoes came up, also bold and confident, for they had not yet been taught a lesson. These new-comers insisted that we should visit their king Kamoydah. We begged to be excused. They became still more urgent in their request. We said it was impossible; they were strangers, and not very well behaved; if they wished to barter with us, they could load their canoes and come to Ngevi, where we would be happy to exchange beads or cloth for their articles. Three other canoes were now seen approaching. We sat, however, extremely still, patient, and placable, and waited for them. The united voices of the 130 natives made a terrible din, but we endured it with saintly meekness and the fortitude of stoics—for a period. We bore the storm of entreaties mixed with rude menaces until instinct warned me that it was becoming dangerous. I then delivered some instructions to the boat's crew, and, nodding to the shore, affected to surrender with an indifferent grace. They became suddenly silent. We lifted the stone anchor, and took to our oars, steering to the broken water, ruffled by the nor'-wester, beyond the shelter of the island, convoyed by the six canoes. We accompanied them some hundreds of yards, and then, suddenly hoisting sail, swept by them like an arrow. We preferred the prospect of the lone watery expanse to the company of the perverse inebriates of Ugamba.

We continued sailing for half an hour, and as it was then near sunset, dropped anchor in seventy-five feet of water. The wind, which had swept in strong gusts from the north-west, suddenly fell, for in the north-east

the aspect of the sky had long been threatening. Clouds surged up in thick masses from that direction, and cast a gloom over the wood-clothed slopes and crests of Usuguru, which became almost as black as a velvet pall, while the lake grew as quiet as though vitrified into glass. Soon the piled up cloud-mass grew jagged, and a portentous zigzag line of deep sable hue ran through its centre, from which the storm seemed to issue. I requested the crew to come farther aft, and, fastening a double rope to the stone anchor, prepared every mug and baler for the rain with which we were threatened. The wind then fell, as though from above, upon our bowed heads with an overpowering force, striving against the resistance which it met, as if it would bear us down to the bottom of the lake, and then, repelled by the face of the water, it brushed it into millions of tiny ripples. The temperature fell to 62° Fahr., and with this sudden cold down dropped a severe shower of hailstones of great size, which pelted us with great force, and made our teeth chatter. After this the rain fell in sheets, while the lightning blazed, preceding the most dreadful thunder-claps I remember to have ever heard.

The rain, indeed, fell in such quantities that it required two men for each section to keep the boat sufficiently buoyant to ride the crest of the waves. The crew cried out that the boat was sinking—that, if the rain continued in such volume, nothing could save us. In reply, I only urged them to bale her out faster.

The sable mass of Usuguru—as I observed by the bars of intense light which the lightning flashed almost every second—was still in front, and I knew, therefore, that we were not being swept very fast to sea. Our energies were wholly devoted to keeping our poor pelted selves afloat, and this occupied the crew so much that they half forgot the horrors of the black and dismal night. For two hours this experience lasted, and then, unburdening our breasts with sighs of gladness not unmingled with gratitude, we took our anchor on board, and stole through the darkness to the western side of

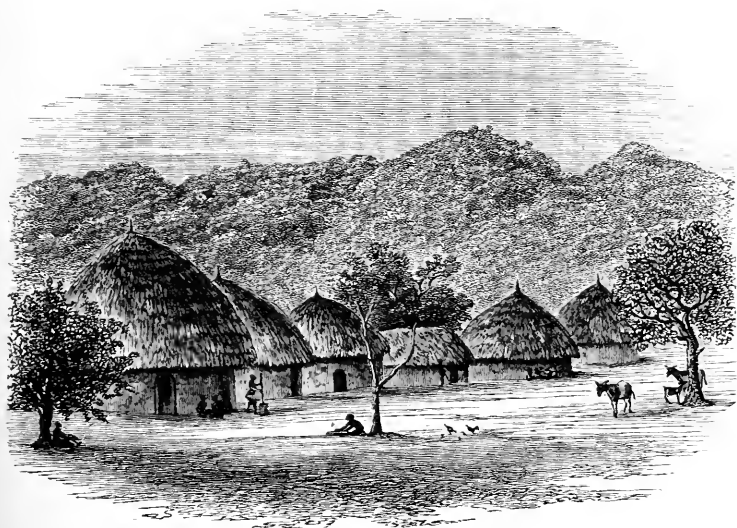
Ngevi Island, where, after kindling a fire, we dried our clothes and our wetted bodies, and, over a hot potful of Liebig, affected to laugh at our late critical position.

In the morning the world appeared re-born, for the sky was a bluish crystal, the shores looked as if fresh painted in green, the lake shone like burnished steel, the atmosphere seemed created for health. Glowing with new life, we emerged out of our wild arbour of cane and mangrove to enjoy the glories of a gracious Heaven, and the men relieved their grateful breasts by chanting loudly and melodiously one of their most animating boat-songs.

As we rowed in this bright mood across the bay of Ugamba, we noticed a lofty mount which I should judge to be fully 3000 feet above the lake, towards the north-east. From the natives of Usamu Island, we obtained the name of Marsawa for this the most conspicuous feature of the neighbourhood. After obtaining a clear meridian altitude, on a small island between Usamu and Namungi, we steered for the latter. The art of pleasing was never attempted with such effect as at Namungi. Though we had great difficulty in even obtaining a hearing, we persisted in the practice of the art with all its amusing variations, until our perseverance was finally rewarded. A young fisherman was despatched to listen from the shore, but the young wretch merely stared at us. We tossed into his canoe a bunch of beads, and he understood their signification. He shouted out to his fellows on the shore, who were burning with curiosity to see closer the strange boat and strange crew, amongst whom they saw a man who was like unto no man they had ever seen or heard, or dreamed of.

A score of canoes loaded with peaceful, harmless souls came towards us, all of whom begged for beads. When we saw that they could be inspired to talk, we suggested to them that, in return for food, abundance of beads might be obtained. They instantly raced for the banana and plantain groves in great excitement. We were so close that we could hear the heavy clusters falling under

the native machetes, and within a short time so many bunches were held out to us that we might have sunk under the waves had we purchased all. After storing a sufficient quantity to provision us for three days, of bananas, fowls and eggs, and sweet maramba or banana wine, and eliciting the names of the various islands, capes, and most prominent hills, we attempted to resume our journey. But the people, upon whom our liberality had produced too strong an effect, would not permit us to do so until we had further celebrated our acquaint-



VIEW OF ULAMBOYA.

ance with copious draughts of their delicious wine. The Wangwana would have been delighted to have exhausted many days in such a fascinating life, but the coast of the Victoria was lengthy, the winds not always favourable, and we had a large number of friends in Usukuma who might become restless, were we too long absent. We therefore set sail, convoyed a long distance by about thirty canoes, manned by light-hearted guileless creatures in an extreme state of enjoyment and redundant hilarity.

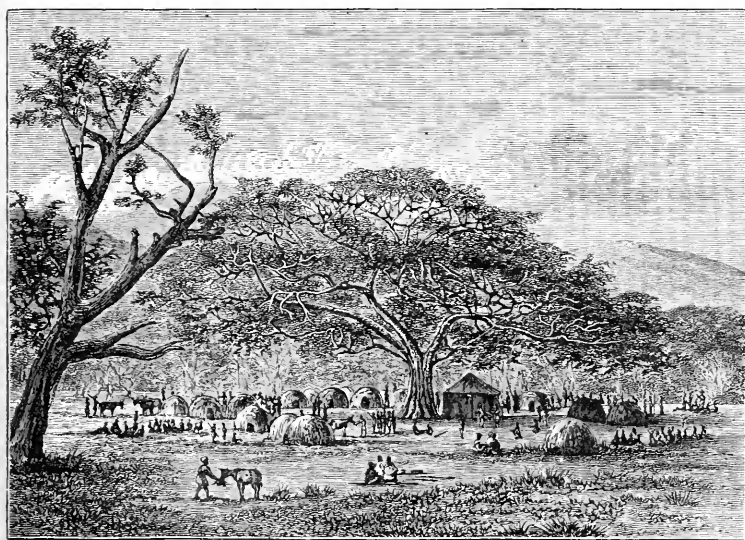
This was altogether a remarkable scene ; our exploring boat, with its lug-sail set, dragging about thirty canoes, whose crews were all intoxicated, and whose good-nature was so excessive as to cause them to supply our boat's crew with copious quantities of their wine, until all were in an uncommonly joyous mood. It would be well worth describing in detail, but I am compelled to be brief. After sailing in company a few miles, we finally freed ourselves from our hospitable entertainers, and steering across the channel to the island opposite Neygano, coasted along its well-wooded shores. Perceiving a deep bay farther west, we entered it, and near the extreme eastern end of Uvuma anchored about 150 yards off the village of Mombiti.

Had we been better acquainted with the character of the Wavuma, we probably should have been less inclined to visit their shores ; but, ignorant of their ferocity, and zealous to perform our duties, we persevered in attempting to open intercourse with this tribe. We were, however, prudent enough not to rush into danger by taking it for granted that most savages were a guileless, amiable set, who would never dream of injuring or molesting strangers—and this circumspection most likely saved our lives.

After a few minutes' distant conversation, the Wavuma approached us, and we were enabled to purchase fuel for cooking, making a liberal payment. We hoped they would be induced to sell us food also, not that we were really in need of it, but because it furnished us with another motive for continuing our intercourse, and enlarged our opportunities for studying their nature and habits, and obtaining names for the localities around. We had numerous visitors, who appeared to be fine, manly, well-made fellows, but nothing would induce them to bring the smallest quantity of food for sale. We therefore resignedly forbore from troubling them, but inspected them with as much interest as they inspected us. They were evidently people with abundant self-confidence, from the cool complacency with which they regarded us. Their canoes were beautiful specimens,

and descriptions and pictures of them will be given hereafter. The shores were bold, irregular in outline, and clothed with a luxuriance of vegetation and many tall trees, between which were seen the banana groves, their pale green colour strongly contrasting with the darker tints of the forest foliage.

The night that followed was wild. At sunset the temperature fell to 70° Fahr., and the wind was charged with a cold drizzle. Being in rather an exposed position, we moved our anchorage near the mouth of the



CAMP AT ULPWAIWA.

Munulu river, and not a minute too soon, for the wind increased to a gale; and the gale, heralded by a short-lived squall, brought hailstones with it. Preparing to pass the night here, we covered the boat with a sail, under which the sailors slept, though the watch, frequently relieved, was obliged to maintain a strict look-out. Throughout the long hours of darkness, the gale maintained its force; the boat pitched and groaned, and the rain fell in torrents; the seas frequently tossed capfuls of water into us, so that, under such circumstances, we enjoyed no rest.

By morning the gale had subsided, and the heavy, sluggish waves were slumbering. After waiting to cook our morning meal, and assisting the restoration of animal heat with draughts of Liebig's extract liquefied, we resumed our journey along the southern coast of Uvuma about 8 A.M.

Upon leaving the bay of Mombiti, we were compelled to pass by a point of land closely covered with tall grass, whither we saw a large force of natives rush to take up advantageous positions. As we slowly neared the point, a few of them advanced to the rocks, and beckoned us to approach nearer. We acceded so far as to approach within a few feet, when the natives called out something and immediately attacked us with large rocks. We sheered off immediately, when a crowd emerged from their hiding-place with slings, with which they flung stones at us, striking the boat and wounding the steersman, who was seated next to me. To prevent further harm, I discharged my revolver rapidly at them, and one of the natives fell; whereupon the others desisted from their attack, and retreated into the grass, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested.

Again edging close to the shore, we continued our investigations of the numerous indentations. The island rose with steep, grassy, treeless slopes to a height of about 300 feet above the lake. Herds of cattle were abundant, and flocks of goats grazed on the hillsides. The villages were many, but unenclosed, and consisted of a few dome-like huts, from which we inferred that the Wavuma were a people who could well defend themselves. At this time the lake was as still as a pond; no clouds hung over any part of the horizon: the sky was of a steel blue colour, out of which the sun shone with true tropical fervour. But the atmosphere was not clear; a light vapour rose out of the lake, trembling in the heat, rendering islands but five miles distant dim and indistinct.

Arrived in the channel between the tawny, grass-clad island of Bugeyeya and that of Uvuma, we steered mid-way, that we might take compass bearings. From a



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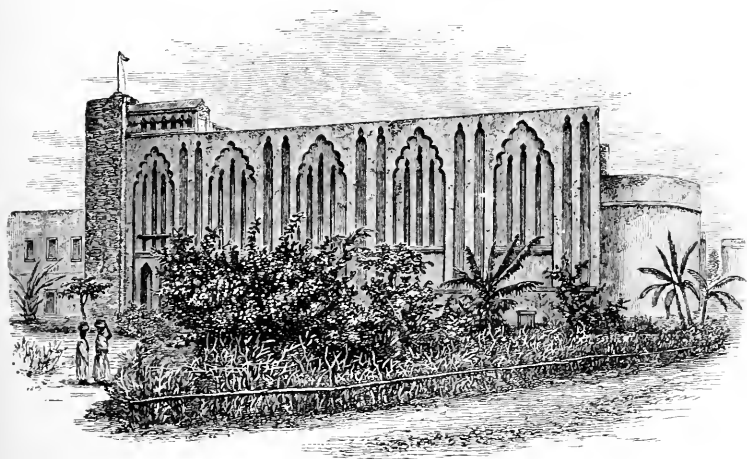
VIEW OF UGOMBO LAKE.

To face p. 208.



small cove in the Uvuma shores, abreast of us, emerged quite a fleet of canoes, thirteen in number. The more advanced held up a handful of sweet-potatoes to our view, and we ceased rowing, but left the sail hoisted, which, with the very slight breeze then blowing, drifted us westward about half a knot an hour.

The Wavuma were permitted to range alongside, and we saw that they were fully armed with spear and shield. We offered several kinds of beads for the potatoes they had offered to sell, but with a gesture of contempt they refused everything, and from their



NEW CHURCH ON SITE OF OLD SLAVE-MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

actions and manner we became soon convinced that they had manned their canoes for other purposes than barter; besides, they possessed only about twenty potatoes, which, singularly enough, were all in the first canoe. Strange to say, also, the men of the first canoe were, though disinclined to sell, moderate in their behaviour; but their temper changed as soon as their comrades had arrived, and had taken up their positions in front of our boat, blocking her progress through the water. The Wavuma, now emboldened by their numbers, waxed noisy, then insolent, and finally aggressive. They seized one thing after another with a cunning dexterity.

which required all our attention to divine their purpose ; and while we were occupied with the truculent rabble in our front, a movement of which we were unaware was being made successfully at the stern ; but the guide, Saramba, catching sight of a thief, warned me to cast my eyes behind, and I detected him in the act of robbery. Becoming assured by this time that the Wavuma had arrived in such numbers for the sole purpose of capturing what appeared to them an apparently easy prey, and their manœuvres were evidently intended to embarrass us and distract our attention, I motioned them to depart with my hand, giving orders at the same time to the boat's crew to make ready their oars. This movement, of necessity, caused them to declare their purposes, and they manifested them by audaciously laying their hands on the oars, and arresting the attempts of the boat's crew to row. Either we were free or we were not. If yet free men, with the power to defend our freedom, we must be permitted to continue our voyage on the sea without let or hindrance. If not freemen, we had first to be disarmed. I seized my gun, and motioned them again to depart. With a loud, scornful cry they caught up their spears and shields, and prepared to launch their weapons. To be saved, we must act quickly, and I fired over their heads ; and as they fell back from the boat, I bade my men pull away. Forming a line on each side of us, about thirty yards off, they flung their spears, which the boat's crew avoided by dropping into the bottom of the boat. The canoes astern clapped their hands gleefully, showing me a large bunch of *Mutunda* beads which had been surreptitiously abstracted from the stern of the boat. I seized my repeating rifle and fired in earnest, to right and left. The fellow with the beads was doubled up, and the boldest of those nearest to us was disabled. The big rifle aimed at the waterline of two or three of the canoes, perforated them through and through, which compelled the crews to pay attention to their sinking crafts, and permitted us to continue our voyage into Napoleon Channel and to examine the

Ripon Falls. On an uninhabited point of Usoga, near the falls, we encamped; and on the 29th of March crossed the channel, and coasted along Uganda between numerous islands, the largest of which are densely inhabited.

At Kiwa Island we rested for the day, and were received with the greatest cordiality by the chief, who sent messengers to the island of Keréngé, a distance of three miles, to purchase bananas and jars of maramba wine, for the guest, as he said, of the *Kabaka* Mtesa. As it was the first time for twenty-two days that we had lived with natives since leaving Kagehiyi we celebrated, as we were in duty bound, our arrival among friends.

The next day, guided and escorted by the chief, we entered Ukafu, where we found a tall handsome young Mtongoleh in command of the district, before whom the chief of Kiwa Island made obeisance as before a great lord. The young Mtongoleh, though professing an ardent interest in us, and voluble of promises, treated us only to barmecide fare after waiting twenty-four hours. Perceiving that his courtesies, though suavely proffered, failed to satisfy the cravings of our jaded stomachs, we left him still protesting enormous admiration for us, and still volubly assuring us that he was preparing grand hospitalities in our honour.

I was staggered when I understood in its full extent the perfect art with which we had been duped. "Could this be Central Africa," I asked myself, "wherein we find such perfect adepts in the art of deception? But two days ago the savagery of the land was intense and real, for every man's hand was raised in ferocity against the stranger. In the land next adjoining we find a people polite, agreeable, and professing the warmest admiration for the stranger, but as inhospitable as any hotel-keeper in London or New York to a penniless guest!"

At a little village in the bay of Buka we discovered we were premature in our judgment. The Mtongoleh at this place invited us to his village, spread out before

us a feast of new as well as clotted milk, mellow and ripe bananas, a kid, sweet-potatoes, and eggs, and despatched a messenger instantly to the *Kabaka* Mtesa to announce the coming of a stranger in the land, declaring at the same time, his intention not to abandon us until he had brought us face to face with the great monarch of Equatorial Africa, in whom, he smilingly assured us, we should meet a friend, and under whose protection we might sleep secure.

We halted one more day to enjoy the bounteous fare of the chief of Buka. My admiration for the land and the people steadily increased, for I experienced with each hour some pleasing civility. The land was in fit accord with the people, and few more interesting prospects could Africa furnish than that which lovingly embraces the bay of Buka. From the margin of the lake, lined by waving water-cane, up to the highest hill-top, all was verdure—of varying shades. The light green of the elegant matete contrasted with the deeper tints of the various species of fig; the satin-sheeny fronds of the graceful plantains were overlapped by clouds of the pale foliage of the tamarind; while between and around all, the young grass of the pastured hill-sides spreads its emerald carpet. In free, bold, and yet graceful outline, the hills shut in the scene, swelling upwards in full dome-like contour, here sweeping round to enclose within its hollow a gorgeous plantain-grove, there projecting boldly into abrupt, steep headlands, and again receding in a succession of noble terraces into regions as yet unexplored by the white man. One village had a low pebbly beach, that ran in a sinuous light-grey line between the darker grey face of the lake and the living perennial green of a banana plantation. I imagined myself fallen into an estate which I had inherited by right divine and human, or at least I felt something akin to that large feeling which heirs of unencumbered broad lands may be supposed to feel, and attributed such an usual feeling to an attack of perfect digestion, and a free, unclogged, and undisturbed liver.

On the 2nd of April we proceeded, in an amiable, light-hearted mood, the favourites both of men and nature, along the beautiful shore separating Buka Bay from Kadzi Bay, and halted about noon at the village of Kirudo, where we experienced hospitalities similar to those of the day previous. We purposely made our voyages short, in order that the *Kabaka* might be informed in time of our coming.

Just as we were about to depart next morning, we saw six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, coming round a point, and for a very short period were under the impression that they composed another piratical fleet on its way to intercept us, but on surveying them with my glass I saw that several who were seated amidships were dressed in white, like the Wangwana, and our Waganda guides, among whom was our hospitable entertainer of Buka, informed us that they were the *Kabaka's* people. As they approached us, the commander was seen arraying himself for the occasion. He donned a bead-worked head-dress, above which long white cock's feathers waved, and a snowy white and long-haired goat-skin, while a crimson robe, depending from his shoulders, completed the full dress.

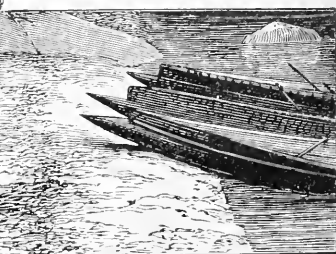
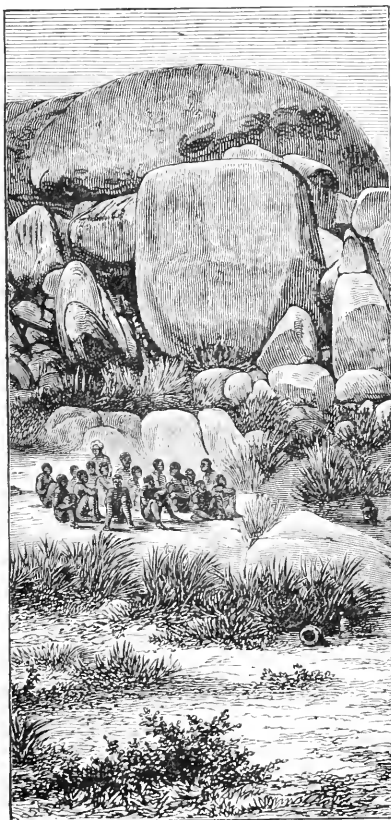
In the middle of the bay of Kadzi we encountered, and a most ceremonious greeting took place. The commander was a fine lusty young man of twenty or thereabouts, and after springing into our boat he knelt down before me, and declared his errand to the following effect:—

“The *Kabaka* sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him, and has encamped at Usavara, that he may be near the lake when you come. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the *Kabaka*. His mother dreamed a dream a few nights ago, and in her dream she saw a white man on this lake in a boat coming this way, and the next morning she told the *Kabaka*, and, lo! you have come. Give me

your answer, that I may send the messenger. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi!" (Thanks, thanks, thanks.)

Whereupon, as the young commander, whose name was Magassa, understood Kiswahili, I delivered the news to him and to his people freely and frankly; and after

I had ended, Magassa translated what the information was into Kiganda, and immediately the messenger departed. Meanwhile Magassa implored me to rest for this one day, that he might show me the hospitality of his country, and that I might enter the *Kabaka's* presence in good humour with him. Persuaded also by my boat's crew to consent, we rowed to the village of Kadzi. Magassa was in his glory



STRANGE GRANITE ROCK.

now. His voice became imperious to his escort of 182 men; even the feathers of his curious head-dress waved prouder, and his robe had a sweeping dignity worthy of a Roman emperor's. Upon landing, Magassa's stick was employed frequently. The sub-chief of Kadzi was compelled to yield implicit obedience to his vice-regal behests.

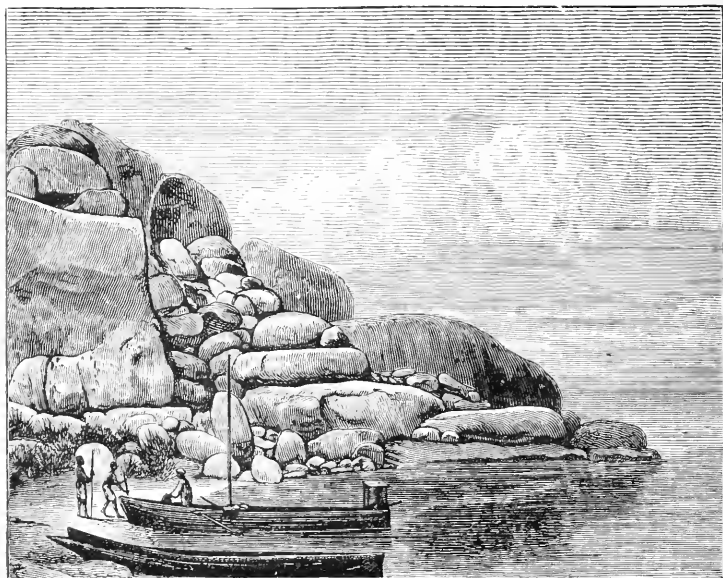
“Bring out bullocks, sheep, and goats’ milk, and the mellowest of your choicest bananas, and great jars of maramba, and let the white man and his boatmen eat, and taste of the hospitalities of Uganda. Shall a white man enter the *Kabaka’s* presence with an empty belly? See how ~~now~~ sallow and pinched his cheeks are. We want to see whether we cannot show him kindness superior to what the pagans have shown him.”

Two bullocks and four goats, a basketful of fat mellow bananas, and four two-gallon jars of maramba, were then brought before us, to which extraordinary bounty the boat’s crew did ample justice. Nor were the escort of Magassa without supplies. The country was at their mercy. They killed three bullocks for themselves, cut down as many bananas as they wished, and made a raid on the chickens, in accordance with Magassa’s serene gracious permission to help themselves.

“A wonderful land!” I thought, “where an entire country can be subjected to such an inordinate bully and vain youth as this Magassa, at the mere mention of the *Kabaka’s* name, and very evidently with the *Kabaka’s* sanction!” Uganda was new to us then. We were not aware how supreme the *Kabaka’s* authority was; but, having a painful suspicion that the vast country which recognised his power was greatly abused, and grieving that the poor people had to endure such rough treatment for my sake, I did my best to prevent Magassa from extorting to excess.

The next day we sallied forth from Kadki Bay, with Magassa’s escort leading the way. We crossed Bazzi Bay, from the middle of which we gained a view of old Sabaganzi’s Hill, a square tabular mount, from the summit of which Magassa said we should see the whole of Murchison Bay and Rubaga, one of the *Kabaka’s* capitals. About 10 A.M. we rounded Muvwo Point, and entered Murchison Bay. The entrance is about four miles wide, and naturally guarded by Linant Island, a lofty, dome-shaped island, situated between the opposing points of Muvwo and Umbiru. Upon leaving Muvwo south of us we have a full view of this fine body of

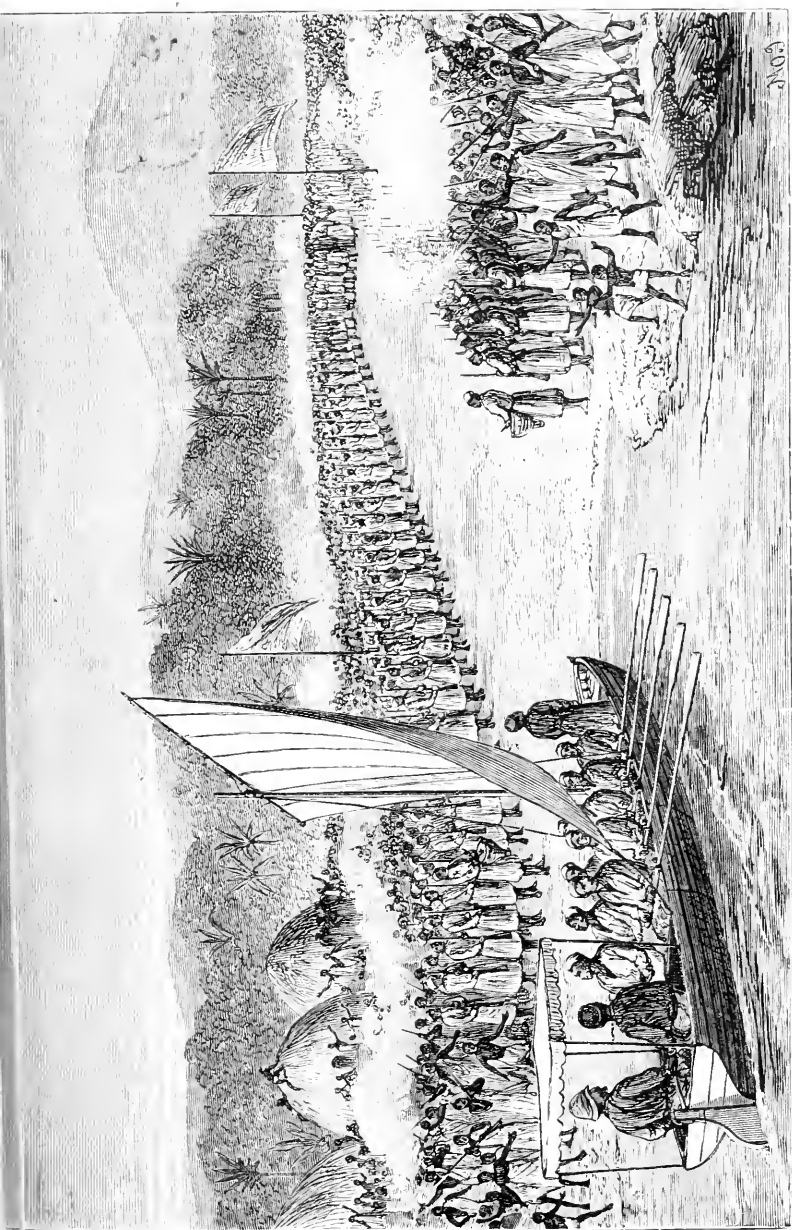
water, which reaches its extreme width between Soweh Island and Ukumba. This, the farthest reach of its waters west, is about ten miles across, while its extreme length, from Linant Island to the arm of Monyono Bay,



OUR LANDING PLACE.

where Mtesa keeps his favourite canoes, cannot be less than fourteen miles.

We encamped, according to Magassa's wish, behind Soweh Island, on the east side of Murchison Bay, whence, the next day, we were to start for Usavara, the *Kabaka's* hunting village.





CHAPTER X.

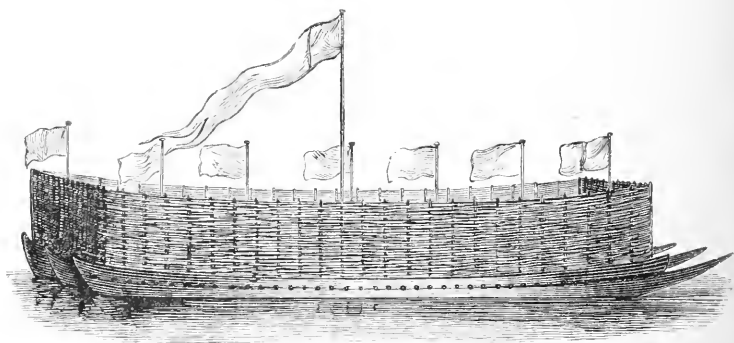
IN UGANDA AND DOWN THE WEST SIDE OF VICTORIA
NYANZA.

THE little insight we obtained into the manners of Uganda between Soweh Island, Murchison Bay, and Kiwa Island, near Ukafu Bay, impressed us with the consciousness that we were about to become acquainted with an extraordinary monarch and an extraordinary people, as different from the barbarous pirates of Uvuma, and the wild, mop-headed men of Eastern Usukuma, as the British in India are from their Afridi fellow-subjects, or the white Americans of Arkansas from the semi-civilized Choctaws. If politeness could so govern the actions of the men of Kiwa Island, far removed as they were from contact with the Uganda court, and suave duplicity could so well be practised by the Mtongoleh of Ukafu, and such ready, ungrudging hospitality be shown by the chief of Buka, and the *Kabaka's* orders be so promptly executed by Magassa, the messenger, and the chief of Kadzi, what might we not expect at the court, and what manner of man might not this "*Kabaka*" be!

Such were our reflections as Magassa, in his superb canoe, led the way from behind Soweh Island, and his little slave drummed an accompaniment to the droning chant of his canoe-men.

Compared with our lonely voyage from our camp at Usukumu round all the bays and inlets of the much-indented coasts of the Great Lake, these five superb canoes forming line in front of our boat, escorting us to the presence of the great potentate of Equatorial Africa, formed a scene which promised at least novelty, and a view of some extraordinary pomp and ceremony.

When about two miles from Usavara, we saw what we estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore, Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with fire-arms, and was at once obeyed by his dozen musketeers. Half a mile off I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the ends of which stood several finely-dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach, volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while 200 or 300 heavily loaded guns announced to all around that the white



A FLOATING FORTLET.

man—whom Mtesa's mother had dreamed about—had landed. Numerous kettle and bass drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode up towards the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to me begged me to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro*. Not knowing very well who the "Katekiro" was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow

was far more profound and stately than mine. I was perplexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray my embarrassment.

A dozen well-dressed people now came forward, and grasping my hand declared in the Swahili language that I was welcome to Uganda. The *Katekero* motioned with his head, and amid a perfect concourse of beaten drums, which drowned all conversation, we walked side by side, and followed by curious thousands, to a courtyard, and a circle of grass-thatched huts surrounding a larger house, which I was told were my quarters.

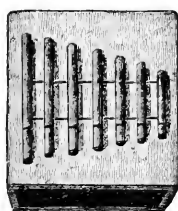
The *Katekero* and several of the chiefs accompanied me to my new hut, and a very sociable conversation took place. There was present a native of Zanzibar, named Tori, whom I shortly discovered to be chief drummer, engineer, and general jack-of-all-trades for the *Kabaka*. From this clever, ingenious man I obtained the information that the *Katekero* was the prime minister, or the *Kabaka's* deputy, and that the titles of the other chiefs were Chambarango, Kangau, Mkwenda, Sekebobo, Kitunzi, Sabaganzi, Kauta, Saruti. There were several more present, but I must defer mention of them to other chapters.

Waganda, as I found subsequently, are not in the habit of remaining incurious before a stranger. Hosts of questions were fired off at me about my health, my journey, and its aim, Zanzibar, Europe and its people, the seas and the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, angels and devils, doctors, priests, and craftsmen in general; in fact, as the representative of nations who "know everything," I was subjected to a most searching examination, and in one hour and ten minutes it was declared unanimously that I had "passed." Forthwith after the acclamation, the stately bearing became merged into a more friendly one, and long, thin, nervous black hands were pushed into mine enthusiastically, from which I gathered that they applauded me as though I had won the honours of a senior wrangler. Some proceeded direct to the *Kabaka* and informed him that the white

man was a genius, knew everything, and was remarkably polite and sociable, and the *Kabaka* was said to have "rubbed his hands as though he had just come into the possession of a treasure."

The fruits of the favourable verdict passed upon myself and merits were seen presently in fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before me and said:—

"The *Kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend who has travelled so far to see him. The *Kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied. The *Kabaka* has sent his slave with these few things to his friend that he may eat, and at the ninth hour, after his friend has rested, the *Kabaka* will send and call for him to appear at the burzah. I have spoken. Twi-yanzi-yanzi-yanzi!"



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
THE KINANDA AND WHISTLE.



I replied suitably, though my politeness was not so excessive as to induce me to kneel before the courtly butler and thank him for permission to say I thanked him.

My boat's crew were amazed at this imperial bounty, which provided more than a bullock apiece for each member of my following. Saramba, the mop-headed guide from Usukuma, was requested to say what he thought of the *Kabaka*, who gave bullocks and goats in proportion as the Usukuma chief gave potatoes to his guests. Saramba's wits were all this time under a cloud. He was still dressed in the primitive goatskin of his country, as greasy and dingy as a whaling cook's pan-cloth—the greasiest thing I ever saw. He was stared at, jeered, and flouted by the courtly, cleanly

pages of the court, who by this time had taken such keen and complete mental inventories of my features, traits, and points of character as would have put to shame even a Parisian newsmonger.

"What land is this undressed pagan from?" asked the pagès, loud enough for poor Saramba to hear.

"Regard the pagan's hair," said another.

"He had better not let the *Kabaka* see him," said a third.

"He is surely a pagan slave—worth about a goat," remarked a fourth.

"Not he. I would not buy him for a ripe banana," ventured a fifth.

I looked up at Saramba, and half fancied that he paled.

Poor Saramba! "As soon as they are gone, off goes that mop, and we will dress you in white cloth," said Safeni, the coxswain, compassionately.

But Baraka, one of the boatmen, an incorrigible scoffer, said "What is the use? If we give him cloth, will he wear it? No; he will roll it up and tie it with a piece of string, and save it for his mammy, or sell it in Usukuma for a goat."

To my surprise the boatmen endeavoured to impress the fact on Saramba's mind that the *Kabaka* was a special personal friend of theirs; that all these cattle, goats, and fowls were the *Kabaka's* usual gifts to Wangwana, and they endeavoured, with a reckless disregard for accuracy, to enumerate fabulous instances of his generosity to a number of other Safenis, Sarbokos, Barakas, and Zaidis, all natives, like themselves, or Zanzibar. Let Englishmen never henceforth indulge in the illusion, or lay the flattering unction to their self-love, that they are the only people who have studied the art of "chaff." The Zanzibaris are perfect in the art, as the sordid barbarian Saramba discovered to his cost.



HORN AND FLUTE.

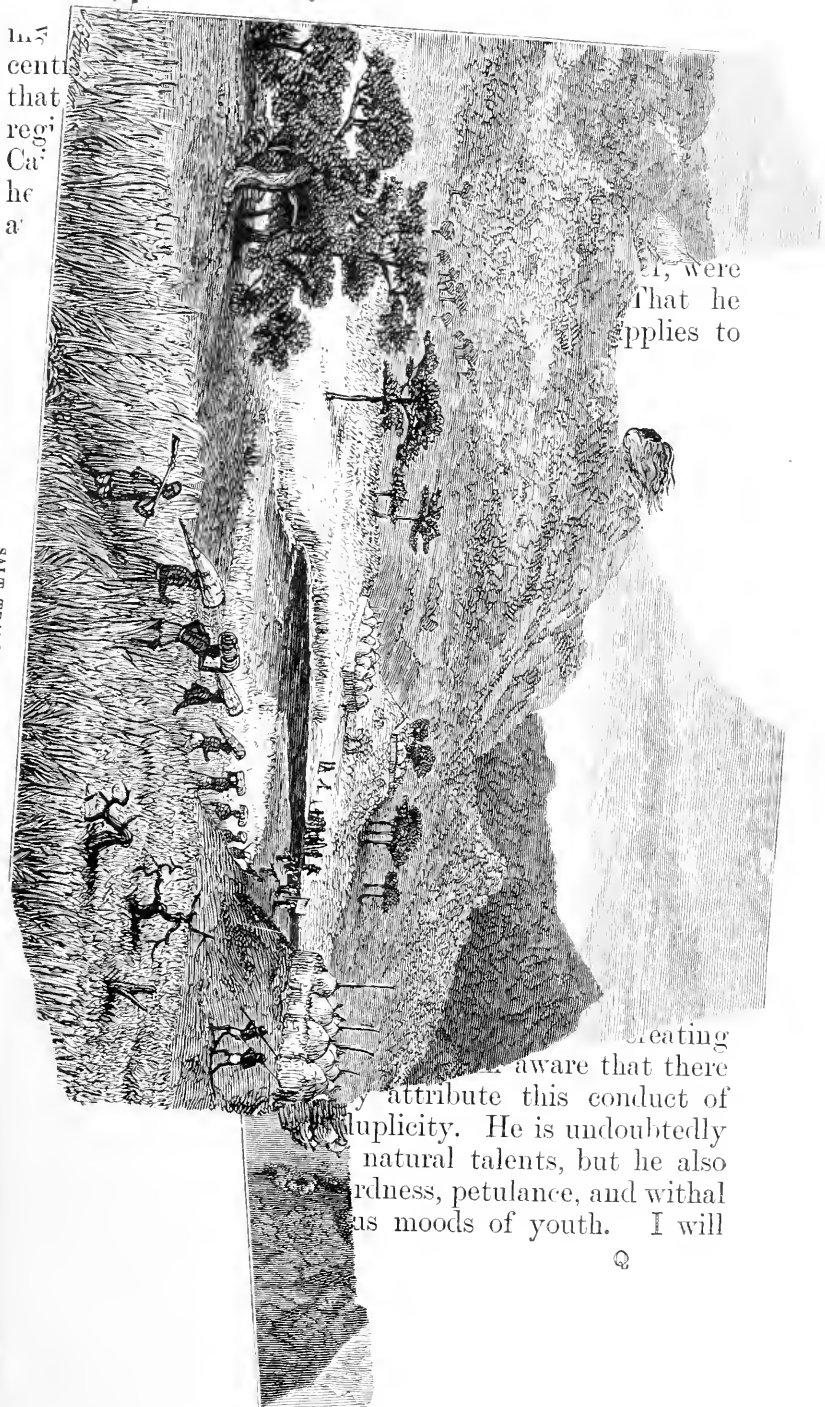
The ninth hour of the day approached. We had bathed, brushed, cleaned ourselves, and were prepared externally and mentally for the memorable hour when we should meet the Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa. Two of the *Kabaka's* pages, clad in a costume semi-Kingwana and semi-Kiganda, came to summon us—the Kingwana part being the long white shirt of Zanzibar, folded with a belt or band about the loins, the Kiganda part being the Sohari doti cloth depending from the right shoulder to the feet. “The *Kabaka* invites you to the burzah,” said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard, five of the boat’s crew on each side of me armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the *Kabaka* is seated with a multitude of chiefs, Wakungu * and Watongoleh, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, &c. &c. As we approached the nearest group, it opened, and the drummers beat mighty sounds, Tori’s drumming being conspicuous from its sharper beat. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and advances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chief, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners, &c. &c.

The *Kabaka*, a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands warmly and impressively, and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to show the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.

He first took a deliberate survey of me, which I returned with interest, for he was as interesting to me as I was to him. His impression of me was that I was younger than Speke, not so tall, but better dressed. This I gathered from his criticisms as confided to his chiefs and favourites.

My impression of him was that he and I would become

* Wakungu is the plural of *mkungu*, a rank equivalent to “general.” Watongoleh is the plural of *mtongoleh*, or “colonel.”



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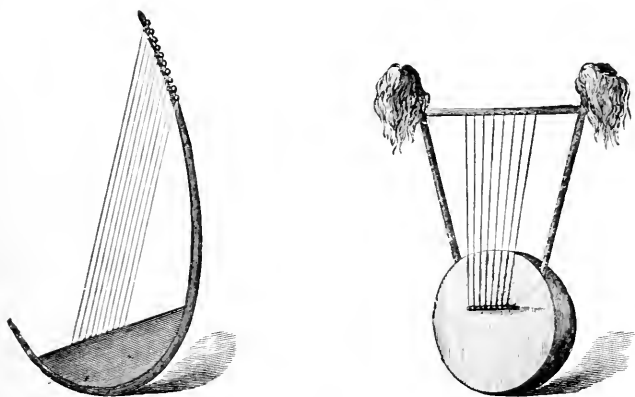
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sedate and composed in manner, intelligent in his questions and remarks beyond anything I expected to meet in Africa. That I should see him so well dressed, the centre of a court equally well dressed and intelligent, that he should have obtained supremacy over a great region into which moneyed strangers and soldiers from Cairo and Zanzibar flocked for the sake of its supreme head, that his subjects should speak of him with respect, and his guests, so far as I could gather, honour him, were minor causes, which, I venture to consider, were sufficient to win my favourable judgment. That he should have been so royally liberal in his supplies to



GUITARS.

me, have proffered other courtesies in a tone of sincerity, and have appeared to me a kindly, friendly soul, who affected all the dignity of one who entertains a vast respect for himself and his position without affronting or giving wanton offence to those around him who also have wants, hopes, and self-respect, may also be offered as reasons which contributed not a little towards creating a favourable impression on me. I am aware that there are negrophobists who may attribute this conduct of Mtesa to a natural gift for duplicity. He is undoubtedly a man who possesses great natural talents, but he also shows sometimes the waywardness, petulance, and withal the frank, exuberant, joyous moods of youth. I will

also admit that Mtesa can be *politic*, as, indeed, future pages will show, but he has also a child's unstudied ease of manner. I soon saw that he was highly clever, and possessed of the abilities to govern, but his cleverness and ability lacked the mannerisms of a European.

Whether or no I became Mtesa's dupe will be seen in the chapters on Uganda. Meanwhile, he appeared to me to be a generous prince and a frank and intelligent man, and one whose character was well worth studying for its novel intensity and extreme originality, and also as one whom I judged could be made to subserve higher ends than he suspected he was fashioned for. I met his friendly advances with the utmost cordiality, and the burzah concluded at sunset, with the same ceremony that had inaugurated it, leaving Mtesa and myself mutually pleased and gratified with our acquaintance.

A description of Mtesa's person was written in my diary on the third evening of my visit to him, from which I quote :—

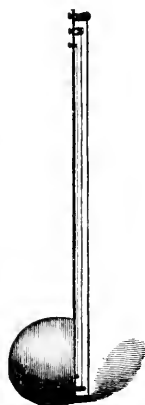
"*April 7.*—In person Mtesa is tall, probably six feet one inch, and slender. He has very intelligent and agreeable features, reminding me of some of the faces of the great stone images at Thebes, and of the statues in the museum at Cairo. He has the same fulness of lips, but their grossness is relieved by the general expression of amiability blended with dignity that pervades his face, and the large, lustrous, lambent eyes that lend it a strange beauty, and are typical of the race from which I believe him to have sprung. His colour is of a dark red brown, of a wonderfully smooth surface. When not engaged in council, he throws off unreservedly the bearing that characterizes him when on the throne, and gives rein to his humour, indulging in hearty peals of laughter. He seems to be interested in the discussion of the manners and customs of European courts, and to be enamoured of hearing of the wonders of civilization. He is ambitious to imitate as much as lies in his power the ways of the white man. When any piece of information is given him, he takes upon himself the task of

translating it to his wives and chiefs, though many of the latter understand the Swahili language as well as he does himself."

On this day I recorded an interesting event which occurred in the morning. Mtesa, about 7 A.M., sallied out of his quarters, accompanied by a host of guards, pages, standard-bearers, fifiers, drummers, chiefs, native guests, claimants, &c., and about two hundred women of his household, and as he passed by my courtyard, he sent one of his pages to request my presence. While he passed on, I paid some attention to my toilet, and made as presentable an appearance as my clothes-bag enabled me, and then, accompanied by two of my boat's crew as gun-bearers, followed the court to the lake. Mtesa was seated on an iron stool, the centre of a large group of admiring women, who, as soon as I appeared, focussed about two hundred pairs of lustrous, humid eyes on my person, at which he laughed.

"You see, 'Stamlee,'" said he, "how my women look at you; they expected to see you accompanied by a woman of your own colour. I am not jealous though. Come and sit down."

Presently Mtesa whispered an order to a page, who sprang to obey, and responding to his summons, there darted into view from the bend in Murchison Bay west of Usavara forty magnificent canoes, all painted an ochreous brown, which I perceived to be the universally favourite colour. *En passant*, I have wondered whether they admire this colour from an idea that it resembles the dark bronze of their own bodies. For pure Waganda are not black by any means. The women and chiefs of Mtesa, who may furnish the best specimens of Waganda, are nearly all of a bronze or a dark reddish brown, with peculiar smooth, soft skins, rendered still more tender and velvety to the touch by their habit of shampooing with butter. Some of the women, I observed, were of



ONE-STRINGED
BANJO.

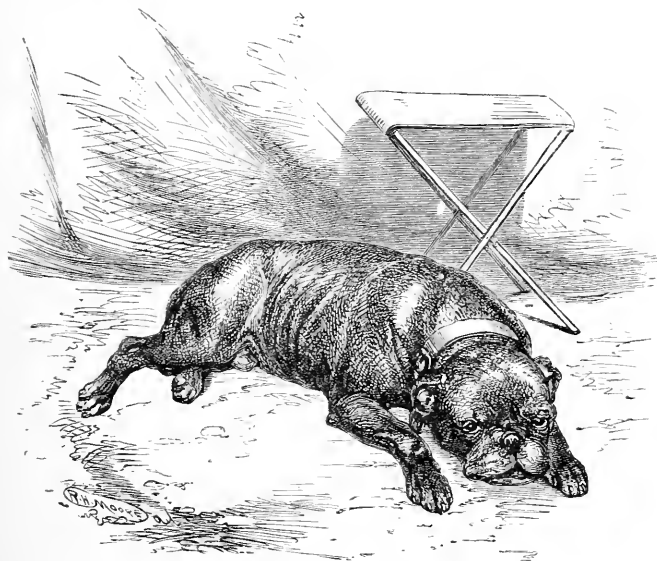
a very light red-gold colour, while one or two verged on white. The native cloths—the national dress—which depended from the right shoulders of the large number of those not immediately connected with the court were of a light brown also. It struck me, when I saw the brown skins, brown robes, and brown canoes, that brown must be the national colour.

These forty canoes, which now rode on the calm grey-green waters of Murchison Bay, contained in the aggregate about 1200 men. The captain of each canoe was dressed in a white cotton shirt and a cloth head-cover, neatly folded turban-fashion, while the admiral wore over his shirt a crimson jacket, profusely decorated with gold braid, and on his head the red fez of Zanzibar. Each captain, as he passed us, seized shield and spear, and, with the bravado of a matador addressing the Judge of the Plaza to behold his prowess, went through the performance of defence and attack by water. The admiral won the greatest applause, for he was the Hector of the fleet, and his actions, though not remarkably graceful, were certainly remarkably extravagant. The naval review over, Mtesa commanded one of the captains of the canoes to try and discover a crocodile or a hippopotamus. After fifteen minutes he returned with the report that there was a young crocodile asleep on a rock about 200 yards away. "Now, Stamlee," said Mtesa, "show my women how white men can shoot." To represent all the sons of Japhet, on this occasion was a great responsibility, but I am happy to say that—whether owing to the gracious influence of some unseen divinity who has the guardianship of their interests or whether from mere luck—I nearly severed the head of the young crocodile from its body at a distance of 100 yards with a three-ounce ball, an act which was accepted as conclusive proof that all white men are dead shots.

In the afternoon we amused ourselves with target practice, at which an accident occurred that might have produced grave results. A No. 8 double-barrelled rifle was fractured in Mtesa's hands at the second shot, but

fortunately without injuring either him or the page on whose shoulder it rested. General alarm prevailed for a short time, until that, seeing it was about to be accepted as a bad omen, I examined the rifle and showed Mtesa an ancient flaw in the barrel, which his good sense perceived had led to the fracture. The gun was a very old one, and had evidently seen much service.

On the 10th of April the court broke up its hunting lodges at Usavara, on Murchison Bay, and moved to the capital, whither I was strongly urged to follow.



ONE OF MR. STANLEY'S COMPANIONS—BULL.

Mtesa, escorted by about two hundred musketeers and the great Wakungu and their armed retainers, travelled quickly, but owing to my being obliged to house my boat from the hot sun, I did not reach the capital until 1 P.M.

The road had been prepared for his Imperial Majesty's hunting excursion, and was eight feet wide, through jungle and garden, forest and field. Beautiful landscapes were thus enjoyed of rolling land and placid lake, of gigantic tamarinds and gum-trees, of extensive

banana groves and plantations of the ficus, from the bark of which the national dress, or *mbugu*, is made. The peculiar dome-like huts, each with an attempt at a portico, were buried deep in dense bowers of plantains which filled the air with the odour of their mellow rich fruit.

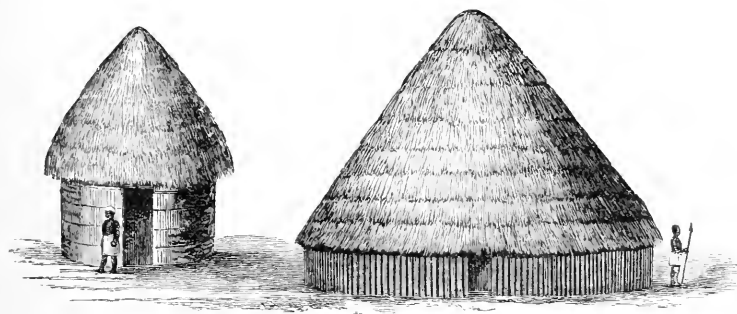
The road wound upward to the summits of green hills which commanded exquisite prospects, and down again into the sheltered bosoms of woody nooks, and vales, and tree-embowered ravines. Streams of clear water murmured through these depressions as they flowed towards Murchison Bay. The verdure was of a brilliant green, freshened by the unfailing rains of the Equator; the sky was of the bluest, and the heat, though great, was tempered by the hill breezes, and frequently by the dense foliage overhead.

Within three hours' march from Usavara, we saw the capital crowning the summit of a smooth rounded hill—a large cluster of tall conical grass huts, in the centre of which rose a spacious, lofty, barn-like structure. The large building, we were told, was the palace! the hill, Kubaga; the cluster of huts, the imperial capital!

From each side of the tall cane fence enclosing the grass huts on Rubaga hill radiated very broad avenues, imperial enough in width. Arriving at the base of the hill, and crossing by a "corduroy" road over a broad slimy ooze, we came up to one of these avenues, the ground of which was a reddish clay strongly mixed with the detritus of hematite. It gave a clear breadth of 100 feet of prepared ground, and led by a gradual ascent to the circular road which made the circuit of the hill outside the palace enclosure. Once on the dome-like height, we saw that we had arrived by the back avenue, for the best view of this capital of magnificent distances was that which was obtained by looking from the burzah of the palace, and carrying the eye over the broad front highway, on each side of which, as far as could be defined from the shadows of the burzah, the Wakungu had their respective courts and houses, embowered in gardens of banana and fig. Like the enclo-

sure round the palace courts and quarters, each avenue was fenced with tall *matete* (water-cane) neatly set very close together in uniform rows. The by-streets leading from one avenue to another were narrow and crooked.

While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the Emperor to show me my house. Following him, I was ushered within a corner lot of the fenced square, between two avenues, into what I might appropriately term a "garden villa" of Uganda. My house, standing in the centre of a plantain garden about 100 feet square, was twenty feet long, and of a marquee shape, with a miniature portico or eave projecting like a bonnet over the doorway, and was divided into two apartments. Close



SEROMBO HUTS.

by, about thirty feet off, were three dome-like huts for the boat's crew and the kitchen, and in a corner of the garden was a railed space for our bullocks and goats. Were it not that I was ever anxious about my distant camp in Usukuma, I possessed almost everything requisite to render a month's stay very agreeable, and for the time I was as proud of my tiny villa as a London merchant is of his country house.

In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. A number of people in brown robes, or white dresses, some with white goatskins over their brown robes, others with cords folded like a turban round their heads, which I heard were extinguishing marks of the executioners,

were also ascending to the burzah. Court after court was passed until we finally stood upon the level top in front of the great house of cane and straw which the Waganda fondly term *Kibuga*, or the Palace. The space at least was of aulic extent, and the prospect gained at every point was also worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch.

On all sides rolled in grand waves a voluptuous land of sunshine, and plenty, and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great equatorial freshwater sea. Isolated hill-cones, similar to that of Rubaga, or square tabular masses, rose up from the beautiful landscape to attract, like mysteries, the curious stranger's observation, and villages and banana groves of still fresher green, far removed on the crest of distant swelling ridges, announced that Mtesa owned a land worth loving. Dark sinuous lines traced the winding courses of deep ravines filled with trees, and grassy extents of gently undulating ground marked the pastures; broader depressions suggested the cultivated gardens and the grain fields, while on the far verge of the horizon we saw the beauty and the charm of the land melting into the blues of distance.

There is a singular fascination about this country. The land would be loved for its glorious diversified prospects, even though it were a howling wilderness; but it owes a great deal of the power which it exercises over the imagination to the consciousness that in it dwells a people peculiarly fascinating also. "How comes it," one asks, "that this barbarous, uneducated, and superstitious monarch builds upon this height?" Not for protection, surely, for he has smoothed the uneven ground and formed broad avenues to approach it, and a single torch would suffice to level all his fences? Does he, then, care for the charms of the prospect? Has he also an eye to the beauties of nature?

Were this monarch as barbarous as other African chiefs whom I had met between Zanzibar and Napoleon Channel, he would have sought a basin, or the slope of some ridge, or some portion of the shores of the lake



where his cattle might best graze, and would there have constructed his grass dwellings. But this man builds upon a hill that he may look abroad, and take a large imperial view of his land. He loves ample room; his house is an African palace, spacious and lofty; large clean courtyards surround it; he has spacious quarters for his harem, and courtyards round those; he has spacious quarters for his guards, and extensive courtyards round those; a cane enclosure surrounds all, and beyond the enclosure again is a wide avenue running round the palace fences. His people, great and small, imitate him as much as lies in their power. They are well-dressed, and immodesty is a crime in the land. Yet I am still in Africa, and only yesterday, as it were, I saw naked men and naked women. It may be that such a monarch and people fascinate me as much as their land. The human figures in the landscape have, indeed, as much interest for me as the gracious landscape itself.

The drums sounded. Mtesa had seated himself on the throne, and we hastened to take our seats.

Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling Himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while He was in man's disguise, He was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned His divinity, and yet out of His great love for them, while yet



A RUGA-RUGA.

suffering on the cross, He asked His great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between Him whom white men love and adore, and Mohammed, whom the Arabs revere: how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mohammed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbeliever was an act that merited Paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments, and Idi, the Emperor's writer, transcribed in Kiganda the words of the Law as given to him in choice Swahili by Robert Feruzi, one of my boat's crew, and a pupil of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar.

The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story as I gave it to them that little of other business was done. The political burzah and seat of justice had now become an alcove, where only the moral and religious laws were discussed.

Before we broke up our meeting Mtesa informed me that I should meet a white man at his palace the next day.

"A white man, or a Turk?"

"A white man like yourself," repeated Mtesa.

"No; impossible!"

"Yes, you will see. He comes from Masr (Cairo), from Gordoom (Gordon) Pasha."

"Ah, very well, I shall be glad to see him, and if he is really a white man I may probably stay with you four or five days longer," said I to Mtesa, as I shook hands with him, and bade him good-night.

The "white man," reported to be coming the next day, arrived at noon with great *éclat* and flourishes of trumpets, the sound of which could be heard all over the capital. Mtesa hurried off a page to invite me to his burzah. I hastened up by a private entrance.

Mtesa and all his chiefs, guards, pages, executioners, claimants, guests, drummers and fifers were already there, *en grande tenue*.

Mtesa was in a fever, as I could see by the paling of the colour under his eyes and his glowing eyeballs. The chiefs shared their master's excitement.

"What shall we do," he asked, "to welcome him?"

"Oh, form your troops in line from the entrance to the burzah down to the gate of the outer court, and



ONE OF THE WATUTA.

present arms, and as he comes within the gate, let your drums and fifes sound a loud welcome."

"Beautiful!" said Mtesa. "Hurry Tori, Chambarango, Sekebobo: form them in two lines just as Stamlee says. Oh, that is beautiful! And shall we fire guns, Stamlee?"

"No, not until you shake hands with him; and as he is a soldier, let the guards fire, then they will not injure anyone."

Mtesa's flutter of excitement on this occasion made me think that there must have been a somewhat similar

scene before my landing at Usavara, and that Tori must have been consulted frequently upon the form of ceremony to be adopted.

What followed upon the arrival of the white man at the outer gate had best be told as an interlude by the stranger himself:—

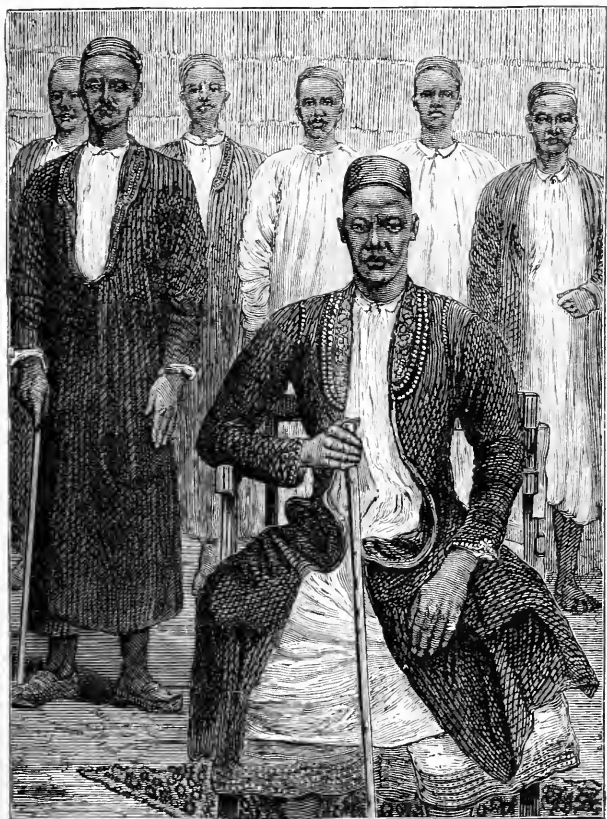
“At two o’clock, the weather having cleared up, Mtesa sent a messenger to inform me that he was ready to receive me. Notice is given in the camp; every one puts on his finest clothes; at last we are ready; my brave Soudanians look quite smart in their red jackets and white trousers. I place myself at their head; trumpets flourish and drums sound as we follow an avenue from eighty-five to a hundred yards wide, running direct north and south, and terminating at Mtesa’s palace.” . . .

“On entering this court, I am greeted with a frightful uproar; a thousand instruments, each one more outlandish than the other, produce the most discordant and deafening sounds. Mtesa’s body-guard, carrying guns, present arms on my appearance; the king is standing at the entrance of the reception hall. I approach and bow to him *à la turque*. He holds out his hand, which I press; I immediately perceive a sun-burnt European to the left of the king, a traveller, whom I imagine to be Cameron. We exchange glances without speaking.

“Mtesa enters the reception room, and we follow him. It is a narrow hall about sixty feet long by fifteen feet wide, the ceiling of which, sloping down at the entrance, is supported by a double row of wooden pillars which divide the room into two aisles. The principal and central room is unoccupied, and leads to the king’s throne; the two aisles are filled with the great dignitaries and chief officers. At each pillar stands one of the king’s guard, wearing a long red mantle, a white turban ornamented with monkey skin, white trousers and black blouse with a red band. All are armed with guns.

“Mtesa takes his place on his throne, which is a

wooden seat in the shape of an office arm-chair ; his feet rest upon a cushion ; the whole placed on a leopard's skin spread over a Smyrna carpet. Before the king is a highly polished elephant's tusk, and at his feet are two boxes containing fetiches ; on either side the throne is a



MTESA, THE EMPEROR OF UGANDA.

lance (one copper, the other steel), each held by a guard ; these are the insignia of Uganda ; the dog which Speke mentions has been done away with. Crouching at the foot of the king are the vizier and two scribes.

“Mtesa is dignified in his manner, and does not lack a certain natural air of distinction ; his dress is elegant :

a white *couftan* finished with a red band, stockings, slippers, vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, and a *tarbouche* with a silver plate on the top. He wears a sword with ivory-inlaid hilt (a Zanzibar weapon), and a staff.

"I exhibited my presents, which Mtesa scarcely pretended to see, his dignity forbidding him to show any curiosity.

"I address the traveller, who sits in front of me, on the left of the king: 'Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. Cameron?'

"STANLEY: 'No, Sir; Mr. Stanley.'

"MYSELF: 'M. Linant de Bellefonds, member of the Gordon-Pasha Expedition.'

"We bow low to each other, as though we had met in a drawing-room, and our conversation is at an end for the moment.

"This meeting with Mr. Stanley greatly surprises me. Stanley was far from my thoughts; I was totally ignorant of the object of his expedition.

"I take leave of the king, who meanwhile has been amusing himself by making my unlucky soldiers parade and flourish their trumpets. I shake hands with Mr. Stanley, and ask him to honour me with his presence at dinner.

"I had scarcely been more than a few minutes in my hut when Mr. Stanley arrived. After having mutually expressed the pleasure our meeting gave us, Mr. Stanley informed me that Cameron had written from Ujiji that he was starting for the Congo. Mr. Cameron, he told me, must have been much embarrassed by the question of money, having exceeded the amount allowed by the Royal Geographical Society. At Ujiji, he would have lost all his companions, and would be actually alone. Mr. Stanley was loud in his praises of Cameron, and hoped that he would succeed in his expedition." . . .

"Leaving his expedition at Usukuma, Mr. Stanley embarked with eleven men on the Victoria Lake, in a small boat which he had brought with him; he explored all the eastern part of the lake, penetrating into all the

bays, gulfs, and creeks, and taking the bearings of islands and capes. I saw Mr. Stanley's work, which is very extensive. He showed me some curious sketches of islands he had seen; the islands of the Bridge, the Grotto, and the Sphinx. The first is a natural bridge of granite, with all the appearance of a bridge made by the hand of man; the second is like the grotto of the enchantress Calypso; the third greatly resembles the Egyptian Sphinx."



COAST OF SPEKE GULF.

Colonel Linant de Bellefonds having thus described our meeting, there remains but little for me to add.

As soon as I saw him approaching the burzah, I recognized him to be a Frenchman. Not being introduced to him—and as I was then but a mere guest of Mtesa, with whom it was M. Linant's first desire to converse—I simply bowed to him, until he had concluded addressing the Emperor, when our introduction took place as he has described.

I was delighted at seeing him, and much more

delighted when I discovered that M. Linant was a very agreeable man. I observed that there was a vast difference between his treatment of his men and the manner in which I treated mine, and that his intercourse with the Waganda was conducted after exactly opposite principles to those which governed my conduct. He adopted a half military style which the Waganda ill brooked, and many things uncomplimentary to him were uttered by them. He stationed guards at the entrance to his courtyard to keep the Waganda at a distance, except those bearing messages from Mtesa, while my courtyard was nearly full of Watongolehs, soldiers, pages, children, with many a dark-brown woman listening with open ears to my conversation with the Waganda. In fact, my courtyard from morning to night swarmed with all classes, for I loved to draw the natives to talk, so that perfect confidence might be established between us, and I might gain an insight into their real natures. By this freer converse with them I became, it seemed, a universal favourite, and obtained information sufficient to fill two octavo volumes.

M. Linant passed many pleasant hours with me. Though he had started from Cairo previous to my departure from Zanzibar, and consequently could communicate no news from Europe, I still felt that for a brief period I enjoyed civilized life. His *cuisine* was after the French fashion. He possessed French beans and olive oil, various potted meats of Paris brands, *pâtés de fois gras* and Bologna sausage, sardines and Marseilles biscuits, white sugar, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, and tea. If we add to this list the articles that the natives and Mtesa's bounty furnished—milk, beef, kid, green and ripe bananas, eggs, sweet-potatoes, tomatoes, melons, and cassava flour—it will be seen that his cook had abundance of material wherewith to supply and satisfy our moderate gastronomic tastes. The pleasure we mutually felt in each other's company, and the exceptional good health which blessed us, sharpened our appetites and improved our digestion. The religious



FOT POURRI.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Signs on the road.
 7, 8. Hubble-bubbles.
 9. Native box made of bark.
 10. Native fire-place, and earthen-cooking-pot.

11. Hoe.
 12. Hoe.
 13. Native guitar.
 14. Native comb.

15. Knob-sticks.
 16. Fly-flapper.
 17. Stool.
 18. Gourds.



conversations which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained, in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who, fortunately for the cause I had in view, was a Protestant.* For when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M. Linant, to Mtesa's astonishment, employed nearly the same words, and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before, one having arrived from the south-east, the other having emerged from the north, should nevertheless both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind without the burzah as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous.

The period of my stay with Mtesa drew to a close, and I requested leave to depart, begging the fulfilment of a promise he had made to me that he would furnish me with transport sufficient to convey the Expedition by water from Kagehyi in Usukuma to Uganda. Nothing loth, since one white man would continue his residence with him till my return, and being eager to see the gifts I told him were safe at Usukuma, he gave his permission, and commanded Magassa to collect thirty canoes, and to accompany me to my camp.

On the 15th of April, then, escorted by Magassa and his Watongolehs, and also by M. Linant and ten of his Nubian soldiers, we left Rubaga.

We arrived at Usavara about 10 A.M., and I imagined, foolishly enough, that Magassa would be ready for the voyage. But the Magassa of the 15th of April was several grades higher in his own estimation than the Magassa of the 1st of April. Fifteen days' life in the Emperor's favour and promotion to an admiralship had intoxicated the youth. Magassa could not be ready for two days.

* In the original manuscript, which is in the possession of General C. P. Stone, Chief of the Staff in his Highness the Khedive's service, M. Linant has alluded in the most flattering manner to these hours devoted to religious instruction.

"Not if I send a messenger back to Mtesa with this information?" I asked.

"Ah, yes, perhaps to-morrow morning."

"Only a few hours longer, M. Linant; so it does not matter much. Meantime we will take possession of our old quarters at Usavara, and pass the evening in a ramble along the shores of the bay, or a sail in the boat." To which suggestion M. Linant assented.

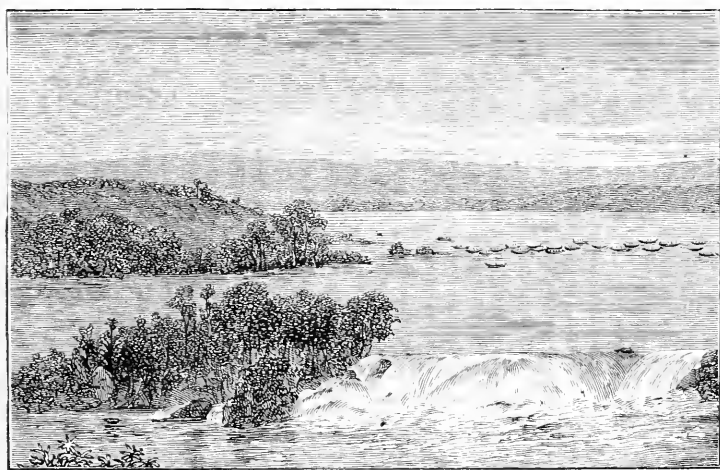
There was matter sufficient to engage us in conversation. The rich region we trod, landscapes steeped in most vivid green, the splendour of the forest foliage, the magnificent lake of Equatorial Africa, studded with a thousand isles, the broad and now placid arm known as Murchison Bay, the diversity of scenery, the nature of the rocks, the variety of the plants, ourselves met upon this far strand of the inland sea, to part perhaps for ever—a continuous chain of topics which, with an intelligent and sympathetic companion like M. Linant, might have served to make our rambles and our evenings in the hut enjoyable for weeks.

In the evening I concluded my letters dated 14th of April, 1875, which were sent to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, the English and American journals I represented here, appealing for a Christian mission to be sent to Mtesa.

The appeal written hurriedly, and included in the letter left at Usavara, was as follows:—

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Muslim Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But oh! that some pious,

practical missionary would come here! What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, &c.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and



RIPON FALLS, LOOKING NORTH.

exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race. Such a man or men, Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, Usogo, Unyoro, and Karagwé—an empire 360 geographical miles in length, by 50 in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the

white men that, if they will only come to him, he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The Colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Wagaṇda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. 'Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *viâ* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyembé. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.'"

When the letters were written and sealed, I committed them to the charge of Colonel Linant. My friend promised he would await my return from Usukuma; meanwhile he lent me a powerful field-glass, as mine, being considerably injured, had been given to Mtesa.

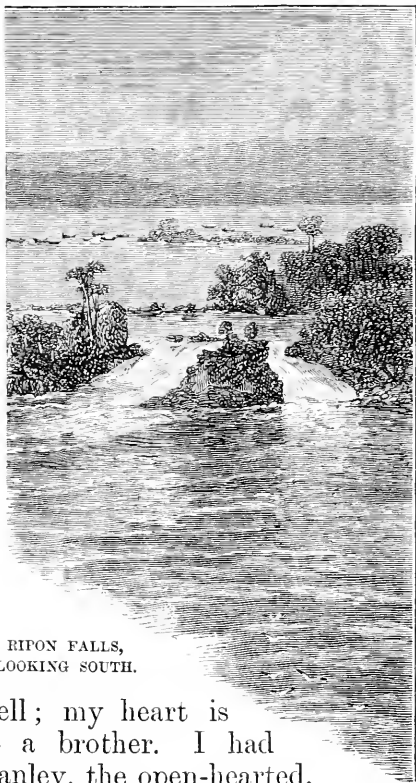
Magassa was not ready on the second day of our arrival. One of his women had absconded, or some of Mtesa's chiefs had seized her. Only ten canoes had arrived by the evening of the 16th.

The parting between M. Linant and myself, I shall allow him to describe:

"At 5 A.M. drums are beaten ; the boats going with Stanley are collecting together.

"Mr. Stanley and myself are soon ready. The *Lady Alice* is unmoored ; luggage, sheep, goats, and poultry are already stowed away in their places. There is nothing to be done except to hoist the American flag and head the boat southwards. I accompany Stanley to his boat ; we shake hands and commend each other to the care of God. Stanley takes the helm ; the *Lady Alice* immediately swerves like a spirited horse, and bounds forward, lashing the water of the Nyanza into foam. The starry flag is hoisted, and floats proudly in the breeze ; I immediately raise a loud hurrah with such hearty good will as perhaps never before greeted the traveller's ears.

"The *Lady Alice* is already far away. We wave our handkerchiefs as a last farewell ; my heart is full ; I have just lost a brother. I had grown used to seeing Stanley, the open-hearted, sympathetic man and friend and admirable traveller. With him I forgot my fatigue ; this meeting had been like a return to my own country. His engaging instructive conversation made the hours pass like minutes. I hope I may see him again, and have the happiness of spending several days with him."



RIPON FALLS,
LOOKING SOUTH.

"Adieu ! adieu ! mon ami Linant ! Remember my

words, I shall return within a month; if not, present my compliments to your friends at Ismailia (Gondokoro), and tell them they may see me on the Albert Nyanza," were the last words I said to M. Linant de Bellefonds, as I seated myself in my boat on the morning of the 17th of April.*

We had scarcely gone three miles on our voyage, before the vanity of the youth Magassa exceeded all bounds. Deeming it prudent—before it was too late—to lecture him, and hold out prospects of a reward conditional upon good behaviour, I called to him to approach me, as I had something to say to him. He would not come, but continued on his way with a slight grimace and a saucy inclination of the head. I reserved the lecture until we should arrive in camp.

At noon I took observations for latitude at the entrance to Murchison Bay, and during the afternoon we rowed hard upon our voyage, reaching Chiwanuko Island near sunset. Magassa soon followed me, and as I landed, I laid hold of him gently but firmly, and seating him by my side, employed myself in holding forth grand expectations before him, only, however, on the condition that he obeyed Mtesa's orders, behaved well, and acted in unison with me. Magassa promised faithfully, and as a sign that he was sincere, begged to be permitted to continue his voyage to Sessé, a large island, where Mtesa's canoes were beached, to procure the full quota of thirty promised to me. Leaving five canoes in charge of Sentum and Sentageya, two of his Watongolehs, he departed by night, which I thought was a remarkable instance of energy. The truth was, however, that he only proceeded two miles, and slept at

* Owing to the events which are recorded in this chapter I was unable to return to Mtesa's capital within the time specified to M. Linant, but it is evident that my friend waited nearly six weeks for me. He sustained a fierce attack for fourteen hours from several thousand Wanyoro *en route* to Ismailia, but finally succeeded in making his escape, and reaching Colonel Gordon's headquarters in safety. On the 26th August, however, being on another mission, he was attacked by the Baris near a place called Labore, and he and his party of thirty-six soldiers were massacred. This sad event occurred four days after I returned on my second visit to the Ripon Falls.

a village, where he abused his authority by seizing a woman, and binding the chief.

The next day we proceeded with the Watongolehs, Sentum and Sentageya, and camped at Jumba's Cove. Jumba is the hereditary title of one of the junior admirals in command of a section of the imperial canoe fleet, to whom is awarded the district of Unjaku, a headland abutting on the left or north bank of the Katonga river. It is an exceedingly fertile district, separating Gabunga's, or the chief admiral's, district from Sambuzi's, a sub-chief of Kitunzi.

The whole of the north coast from Murchison Bay presents a panorama of beautiful views, of square table-topped mounts, rounded hills, and cones forming low ranges, which run in all directions, but with a general inclination east and west, and form, as it were, a natural boundary to the lake on the north. These masses of mountains, forming irregular ranges, suggest to the observer that no rivers of importance issue into the lake from the north side. They are terminated suddenly at the Katonga, and from the north-west along their base the river flows sluggishly into the lake. On the right or southern bank the land appears to be very low, as far as the hills of Uddu, four miles off. The Katonga river at this mouth is about 400 yards wide, but its current is very slow, almost imperceptible.

Uganga is a lowland district lying at the mouth of the Katonga, on the south or right bank, whence a large bay with well-wooded shores rounds from this river to the southward in a crescent form, to Bwiru, from which point we begin to trace the coast of Uddu. Uganda proper extends only as far as the Katonga river; from its bank Uddu begins, and stretches as far as the Alexandra Nile or Kagera.

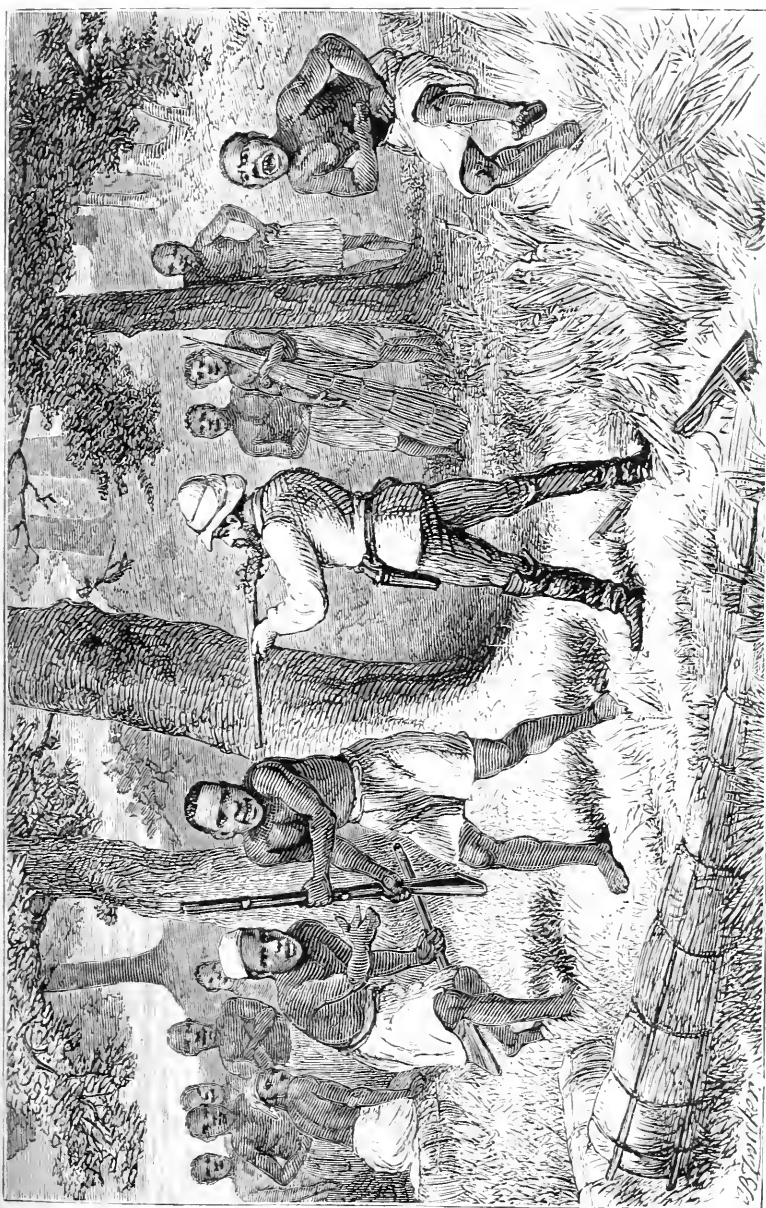
Sessé Island extends from a point six miles south of Kibonga, westward to a point seven miles south of Jumba's village, and southward—parallel almost with the coast of Uddu—to a distance of about twenty-three miles. Its extreme length is about forty-two miles, while its extreme breadth must be about twenty miles.

The principal canoe builders and the greater number of the sailors of Mtesa's empire dwell in Sessé, and because of their coal-black colour, timidity, superstition, and general uncleanly life, are regarded as the helots of Uganda.

On the 21st we made a tedious, eventless voyage along the low, swampy, and jungly shores of Ujaju to Dumo, a village situated on the mainland nearly opposite the extreme southern end of Sessé Island. From a curious stony hill near Dumo, which bears traces of ancient effects of water, we obtained a distant view of the outskirts of a pastoral plateau rising westward.

Magassa appeared in the evening from his unsuccessful quest for canoes. He gave a graphic account of the dangers he had encountered at Sessé, whose inhabitants declared they would rather be beheaded by the *Kabaka* than risk themselves on an endless voyage on the stormy sea, but he had obtained a promise from Magura, the admiral in charge of the naval yards at Sessé, that he would endeavour to despatch fourteen canoes after us. Meanwhile, Magassa had left me at Chiwanuko with five canoes, but returned with only two, alleging that the other three leaked so much that they were not seaworthy. He suggested also that, as Magura might cause great delay if left alone, I should proceed with Sentum and Sentageya, and leave him in charge of five. Having witnessed his vanity and heard of his atrocious conduct near Chiwanuko, I strongly suspected him of desiring to effect some more mischief at Dumo, but I was powerless to interpose the strong arm, and therefore left him to answer for his shortcomings to Mtesa, who would doubtless hear of them before long.

After leaving Dumo and Sessé north of us, we had a boundless horizon of water on the east, while on the west stretched a crescent-shaped bay, bordered by a dense forest, ending south at Chawasimba Point. From here another broad bay extends southwards, and is terminated by the northernmost headland of Uzongora. Into this bay issues the Alexandra Nile in one powerful deep stream, which, from its volume and dark iron



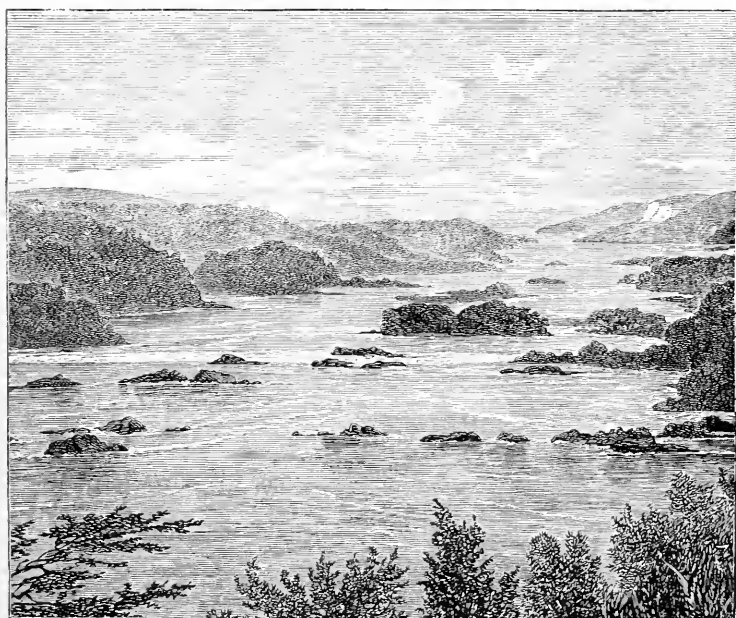
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MUTINY.

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colour, may be traced several miles out. At its mouth it is about 150 yards wide, and at two miles above narrows to about 100 yards. We attempted to ascend higher, but the current was so strong that we made but slow progress, and after an ascent of three miles were obliged to abandon it. The plain on either side has a breadth of from five to ten miles, which during the rainy season is inundated throughout its whole extent.



THE VICTORIA NILE.

The deepest soundings we obtained were eighty-five feet. I know no other river to equal this in magnitude among the affluents of the Victoria Nyanza. The Shimeeyu river thus becomes the second largest affluent of the lake, and the two united would form a river equal to that which has its exit by the Ripon Falls.

The Waganda Watongolehs, Sentum and Sentageya, call the Alexandra Nile the "Mother of the River at Jinja" or the Ripon Falls.

The Alexandra Nile constitutes a natural boundary between the sovereignty of Uganda and its subject kingdoms of Karagwé and Uzungora, which begin south of the river. The plain of the Alexandra stretches south a few miles to an irregular line of grassy and treeless mountains, which are the characteristics of the fine pastoral countries of Uzungora and Karagwé. At Lupassi Point the mountains project steeply, almost cliff-like, into the lake, with heights varying from 200 feet to 500 feet. The steep slopes bristle at many points with grey gneiss rocks—massy débris from the mountain brows. Near this point I discovered a stream which had a fall of three feet issuing from an orifice in a rocky cliff though above it there was not the faintest sign of a watercourse. In the gullies and clefts of the cliff-sides most beautiful ferns abounded.

I managed to climb to the top of the bluffs, and to my surprise overlooked a plateau, with a grandly rolling surface, covered with pasture and almost treeless, except near the villages, where grew dense groves of bananas. Further west, however, the plateau heaves upwards into mountain masses of the same naked character. Looking towards the east, directly in front of North Uzungora, stretches an apparently illimitable silvery sea; but towards the south one or two lofty islands are visible, situated about twenty-five miles from the mainland, serene and royal in their lone exclusiveness.

The first village we halted at on the coast of Uzungora was Makongo. It nestles in a sheltered nook in a bay-like indentation of the lofty mountain wall crowded with banana groves and huts scattered under the impenetrable shades—with a strip of grey gravel beach gently sloping from the water's edge about forty feet upward to where it meets the prodigious luxury of the grove. There were about a dozen natives clad in dingy goat-skins seated on the beach, sucking the potent maramba from gourds when we came up, and without question we hauled our boat and two canoes high and dry. To our greetings the natives responded readily and civilly enough. With rather glazed eyes they

offered us some of the equatorial nectar. The voyage had been long on this day, and we were tired, and it might be that we sighed for such cordial refreshing drink as was now proffered to us. At any rate, we accepted their hospitable gift, and sucked heartily, with bland approval of the delicacy of the liquid, and cordial thanks for their courtesy. An observation for longitude was taken, the natives looking on pleased and gratified. To all our questions as to the names of the localities and islands in view they replied like friends.

Sunset came. We bade each other good-night. At midnight there was a fearful drumming heard, which kept us all awake from the sheer violence of the sound. "Is anything wrong?" we demanded of Sentum and Sentageya. "Oh, no!" they answered. Still the drumming sounded hoarsely through the dark night, and the desire for sleep fled.

My men were all up before dawn, impatient for the day. Instinct, startled by that ominous drumming, warned them that something was wrong. I was still in my boat with drawn curtains, though able to communicate with my people. At sight of the natives Safeni, the coxswain, hailed me. As I was dressed, I arranged my guns and soon stepped out, and my astonishment was great when I perceived that there were between 200 and 300 natives, all in war costume and armed with spears, and bows and arrows, and long-handled cleaver-like weapons, with ample and long cane shields for defence, so close to us. For this terrible-looking body of men stood only about thirty paces off, regarding us steadfastly. It was such a singular position, so unusual and so strangely theatrical, that, feeling embarrassed, I hastened to break the silence, and advanced towards a man whom I recognised as the elder who had given me some native wine on the previous evening.

"What means this, my friend?" I asked. "Is anything wrong?"

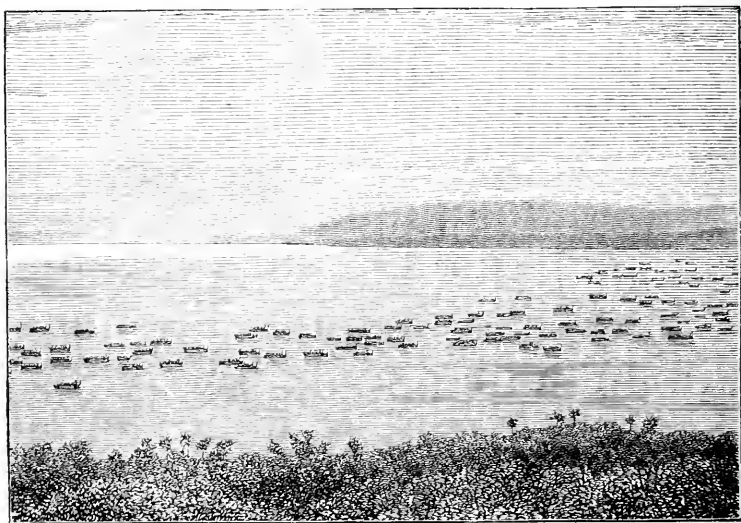
He replied rapidly, but briefly and sternly, in the Kinyambu language, which as I did not understand, I called the Mtongoleh Sentum to translate for me.

"What do you mean by drawing your canoes on our beach?" I was told he asked.

"Tell him we drew them up lest the surf should batter them to pieces during the night. The winds are rough sometimes, and waves rise high. Our canoes are our homes, and we are far from our friends who are waiting for us. Were our canoes injured or broken, how should we return to our friends?"

He next demanded, "Know you this is our country?"

"Yes, but are we doing wrong? Is the beach so soft



MTESA'S FLOTILLA CROSSING LAKE VICTORIA.

that it can be hurt by our canoes? Have we cut down your bananas, or entered into your houses? Have we molested any of your people? Do you not see our fires by which we slept exposed to the cold night?"

"Well, you must leave this place at once. We do not want you here. Go!"

"That is easily done," I answered; "and had you told us last night that our presence was not welcome to you, we should have camped on yonder island."

"What did you come here for?"

"We came to rest for the night, and to buy food, and

is that a crime? Do you not travel in your canoes? Supposing people received you as you received us this morning, what would you say? Would you not say they were bad? Ah, my friend, I did not expect that you who were so good yesterday would turn out thus! But never mind; we will go away quickly and quietly, and the *Kabaka* Mtesa shall hear of this, and judge between us."

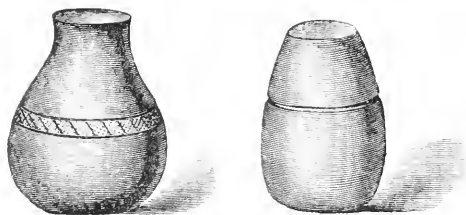
"If you wish food, I will send some bananas to yonder island, but you must go away from this, lest the people, who wish to fight you, should break out."

We soon shoved the boat and two canoes into the water, and I and my boat's crew embarked and rowed away a few yards. But Sentum was angry with the people, and instead of quietly departing, was loudly expostulating with them. To prevent mischief and the massacre of his entire party, I shouted to Sentum, commanding him to embark at once, which after a short time he obeyed, growling.

We steered for Musira Island, about three miles from Makongo, where we found four or five canoes from Kamiru's country loaded with coffee and butter. The Waganda, Sentum and Sentageya, with feelings embittered against the natives, seized upon several packages of coffee, which drew a loud remonstrance from the natives. The Waganda sailors, ever ready for a scramble, followed their chiefs' example, and assisted in despoiling the natives, which caused one of them to appeal to me. I was busy directing my boat's crew to set my tent, when I was thus made acquainted with the conduct of the Waganda. The property taken from them was restored immediately, and Sentum and Sentageya were threatened with punishment if they molested them further, and the natives were advised to leave for another island about five miles north of us, as soon as the lake should become calm.

About 10 A.M. the chief of Makongo, true to his promise, sent us ten bunches of green bananas, sufficient for one day's provisions for the sixty-two men, Waganda and Wangwana, of whom our party consisted.

After these events I strolled alone into the dense and tangled luxuriance of the jungle woods which lay behind our camp. Knowing that the people would be discussing their bananas, that no foe could molest them, and that they could not quarrel with any natives—there being nobody else on the island of Musira but ourselves—I was able to leave them to pass the time as they might deem most agreeable. Therefore, with all the ardour of a boy, I began my solitary exploration. Besides, it was so rare for me to enjoy solitude and silence in such perfect safety as was here promised to me. My freedom in these woods, though I was alone, none could endanger or attempt to restrain; my right to climb trees, or explore hollows, or stand on my head, or roll about on the leaves or ruins of branch and bark,



WOODEN MILK VESSELS.

or laugh or sing, who could oppose? Being thus absolute monarch and supreme arbiter over myself, I should enjoy for a brief period perfect felicity.

That impulse to jump, to bound, to spring upward and cling to branches overhead, which is the characteristic of a strong green age, I gave free rein to. Unfettered for a time from all conventionalisms, and absolved from that sobriety and steadiness which my position as a leader of half wild men compelled me to assume in their presence, all my natural elasticity of body came back to me. I dived under the obstructing bough or sprang over the prostrate trunk, squeezed into almost impossible places, crawled and writhed like a serpent through the tangled undergrowth, plunged down into formidable depths of dense foliage, and burrowed and struggled with frantic energy among shadowing pyramids of vines and creepers, which had become woven and plaited by their numbers into a solid mass.

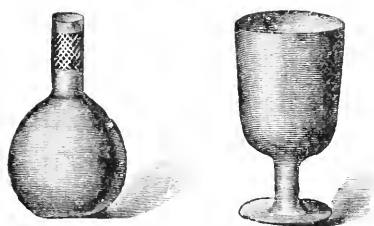
What eccentricities of creation I became acquainted with in this truanting in the wild woods! Ants, red, black, yellow, grey, white, and particoloured, peopling a miniature world with unknown emmet races. Here were some members of the belligerent warrior caste always threatening the harmless, and seeking whom they might annoy, and there the ferocious food-providers, active for the attack, ranging bole, bough, twigs and leaf for prey; the meek and industrious artisans absorbed in defending the poor privilege of a short existence; the frugal neuters tugging enormous loads towards their cunningly constructed nests; sentries on watch at the doors to defend the approaches to their fastnesses. They swarmed among the foliage in columns of foraging and plundering marauders and countless hordes of ruthless destroyers. In the decaying vegetation I heard all around me the xylophagous larvæ of great beetles hard at work by thousands, and saw myriads of termites destroying with industrious fury everything that lay in their path, whether animal or vegetable. Armies of psyllæ and moths innumerable were startled from the bushes, and from every bough shrilled the tiresome cicada, ever noisy. Here the relentless ant-lions prepared their pitfalls, and there the ghostly mantis, green or grey, stood waiting for unwary insects. Diamond beetles abounded, and many other species, uncouth and horrid, scrambled away from before my feet. Nor are these a thousandth part of the insect nations that I disturbed; the secluded island was a world of infinite activities.

Beyond the flats I came at last to where the ground sloped upward rapidly, though still clothed with tall trees and their parasitical plants and undergrowth; and in spite of the intense heat, I continued my exploration, determined to view the upper regions. Clambering up the steep side, I had a large choice of supports; here a tamarind and next a bombax, now a projecting branch of mimosa and now a thick liane, hung down, inviting me to haul myself upward and forward; the young and pliant teak sapling or slender jasmine bent as I seized

them to assist my labouring feet, and at last I emerged above the trees and the tangle of meshed undergrowth, and stood upright on the curious spiky grass, studded with wild pine-apple, ground orchids and aloes, which studded the summit.

After a general look around the island, I discovered it was in the form of a rudely-shaped boot-last, lying east and west, the lowest part being the flats through which I had just struggled. It was about three-quarters of a mile long and about 200 yards wide. The heel was formed by a narrow projecting ledge rising about 50 feet nearly perpendicularly from the water. From this ledge rose the rock 80 feet above it, and 130 feet, therefore, above the water.

I gazed long on the grand encircling prospect. A

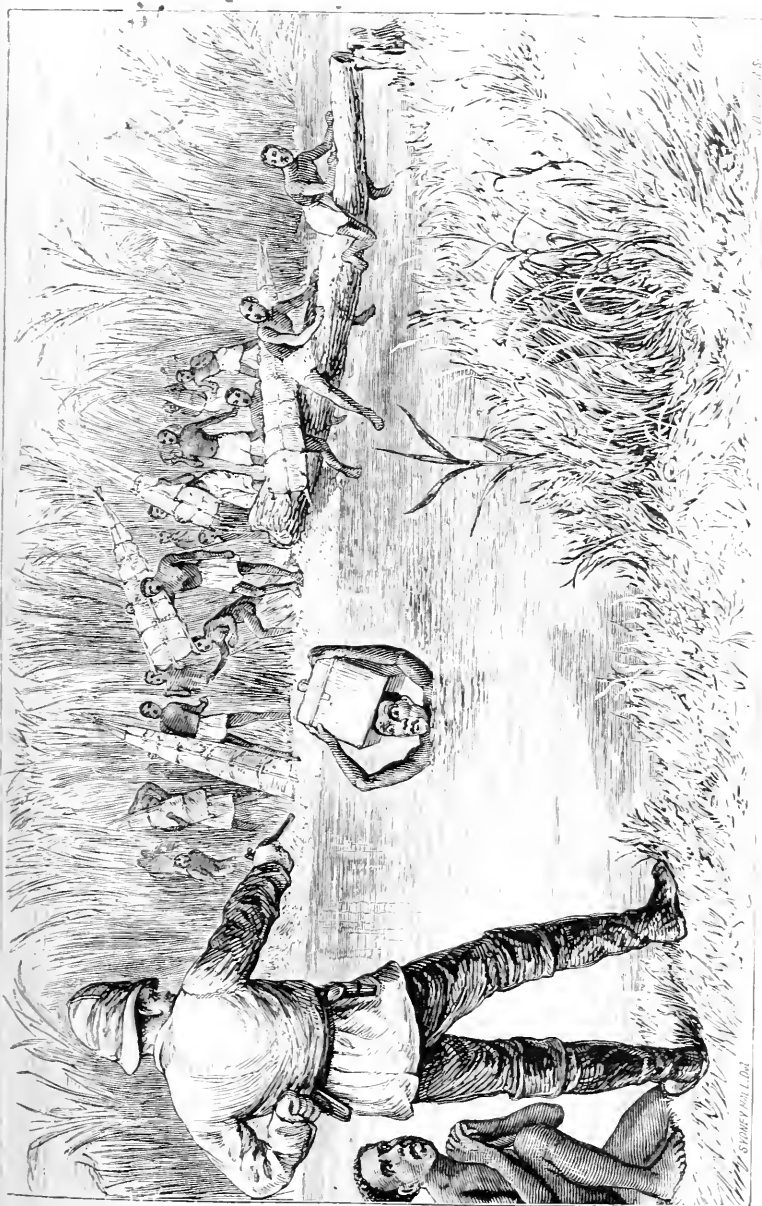


DRINKING VESSELS.

haleyon calm brooded on the lake, eastward, northward, and southward, until the clear sky and stainless silver water met, the clear bounds of both veiled by a gauzy vapour, suggesting infinity. In a bold, majestic mass to the south-east rose Alice

Island, while a few miles south-east of it appeared the Bumbireh group. Opposite me, to the west, and two miles from where I stood, was the long clifly front of the plateau of Uzongora, its slowly-rising summit gemmed with patches of evergreen banana, until it became banked in the distance by lines of hazy blue mountains.

It is a spot from which, undisturbed, the eye may rove over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of grey plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. From my lofty eyrie I can see herds upon



"YOU DROP THAT—I'LL SHOOT YOU" (MR. STANLEY'S DESPATCH-BOX IN DANGER).

To face p. 256.

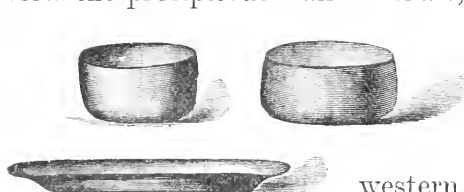
herds of cattle, and many minute specks, white and black, which can be nothing but flocks of sheep and goats. I can also see pale blue columns of ascending smoke from the fires, and upright thin figures moving about. Secure on my lofty throne, I can view their movements, and laugh at the ferocity of the savage hearts which beat in those thin dark figures; for I am a part of Nature now, and for the present as invulnerable as itself. As little do they know that human eyes survey their forms from the summit of this lake-girt isle as that the eyes of the Supreme in heaven are upon them. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain thus ignorant of Him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland? How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain unvisited by the Teacher?

What a land they possess! and what an inland sea! How steamers afloat on the lake might cause Ururi to shake hands with Uzungora, and Uganda with Usukuma, make the wild Wavuma friends with the Wazinza, and unite the Wakerewé with the Wagana? A great trading port might then spring up on the Shimeeyu, whence the coffee of Uzungora, the ivory, sheep, and goats of Ugeyeya, Usoga, Uvuma, and Uganda, the cattle of Uwya, Karagwé, Usagara, Ihangiro, and Usukuma, the myrrh, cassia, and furs and hides of Uganda and Uddu, the rice of Ukerewé, and the grain of Uzinza, might be exchanged for the fabrics brought from the coast; all the land be redeemed from wildness, the industry and energy of the natives stimulated, the havoc of the slave-trade stopped, and all the countries round about permeated with the nobler ethics of a higher humanity. But at present the hands of the people are lifted—murder in their hearts—one against the other; ferocity is kindled at sight of the wayfarer; piracy is the acknowledged profession of the Wavuma; the people of Ugeyeya and Wasoga go stark naked; Mtesa impales, burns, and maims his victims; the Wirigedi lie in wait along their shores for the stranger,

and the slingers of the islands practise their art against him ; the Wakara poison anew their deadly arrows at sight of a canoe ; and each tribe, with rage and hate in its heart, remains aloof from the other. "Verily, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Oh for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria !

I descended from the lofty height, the summit of Musira Island, by another way, which disclosed to me the character of the rocky island, and exposed to my view the precipitous walls of shale, rifted and indented



WOODEN BOWLS AND PLATE.

by ages of atmospheric influences, that surround the island upon all sides but the

western. After great difficulty I succeeded in getting upon the top of a portion of

an upper ledge that had fallen on the north-east corner and now formed a separate projection about thirty feet high. In a cavernous recess upon the summit of it, I discovered six human bodies in a state of decomposition, half covered with grass and débris of rock. One of the skulls showed the mark of a hatchet, which made me suspect that a tragedy had occurred here but a short time before. No doubt the horrible event took place on the island on the ground occupied by our camp, for there was no other spot where such a deed could have been wrought, and probably the victims were taken in canoes, and deposited in this hidden recess, that strangers might not be alarmed at the sight of the bodies, or of such evidence of violence as the hatchet-cleft skull. Probably, also, these strangers were murdered for their cargo of coffee or of butter by the

natives of the mainland, or by a later arrival of strangers, like my own Waganda, who because of their numerical superiority had begun their molestation and robbery of the coffee traders, without other cause than that they were strong and the traders weak.

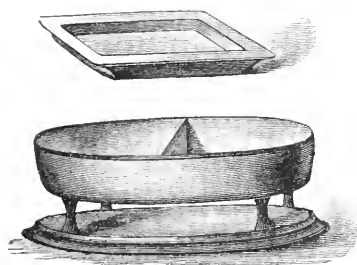
About 5 P.M., having long before returned to camp, I saw on the horizon Magassa's fleet of canoes, and counted fourteen. I despatched Safeni and some of the Waganda in a canoe to the small islands we passed just before reaching Makongo, begging Magassa to hasten and join me early next morning, as we were short of provisions, and starvation would ensue if we were delayed in our voyage. Safeni returned about 9 P.M. with a request from Magassa that I would go on as early as I wished, and a promise that he would follow me to camp.

I waited, however, for Magassa until 10 A.M., and as Alice Island—which Sentum and Sentageya advised me was the best place to touch at in order to make a short course for Usukuma—was about thirty miles from Musira, I could delay no longer. It was then agreed that Sentum should stay at Musira Island until Magassa arrived, and inform him of the direction which Sentageya and I had taken.

We had proceeded on our voyage but three miles when Sentageya turned back with all speed towards Musira, waving his hand to me to continue my journey. Imagining that he had merely forgotten something, I did as he directed.

We reached Alice Island about 9 P.M., for we had been delayed by a strong head wind since 4 P.M. As it was pitch-dark, we were guided to a camping-place by a flickering light which we saw on the shore. The light for which we steered was that of a fire kindled by two men and a boy, who were drying fish in a cavern the entrance of which opened on the lake. Though the fishermen were rather frightened at first, they were discreet enough to remain passive; and to calm their fears, I assumed an air of extreme blandness and amiability. It being late, I prepared to rest in the

stern-sheets of my boat, but as I was about to lie down, I heard the natives expostulating. I knew by this that the boat's crew must be committing depredations on their fish stores; so I sprang out—and only just in time to save them a serious loss. Murabo had already made himself master of half-a-dozen large fish, when I came up with naked feet behind him, announcing my arrival by a staggering blow, which convinced the fishermen better than any amount of blandness and affectation of amiability could have done that I was sincere, and convinced the Wangwana also that injustice would not be permitted. The fishermen received a handful of beads as an atonement for the attempted spoliation, and to secure the Wangwana against further temptation, I gave them double rations.



WOODEN DISHES.

The next morning, when I woke, I found that we were camped under the shadow of a basaltic cliff, about fifty feet high, at the base of which was the fishermen's cavern, extending about fifteen feet within. The island was lofty, about 400 feet above the lake at its highest

part, nearly four miles in length, and a mile and a half across at its greatest breadth. The inhabitants consisted of about forty families from Ukerewé, and owned King Lukongeh as their liege lord.

The summit of Alice Island is clothed with an abundance of coarse grass, and the ravines and hollows are choked with a luxuriance of vegetable life—trees, plants, ferns, ground orchids, and wild pine-apples: along the water's edge there waves a thin strip of water-cane. The people became fast friends with us, but their keen trading instincts impelled them to demand such exorbitant prices for every article, that we were unable to purchase more than a few ears of corn. I obtained a view from the summit with my field-glass, but I could

distinguish nothing east or south-east. South-west we saw the Bumbireh group, and to purchase food we were compelled to proceed thither—disagreeably convinced that we had lost a whole day by calling at Alice Island, whereas, had we kept a direct course to the south, we might have reached the Bumbireh group in a few hours.

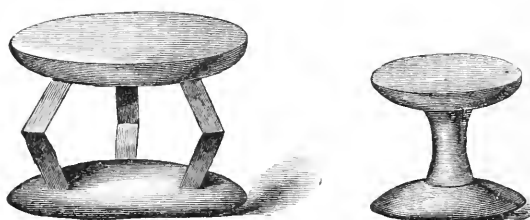
As we started only at noon from Alice Island, being delayed by expectations of seeing Magassa, and also by the necessity for purchasing something even at high prices to prevent starvation, we did not reach Barker's Island—the easternmost of the Bumbireh group—until night, which we passed most miserably in a little cove surrounded by impenetrable brushwood. It was one downpour of rain throughout the whole night, which compelled us to sit up shivering and supperless, for, to crown our discomforts, we had absolutely nothing to eat. No more abject objects can be imagined than the human beings that occupied the boat through the hours of darkness. There were my crew all sitting as closely as possible, back to back or side by side, on the oars and boards which they had arranged like a platform on the thwarts, and I sitting alone under the awning in the stern sheets, wearily trying to outline their figures, or vaguely taking mental notes of the irregularities of the bush, with occasional hasty glances at the gloomy sky, or at Bumbireh, whose black mass looked grim and lofty in the dark, and all the time the rain kept pouring down with a steady malignant impetuosity. I doubt if even the happiest hours which may fall to my lot in the future will ever obliterate from my memory that dismal night of discomfort and hunger.

But as it generally happens, the dismal night was followed by a beautiful, bright morning. Every inch of nature that we could scan seemed revived, refreshed, and gay, except the little world which the boat contained. We were eager to renew our acquaintance with humanity, for only by contact with others could we live. We accordingly sailed for Bumbireh, which lay about two miles from Barker's Island, and ran down the coast

in search of a cove and haven for our boat, while we should be bartering our beads for edibles.

Bumbireh Island is about eleven miles in extreme length by two miles greatest breadth. It is in appearance a hilly range, with a tolerably even and softly rolling summit line clothed with short grass. Its slopes are generally steep, yet grassy or cultivated. It contains probably fifty small villages, averaging about twenty huts to a village, and if we calculate four souls to each hut, we have a population of about 4000 including all ages.

Herds of cattle grazed on the summit and slopes; a tolerably large acreage here and there showed a brown soil upturned for planting, while extensive banana groves marked most of the village sites. There was a



WOODEN STOOLS.

kindly and prosperous aspect about the island.

As soon as we had sailed a little distance along the coast, we

caught sight of a few figures which broke the even and smooth outline of the grassy summit, and heard the well-known melodious war-cries employed by most of the Central African tribes, "Hehu-a-hehu-u-u-u!" loud, long-drawn, and ringing.

The figures increased in number, and fresh voices joined in the defiant and alarming note. Still, hungry wretches as we were, environed by difficulties of all kinds, just beginning to feel warm after the cold and wet of the night before, with famine gnawing at our vitals, leagues upon leagues of sea between us and our friends at Usukuma, and nothing eatable in our boat, we were obliged to risk something, reminding ourselves "that there are no circumstances so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

At 9 A.M. we discovered a cove near the south-east

end of the long island, and pulled slowly into it. Immediately the natives rushed down the slopes, shouting war-cries and uttering fierce ejaculations. When about fifty yards from the shore, I bade the men cease rowing, but Safeni and Baraka became eloquent, and said, "It is almost always the case, master, with savages. They cry out, and threaten, and look big, but you will see that all that noise will cease as soon as they hear us speak. Besides, if we leave here without food, where shall we obtain it?"

The last argument was unanswerable, and though I gave no orders to resume their oars, four of the men impelled the boat on slowly, while Safeni and Baraka prepared themselves to explain to the natives, who were now close within hearing, as they came rushing to the water's edge. I saw some lift great stones, while others prepared their bows.

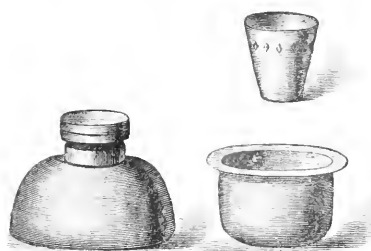
We were now about ten yards from the beach, and Safeni and Baraka spoke, earnestly pointing to their mouths, and by gestures explaining that their bellies were empty. They smiled with insinuating faces; uttered the words "brothers," "friends," "good fellows," most volubly; cunningly interpolated the words Mtesa—the *Kabaka*—Uganda, and Antari king of Ihangiro, to whom Bumbireh belongs. Safeni and Baraka's pleasant volubility seemed to have produced a good effect, for the stones were dropped, the bows were unstrung, and the lifted spears lowered to assist the steady, slow-walking pace with which they now advanced.

Safeni and Baraka turned to me triumphantly and asked, "What did we say, master?" and then, with engaging frankness, invited the natives, who were now about two hundred in number, to come closer. The natives consulted a little while, and several—now smiling pleasantly themselves—advanced leisurely into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly with a rush they ran the boat ashore, and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about

twenty yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving us almost stupefied with astonishment !

Then ensued a scene which beggars description. Pandemonium—all its devils armed—raged around us. A forest of spears was levelled ; thirty or forty bows were drawn taut ; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing ; thick, knotty clubs waved above our heads ; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver, to kill and be killed. But the apparent

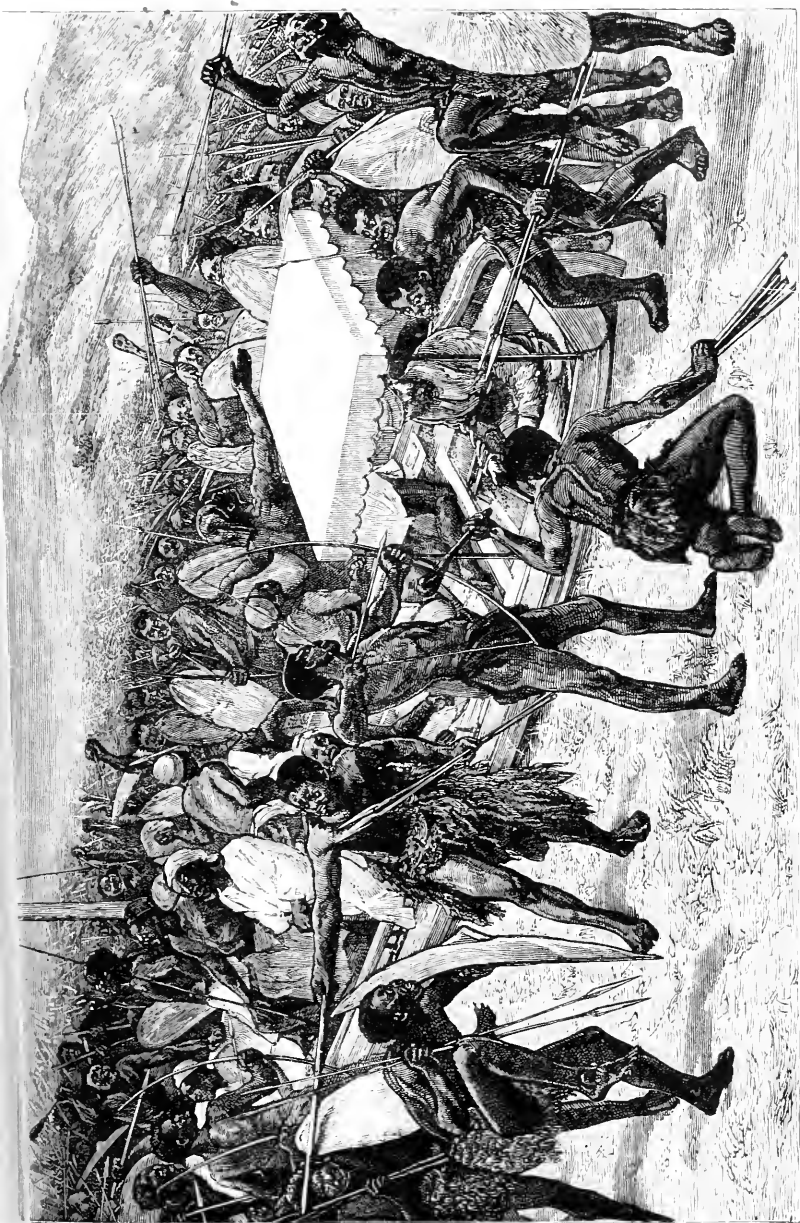


WOODEN CUP AND BOWLS.

hopelessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I

should get no aid from my crew ; but, while bitterly blaming myself for my imprudence in having yielded—against my instincts—to placing myself in the power of such savages, I vowed that, if I escaped this once, my own judgment should guide my actions for the future.

I assumed a resigned air, though I still retained my revolvers. My crew also bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage which assailed them with almost sublime imperturbability. Safeni crossed his arms with the meekness of a saint. Baraka held his hands palms outward, asking with serene benignity, “What, my friends, ails you ? Do you fear empty hands and smiling people like us ? We are friends, we came as friends to buy food, two or three bananas, a



VOL. II.

RECEPTION AT BUMBUCH ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.

Face p. 264.

few mouthfuls of grain, or potatoes, or muhogo (cassava), and, if you permit us, we shall depart as friends."

Our demeanour had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed to be subsiding, when some fifty newcomers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft, again the bows were drawn, and again the barbed arrows seemed flying. Safeni received a push which sent him tumbling, little Kirango received a blow on the head with a spear-staff, Saramba gave a cry as a club descended on his back.

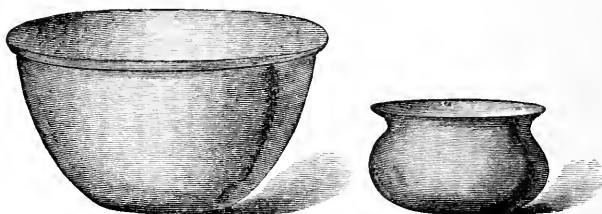
I sprang up this time to remonstrate, with the two revolvers in my left hand. I addressed myself to an elder, who seemed to be restraining the people from proceeding too far. I showed him beads, cloth, wire, and invoked the names of Mtesa, and Antari their king.

The sight of the heaps of beads and cloth I exposed awakened, however, the more deliberate passions of selfishness and greed in each heart. An attempt at massacre, they began to argue, would certainly entail the loss of some of themselves. "Guns might be seized and handled with terrible effect even by dying men, and who knows what those little iron things in the white man's hands are?" they seemed to be asking themselves. The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted this elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be Shekka, the king of Bumbireh.

Shekka then, having thus bestirred himself, beckoned to half-a-dozen men and walked away a few yards behind the mass. It was the "shauri," dear to a free and independent African's heart, that was about to be held. Half the crowd followed the king and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their violent, vituperative tongues on us, and to continually menace us with either club or spear. An audacious party came round the stern of the boat and, with superlatively hideous gestures, affronted me; one of them even gave

a tug at my hair, thinking it was a wig. I revenged myself by seizing his hand, and suddenly bending it back almost dislocated it, causing him to howl with pain. His comrades swayed their lances, but I smilingly looked at them, for all idea of self-preservation had now almost fled.

The issue had surely arrived. There had been just one brief moment of agony when I reflected how unlovely death appears in such guise as that in which it then threatened me. What would my people think as they anxiously waited for the never returning master! What would Pocock and Barker say when they heard of the tragedy of Bumbireh! And my friends in America and Europe! "Tut, it is only a brief moment of pain, and then what can the ferocious dogs do more? It is a



EARTHENWARE COOKING POTS.

consolation that, if anything, it will be short, sharp, sudden—a gasp, and then a silence—for ever and ever!" And after that I was ready for the fight and for death.

"Now, my black friends, do your worst; anything you choose; I am ready."

A messenger from the king and the council arrives, and beckons Safeni. I said to him, "Safeni, use your wit." "Please God, master," he replied.

Safeni drew nearly all the crowd after him, for curiosity is strong in the African. I saw him pose himself. A born diplomatist was Safeni. His hands moved up and down, outward and inward; a cordial frankness sat naturally on his face; his gestures were graceful; the man was an orator, pleading for mercy and justice.

Safeni returned, his face radiant. "It is all right,

master, there is no fear. They say we must stop here until to-morrow."

"Will they sell us food?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as they settle their shauri."

While Safeni was speaking, six men rushed up and seized the oars.

Safeni, though hitherto politic, lost temper at this, and endeavoured to prevent them. They raised their clubs to strike him. I shouted, "Let them go, Safeni."

A loud cheer greeted the seizure of the oars. I became convinced now that this one little act would lead to others; for man is the same all over the world. Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil; give a slave an inch, and he will take an ell; if a man submit once, he must be prepared to submit again.

The "shauri" proceeded. Another messenger came, demanding five cloths and five fundo of necklaces. They were delivered. But as it was now near noon, and they were assured we could not escape, the savages withdrew to their nearest village to refresh themselves with wine and food.

After the warriors had departed, some women came to look at us. We spoke kindly to them, and in return they gave us the consoling assurance that we should be killed; but they said that if we could induce Shekka to make blood-brotherhood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed, there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

About 3 p.m. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavour to induce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood.

A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace, on which the banana grove and village of Kajurri stood. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Almost all of them bore the peculiar shields of Usongora. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us recognized as indicating hostilities.

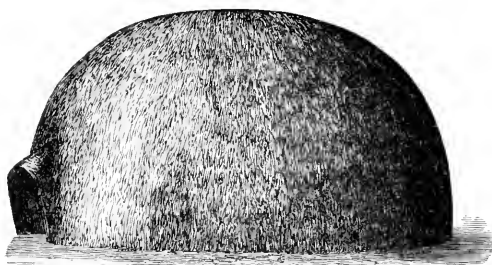
Even Safeni and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were, "Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble."

"Never mind me," I replied, "I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?"

"We are," they all firmly answered.

"Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these three fundo of beads, and ask him to exchange blood with you."

Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within



UZIMBA HOUSE.

150 yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men bepainted for war were in-

creasing Shekka's force. Some of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought; others whirled their clubs like tipsy Irishmen at Donnybrook fair. Their gestures were wild, their voices were shrill and fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over 300.

Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry. Without hesitation they came straight to the boat, and, hissing something to us, seized our Kiganda drum. It was such a small affair we did not resist; still the manner in which it was taken completely undeceived us, if any small hope of peace remained. Loud applause greeted the act of gallantry.

Then two men came towards us, and began to drive some cows away that were grazing between us and the men on the hill. Safeni asked one of them, "Why do you do that?"

"Because we are going to begin fighting presently, and if you are men, you may begin to prepare yourselves," he said scornfully.

"Thanks, my bold friend," I muttered to myself. "Those are the truest words we have heard to-day."

The two men were retiring up the hill. "Here, Safeni," I said, "take these two fine red cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it with the force of a hundred men down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are."

"Yes, Inshallah Master," they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

I waited until he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, "Safeni! Safeni, return!"

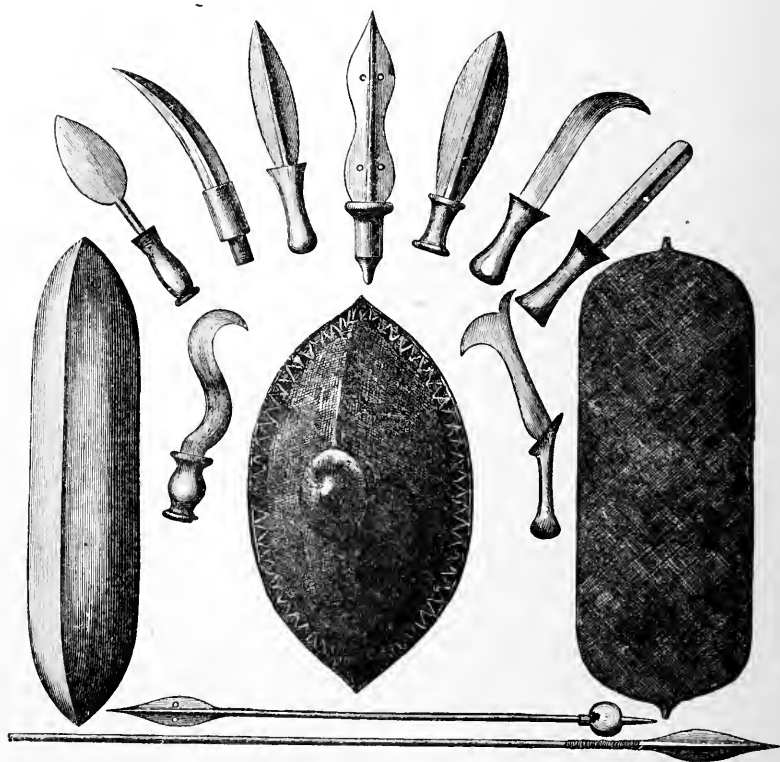
The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and with one accord they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

My boat was at the water's edge. "Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;" and clear of all obstructions she darted out upon the lake.

Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths in his hand. The foremost of a crowd of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"Spring into the water, man, head first," I cried.

The balanced spear was about to fly, and another man was preparing his weapon for a deadly cast, when I raised my gun and the bullet ploughed through him and through the second. The bowmen halted and drew their bows. I sent two charges of duck-shot into their



TROPHY OF UGANDA SHIELDS, KNIVES AND SPEARS.

midst with terrible effect. The natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about 100 yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove.

Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom-boards out of the boat, and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore. I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three-ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

Meanwhile the savages, baffled and furious at seeing their prey escape, had rushed, after a short consultation, to man two canoes that were drawn up on the beach at the north-west corner of the cove. Twice I dropped men as they endeavoured to launch the boats; but they persisted, and finally, launching them pursued us vigorously. Two other canoes were seen coming down the coast from the eastern side of the island.

Unable to escape, we stopped after we had got out of the cove, and waited for them.

My elephant rifle was loaded with explosive balls for this occasion. Four shots killed five men and sank two of the canoes. The two others retired to assist their friends out of the water. They attempted nothing further, but some of those on shore had managed to reach the point, and as we resumed our paddles, we heard a voice cry out, "Go and die in the Nyanza!" and saw them shoot their arrows, which fell harmlessly a few yards behind us. We were saved!

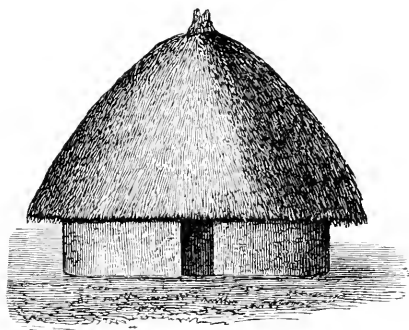
It was 5 P.M. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we had headwinds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, after the experience of Makongo, Alice Island, and Bumbireh, where should we apply for food? Fresh water we had in abundance, sufficient to satisfy the

thirst of all the armies of the world for a century. But food? Whither should we turn for it?

A gentle breeze came from the island. We raised the lug sail, hoping that it would continue fair for a south-east course. But at 7 P.M. it fell a dead calm. We resumed our extemporized paddles—those thin weak bottom-boards. Our progress was about three-quarters of a mile per hour.

Throughout the night we laboured, cheering one another. In the morning not a speck of land was visible: all was a boundless circle of grey water.

About 9 A.M. a squall came fair and drove us about eight miles to the south; about 10.30 it became calm

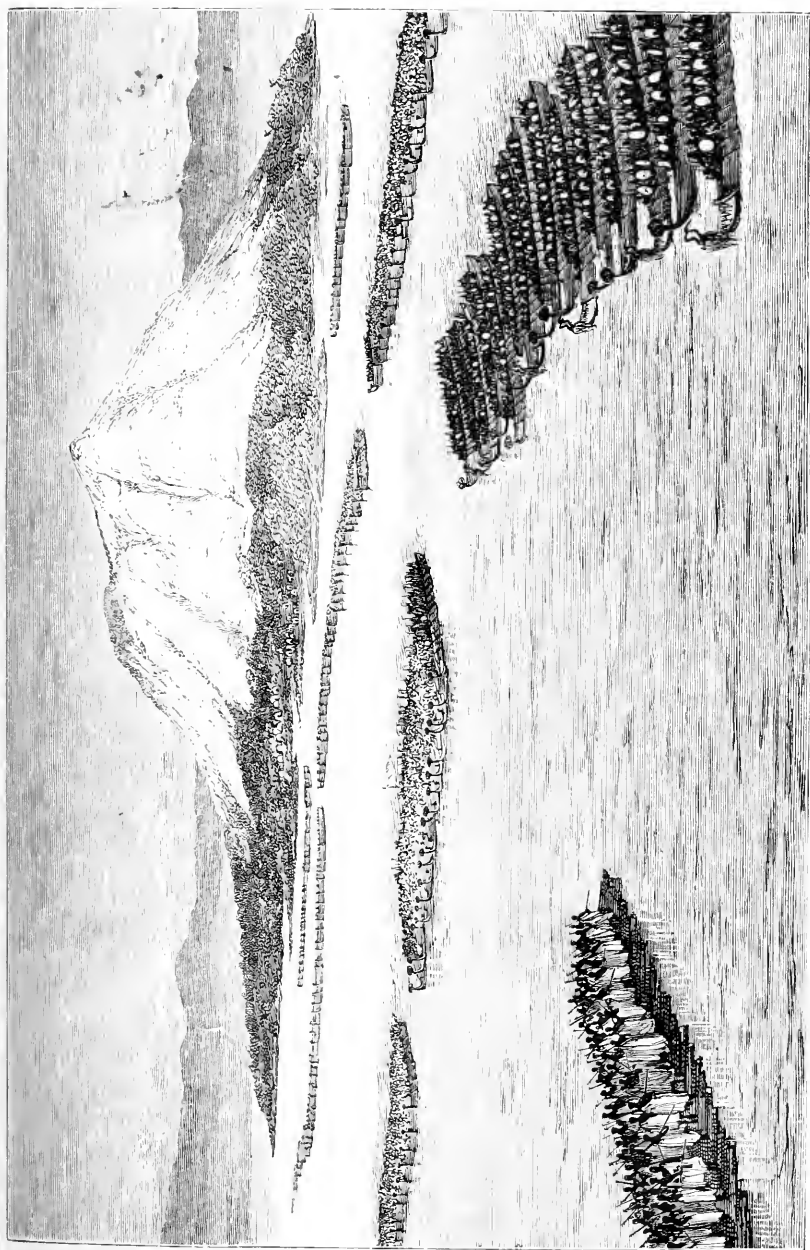


UNYAMWEZI HUT.

again, but still we paddled unceasingly. At night we found ourselves about seven miles away from an island to the southward of us, and we made noble efforts to reach it. But a gale came up from the south-west, against which it was useless to contend. The crew

were fatigued and weakened after paddling forty-nine hours without food.

We resigned ourselves to the waves and the rain that was falling in sheets, and the driving tempest. Up and down we rose and sank on the great waves, battered from side to side, swung round, plunged in dark hollows, and bathed in spray. We baled the boat out, and again sat down. At midnight the gale moderated and the moon rose, throwing a weird light upon the face of the lake and its long heaving billows, which still showed high crests whitened with foam. Up and down we rose and plunged. The moon now shone clear upon the boat and her wretched crew, ghastlily lighting up the crouching, wearied, despairing forms, from which



there sometimes rose deep sighs that wrung my heart. "Cheer up, my lads, think nothing of the curse of those of Bumbireh; bad men's curses sometimes turn out blessings," I said, to encourage them. One of the thwarts was chopped up, and we made a fire, and with some of the coffee which I had obtained from Colonel Linant at Mtesa's we felt somewhat refreshed. And then, completely wearied out, they all slept, but I watched, busy with my thoughts.

The morning came, the morning of the 30th of April, and though my men had only eaten four bananas between them, and tasted besides a cup of coffee since 10 A.M. of the 27th, they nevertheless, sixty-eight hours afterwards, when I urged them to resume their paddles that we might reach an island twelve miles south of us, rallied to my appeal with a manliness which won my admiration, responding with heroic will but, alas! with little strength.

At 2 P.M.—seventy-six hours after leaving Alice Island—we approached a cove in an uninhabited island, which I have distinguished on the chart by the name of "Refuge." We crawled out of the boat, and each of us thanked God for even this little mercy, and lay down on the glowing sand to rest.

But food must be obtained before night. Baraka and Safeni were sent to explore the interior in one direction, Murabo and Marzouk in another. Robert and Hamoidah were set to kindle a fire, and I took my shot-gun to shoot birds. Within half-an-hour I had obtained a brace of large fat ducks; Baraka and Safeni returned each with two bunches of young green bananas, and Murabo and his comrade had discovered some luscious berries like cherries.

And what glad souls were we that evening around our camp fire with this gracious abundance to which a benignant Providence had led us, storm-tossed, bruised, and hungry creatures that we were but a few hours before! Bananas, ducks, berries, and coffee! The tobacco gourd and pipe closed one of the most delicious evenings I ever remember to have passed. No wonder

that before retiring, feeling ourselves indebted to the Supreme Being, who had preserved us through so many troubles, we thanked Him for His mercies and His bounties.

We rested another day on Refuge Island to make oars; and further explorations enabled us to procure half-a-dozen more bunches of bananas. Our appetites were so keen that there was but little left next morning by the time we were ready to start afresh. With oar and sail we set out for Singo Island. Perceiving it was uninhabited, we steered for Ito Island, the slopes of which were rich with plantains, but the natives slung stones at us, and we were therefore obliged to continue on our way to the Kuneneh group, near the peninsula of Ukerewé.

On the afternoon of the 4th of May, a stormy head-wind rising, we were compelled to turn into the cove of Wiru, where, through the influence of Saramba the guide, who was at home in this country, we were hospitably received, and meat, potatoes, milk, honey, bananas both ripe and green, eggs and poultry, were freely sold to us. We cooked these delicacies on board, and ate them with such relish and appetite as only half-starved men can appreciate.

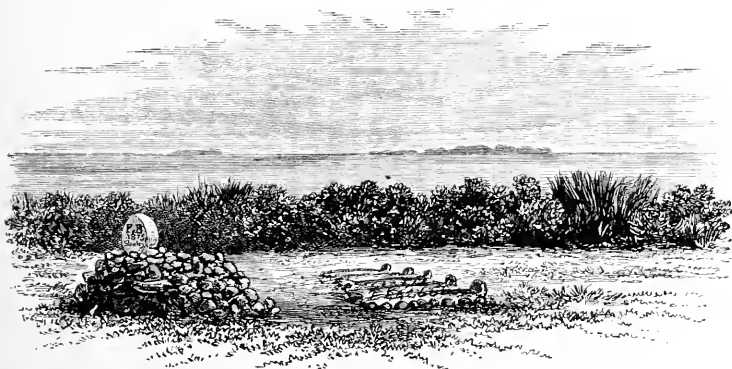
Hoping to reach our camp next morning, we set sail at 9 P.M., steering across Speke Gulf. But about 3 A.M., when we were nearly in mid-gulf, the fickle wind failed us, and then, as if resolved we should taste to the uttermost the extreme of suffering, it met us with a tempest from the N.N.E., as fearful in other respects as that which we experienced at Usuguru, but with the fresh torments added of hailstones as large as filberts. The sky was robed in inky blackness, not a star was visible, vivid lightnings flashed accompanied by loud thunder crashes, and furious waves tossed us about as though we were imprisoned in a gourd, the elements thus combining to multiply the terrors of our situation. Again we resigned the boat to wind and wave, as all our efforts to keep our course were unavailing.

We began to think that the curse of the people of

Bumbireh, "Go and die in the Nyanza," might be realized, after all—though I had much faith in the staunch craft which Messenger of Teddington so conscientiously constructed.

A grey, cheerless morning dawned at last, and we discovered ourselves to be ten miles north of Rwoma, and about twenty miles north-west of Kagehyi. We put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and though the wind was but little in our favour at first, it soon veered round, and sent us sailing merrily over the tall waves, and along the coast of Usukuma, straight towards camp.

Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, for the



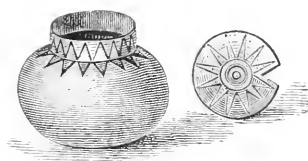
CAIRN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK BARKER.

people had recognized us by our sail when miles away, and as we drew nearer the shouts changed to volleys of musketry, and the waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of the glad-hearted men. For we had been fifty-seven days away from our people, and many a false rumour had reached them of our deaths, strengthened each day that our return was deferred and our absence grew longer. But the sight of the exploring boat sailing towards Kagehyi dissipated all alarm, concern, and fear.

As the keel grounded, fifty men bounded into the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round

the camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, and clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of forms, and real Saxon hurrahing.

Frank Pocock was there, his face lit up by fulness of joy, but when I asked him where Frederick Barker was, and why he did not come to welcome me, Frank's face clouded with the sudden recollection of our loss, as he answered, "Because he died twelve days ago, Sir, and he lies there," pointing gravely to a low mound of earth by the lake!



STEW-POT.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE AND MANNERS IN UGANDA.

To behold the full perfection of African manhood and beauty, one must visit the regions of Equatorial Africa, where one can view the people under the cool shade of plantains, and amid the luxuriant plenty which those lands produce. The European traveller, after noting the great length and wondrous greenness of the banana fronds, the vastness of their stalks and the bulk and number of the fruit, the fatness of the soil and its inexhaustible fertility, the perpetual spring-like verdure of the vegetation, and the dazzling sunshine, comes to notice that the inhabitants are in fit accord with these scenes, and as perfect of their kind as the bursting-ripe mellow bananas hanging above their heads.

Their very features seem to proclaim, "We live in a land of butter and wine and fulness, milk and honey, fat meads and valleys." The vigour of the soil, which knows no Sabbath, appears to be infused into their veins. Their beaming lustrous eyes—restless and quick glancing—seem to have caught rays of the sun. Their bronze-coloured bodies, velvety smooth and unctuous with butter, their swelling sinews, the tuberous muscles of the flanks and arms, reveal the hot lusty life which animates them.

Let me try to sketch one of these robust people, a Kōpi or peasant of Uganda, at home.

THE KŌPI OR PEASANT.

Were it not for one thing, it might be said that the peasant of Uganda realizes the ideal happiness all men aspire after and would be glad to enjoy. To see him in

the imagination, you must discard from your mind the inebriated, mandlin, filthy negro surrounded by fat wives and a family of abominous brats. He may be indolent if you please, but not so indolent as to be unmindful of his own interests. For his gardens are thriving, his plants are budding, and his fields are covered with grain. His house has just been built and needs no repairs, and the fenced courts round it are all in good condition.



A LANDING-PLACE ON THE NYANZA.

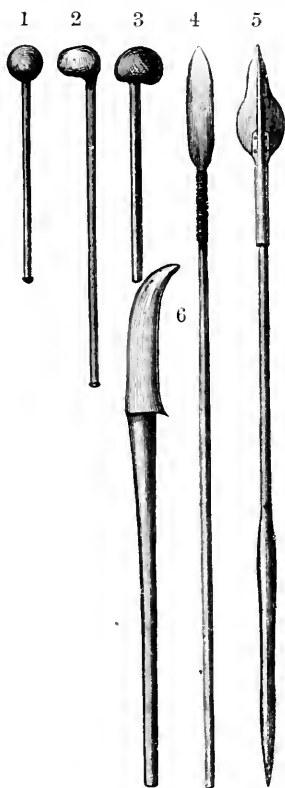
Roll the curtain up and regard him and his surroundings !

He steps forth from his hut, a dark-brown-coloured man in the prime and vigour of manhood, a cleanly, decent creature, dressed after the custom of his country in a clay-coloured robe of bark cloth, knotted at the shoulder and depending to his feet—apparently a contented, nay, an extremely happy man, for a streak of sunshine having caught his face, we have a better view of it and are assured it reflects a felicitous contentment.

He saunters—while arranging his robe with due respect, to decency—to his usual seat near the gate of the outer court, above which a mighty banana towers, shading it with its far-reaching fronds.

In the foreground, stretched before him, is his garden, which he views with placid satisfaction. It is laid out in several plats, with curving paths between. In it grow large sweet potatoes, yams, green peas, kidney beans, some crawling over the ground, others clinging to supporters, field beans, vetches and tomatoes. The garden is bordered by castor-oil, manioc, coffee, and tobacco plants. On either side are small patches of millets, sesamum, and sugar-cane. Behind the house and courts, and enfolding them, are the more extensive banana and plantain plantations and grain crops, which furnish his principal food, and from one of which he manufactures his wine and from the other his potent pombé. Interspersed among the bananas are the umbrageous fig-trees, from the bark of which he manufactures his cloth. Beyond the plantations is an extensive tract left for grazing, for the common use of his own and his neighbours' cattle and goats.

It is apparent that this man loves privacy and retirement, for he has surrounded his own dwelling and the huts of his family—the cones of which are just visible above—with courts enclosed by tall fences of tough cane. While we leave the owner contemplating his garden, let us



- | | | |
|----|---|------------------|
| 1. | } | Unyamwezi Clubs. |
| 2. | | |
| 3. | | |
| 4. | } | Spears. |
| 5. | | |
| 6. | | |

step within and judge for ourselves of his mode of life.

Within the outer court we come to a small square hut, sacred to the genius of the family, the household Muzimu. This genius, by the dues paid to him, seems to be no very exacting or avaricious spirit, for the simplest things, such as snail-shells, moulded balls of clay, certain compounds of herbs, small bits of juniper wood, and a hartebeest horn pointed with iron and stuck into the earth, suffice to propitiate him.

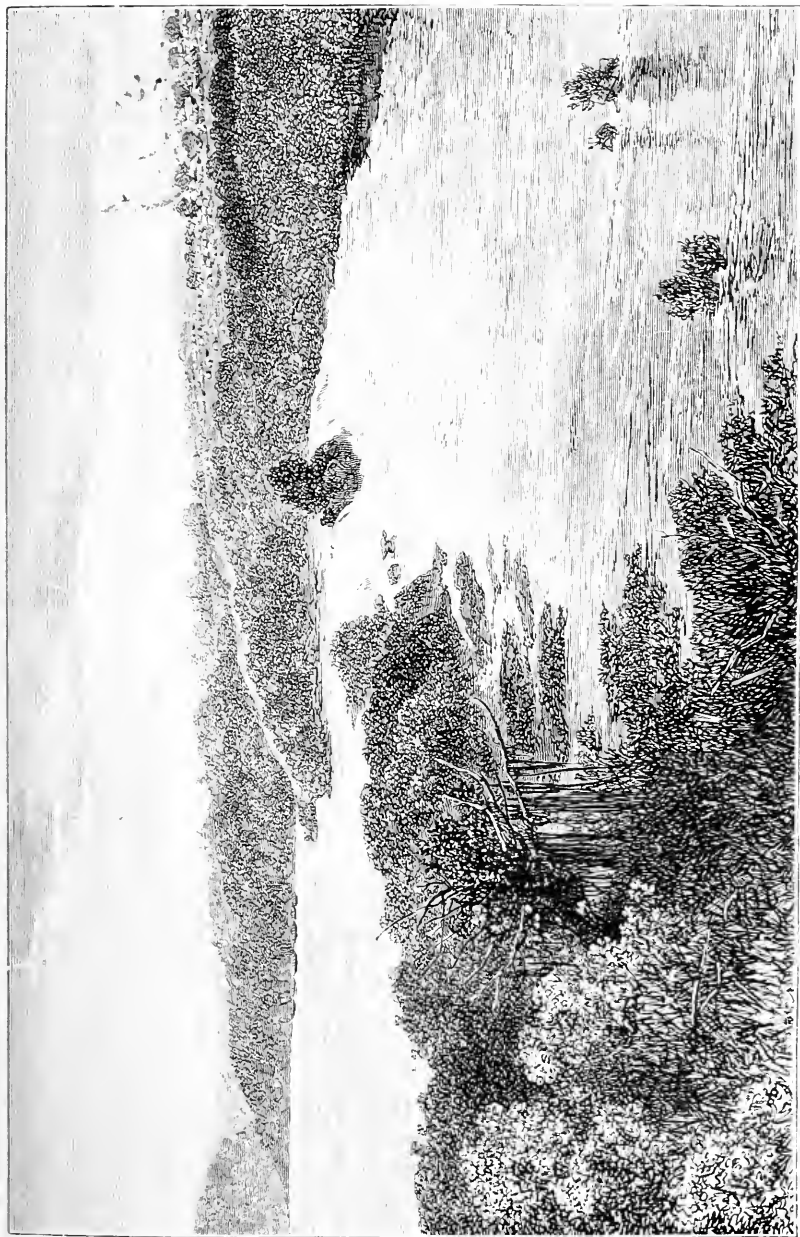
Proceeding from the outer court, we enter the inner one by a side entrance, and the tall, conical hut, neatly constructed, with its broad eaves overshadowing the curving doorway, which has a torus consisting of faggots of cane running up and round it, stands revealed.

It is of ample circumference, and cosy. On first entering we find it is rather dark, but as the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, we begin to distinguish objects. That which first arrests observation is the multitude of poles with which the interior is crammed for the support of the roof, until it resembles a gloomy den in the middle of a dense forest. These poles, however, serve to guide the owner to his cane bunk, but their number would confuse a nocturnal marauder or intruding stranger. The rows of poles form, in fact, avenues by which the inmates can guide themselves to any particular spot or object.

The hut, we observe also, is divided into two apartments, front and rear, by a wall of straight canes, parted in the centre, through which the peasant can survey—himself being unseen—any person entering.

In the rear apartment are bunks arranged round the walls for the use of himself and family. Over the doorway of the hut within may be observed a few charms, into whose care and power the peasant commits the guardianship of his house and effects.

A scarcity of furniture is observable, and the utensils are few in number and of poor quality. Under the former title may be classed a couple of carved stools and a tray for native backgammon; under the latter,



RIPON FALLS, THE OUTFALL OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA, WHICH GIVE BIRTH TO THE VICTORIA NILE.

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To face p. 280.

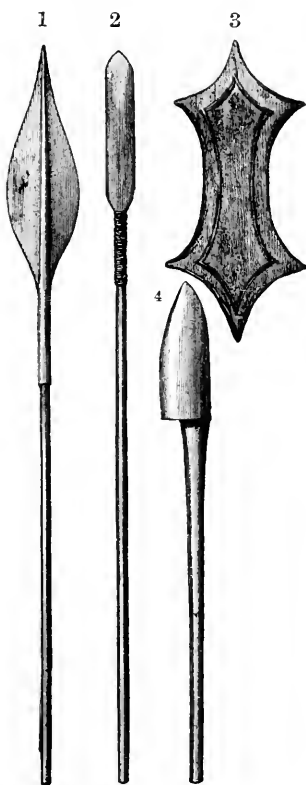
some half-dozen earthenware pots and a few wicker and grass basins. Some bark cloth, a few spears, a shield, a drum, a bill-hook or two, a couple of hoes, some knob-sticks and pipe stems, and a trough for the manufacture of banana wine, complete the inventory of the household effects.

Behind the peasant's own dwelling are two huts of humbler pretensions, also surrounded by courts, where we may behold the females of the family at work. Some are busy kneading the bananas to extract their juice, which, when fermented, is called *maramba*—delicious in flavour when well made; others are sorting herbs for broth-food, medicines, or some cunning charm; others, again, are laying out tobacco-leaves to dry, whilst the most elderly are engaged in smoking from long-stemmed pipes, retailing between the leisure-drawn draughts of smoke the experience of their lives.

Such is the kopi at home.

If the picture is not a faithful one of all his class, it may be attributed to his own indolence, or to some calamity lately befallen him. From it will be seen that the average

native of Uganda has an abundance and a variety of good food, that he is comfortably lodged, as far as his wants require, is well and often married, and is secure from enemies so far as a powerful sovereign and warlike multitudes can command security. Still, there is one thing more that is necessary for his happiness—protection from his sovereign.



1 & 2. Spears of Uganda.
3. Shield ..
4. Machete ..

THE MKUNGU OR CHIEF.

It might be supposed that, if a peasant's lot appears so enviable in that land, a Mkungu's or chief's of the first rank would be happier a thousandfold. That such is not always the case will be seen from the following sketch of the present Premier, or Katekiro, of Uganda, whose name originally, now almost forgotten, was Magassa. It may be proper to state here that all Waganda, from the Emperor to the peasant, change their names according as they advance in popular estimation.

About the time that Mtesa succeeded his father and beheaded the senior chiefs of Uganda, there was observed at the court a smart, clever, cleanly looking lad, assiduous in his attendance on the monarch, and attentive to his smallest wishes. He was the son of a Mtongoleh or sub-chief, and his name was Magassa. To his other desirable qualities might be added a fine set of white teeth, bright eyes, and general good looks. Mtesa became enamoured of him, and made him guardian over the imperial lavatory, an office of great trust in Uganda.

As Mtesa grew to man's estate, Magassa the boy also became a young man, for he was about the same age as his master, and, retaining and improving those qualities which first attracted the monarch's eyes, was promoted in time to be a Mtongoleh of the body-guard, and a double-barrelled gun was put into his hands, with the power of gunpowder, and a few bullets and percussion caps, which caused the heart of young Magassa to bound with joy. Perhaps he was even prouder in the possession of a gun than he was of his rank, for frequently the Mtongoleh of the body-guard has only the empty name to boast of.

However, being Mtongoleh (or colonel), he was liable to be despatched at a moment's notice to distant parts of the Empire on special service, and the day came finally when Magassa was chosen.

Imagine a young British subaltern despatched by the Queen's command, specially chosen by the Queen for

special service. How the young heart palpitates, and the nerves tingle with delight ! He spurns the ground, and his head aspires to the stars ! If a young British officer feels so joyful at a constitutional sovereign's choice, what must the elect of a despotic autocrat like the Emperor of Uganda feel ?

No sooner has he left the imperial presence with the proud command ringing in his ears than his head seems to swell, and almost burst from delirious vertigo. His back, hitherto bent through long servile dread, has suddenly become rigid and straight as the staff of his spear, and an unusual sternness of face has somehow replaced the bland smiles which hitherto decked it. For is he not "Kabaka" while on the Emperor's errand ? Do not his soldiers respond to him when summoned with awful alacrity, saying, "Kabaka' (Emperor), "behold us" ?

Woe to the party from whom offence came if young Magassa was sent with his warriors to them ! And woe to the warrior who committed any breach of discipline when under Magassa's command, or even to him who crossed his humour when on the march on special service ! Magassa's spear was sharp and swift, and his hands were at all times quick to gather spoil, and soon it was observed that the poor Magassa was getting rich in slaves, waxing great in name, and becoming exceedingly influential at court.

Promotions awarded his adroitness and quick execution of commands, lands of his own and bounties of slaves and cattle were bestowed upon him, until Magassa became a Mkungu, or chief, of the second order.

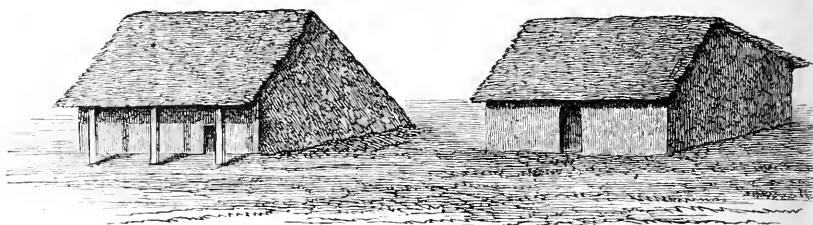
Such a spirit as Magassa possessed, however, could not long remain satisfied with this, while many above him could not boast of a tithe of his deftness and ability, and were blind to observe and forestall the humours of the despotic monarch ; and a day came when a Mkungu of the first order, named Pokino, offended Mtesa.

Casting his eyes about for a fit man to succeed him, Mtesa's eyes lighted on the sparkling, bright face of Magassa, and his decision was at once made.

"Here, Magassa," cried the Emperor, and the accomplished courtier fell at his feet to the ground to hear his command. "Haste, Magassa, take men and eat up Pokino's land and name, for old Pokino has forgotten me."

"Twianzi, yanzi!" he cried and moaned, "Twianzi, yanzi, yanzi!" each time more emphatic, and rubbing his cheeks in the dust; and then, springing to his feet, he seized his spear, and, holding it aloft, as if in the act of launching it, he proclaimed aloud, "By the Emperor's orders, I go to eat up Pokino. I will eat him clean out of land and name, and Magassa shall become Pokino. Emperor, behold me!" and again he fell to the ground, screaming his thankful Twianzis, and loyally abasing himself in the dust.

After the levee was over, Magassa, eager to change



WANGWANA HUTS.

his name for Pokino's, beat his war-drum, unfolded his banner, and mustered his followers, and, like the fell leopard, pounced upon purblind Pokino, whom he quickly deprived of life, land, and name, and in place of their former owner became their master. But with even old Pokino's vast estates and large possessions the young Pokino was apparently discontented. Shortly afterwards the Emperor commanded him to "eat up" Namujurilwa, the Achilles of Uganda, and it is to young Pokino's thirst for power and riches that Majwara, an infant son of that great chief, became a slave to Njara of Unyanyembé, from whom I purchased his freedom in 1871. I afterwards sent him to Livingstone, to whom young Majwara ministered faithful service until that great traveller's death.

With the fall of Namujurilwa, young Pokino became Lord of all Uddu, from the Katonga valley to the Alexandra Nile, a district embracing over 3000 square miles, with twenty sub-chiefs recognising him as their master, possessing two great capitals, Namujurilwa's at Masaka, and Pokino's, hundreds of women-slaves, and thousands of youthful slaves of both sexes, with cattle also by the thousand, and chief of a population numbering over 100,000. What a change this—from the keeper of the lavatory to the Lord of Uddu!

Pokino's life at his capital of Uddu, Masaka, is almost regal. He has "eaten up" the lands of two great chiefs, old Pokino and the lion-like Namujurilwa, and now out of the eater cometh forth meat, and out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. His sub-regal court is crowded with applicants and claimants for bounties, and slaves requiring to be fed, and good offices are given with a liberal hand, and cattle are slaughtered by hundreds, until Pokino's open hand and large heart is published throughout Uganda. By this politic liberality he secures the affection of the natives of Uddu, the friendship of the great chiefs at the court, and the approbation of the Emperor.

Is Pokino satisfied? Not yet, for there remains one more office which Mtesa can give; but he must wait awhile for this.

The Emperor hears that there is a country called Usongora, west of Gambaragara* somewhere, rich in vast herds of cattle, and he commands Pokino to go and gather some of them. Immediately the great war-drum of Masaka sounds the call to war, and the natives from the banks of the Alexandra Nile, the slopes of Koki plateau, and all the lake shore from the Alexandra to the Katonga respond to it by thousands, for it is a call to them to gather spoil, and when did a peasant of Uganda linger at such a summons?

When Pokino begins his journey, he discovers he has a vast army at his command, for other chiefs also are

* This part of Pokino's history was related to me by Pokino himself, Kitunzi, Sambuzi, and his page.

represented here by columns. Kitunzi of the Katonga valley has sent Sambuzi, and Mkwenda, Kangau, and Kimbugwé have also sent sub-chiefs with hundreds of warriors. Before Pokino's great army the people of Gambaragara retire up the slopes of their lofty snow mountain, and, pursuing them as far as prudence will permit, Pokino's eyes view from afar the rolling grassy plateau of Usongora, and an immense lake stretching beyond, which he is told is Muta Nzigé.

Descending from the slopes of the snow mountain, he marches with incredible speed to Usongora, sweeps in with long sure arms large herds of cattle, despite the frantically brave natives, collects thousands of straight-nosed, thin-lipped, and comely women and children, and drives them towards Uganda.

Several difficulties present themselves in the way. The plain of Usongora is covered with salt and alkali, which, intemperately eaten, causes many deaths; and in the valleys spout up mud-springs, and from the summits of conical hills strange fire and smoke issue, and now and then the very earth utters a rumbling sound, and appears to shake.

The Wanyoro, also, by thousands, combine with the natives of Gambaragara to dispute his return. They lay ambuscades for him, and obstinately harass him night and day. But Pokino's spirit is up in arms. He defies the supernatural noises of that Land of Wonders, Usongora, and by skill and sagacity avoids the meshes laid to entrap him, and, when opportunity affords, snares his ambushed enemies and annihilates them, and finally appears in Uganda at the imperial capital with a spoil of cattle and slaves fit to gladden even the imperial heart.

The Emperor appoints a day to receive him and his warriors, and, that meed may be given only to the brave, has caused to be brewed immense potfuls of potent pombé, which shall serve as a test to point out the brave and the coward.

The day arrives. The Emperor is seated in unusual state, with his harem behind him, his chiefs on either

hand in order of rank, his musketeers on guard, and his drummers and musicians close by, while aloft wave the crimson-and-white-barred standards adopted by the empire. Before the Emperor was arranged the pots of test-beer.

Pokino advances, prostrates himself in the dust, and begins to relate his adventures and his doings in Uson-gora, while the heroes of the great raid are enmassed in view and within hearing of his words.

After the conclusion of the story, the Emperor says briefly, "Drink, if thou darest."

Pokino rises, advances to the test-pots, receives the ladle, and dips it into the pombé; then taking it up, he holds it aloft, and, turning to the warriors who followed him, cries aloud, "Tekeh?" ("Am I worthy or not?")

"Tekeh!" ("Thou art worthy!") responds the multitude with a shout.

Again he asks "Tekeh?" and again "Tekeh!" is shouted with renewed acclamation,



CANOES.

and, being found worthy, he drinks, utters his grateful Twiyanzis to the Emperor, and retires to permit others to advance and drink the test-beer. Those found worthy are rewarded, those unworthy are doomed to death by popular condemnation.

Soon after this, Myanja, the Katekiro, was found guilty of the overweening pride of appropriating to himself the most beautiful of the female slaves without regarding his master's right to select his allotment first, and the result of this was that Myanja was disgraced and shortly beheaded.

The Premier's place being now vacant, Pokino was appointed to fill it; and thus was the once humble Magassa elevated to be next in power to the Emperor, with the utmost of his ambition fulfilled.

He is now daily seated on the carpet at the right hand of his sovereign, controls all things, commands all men, and, when leaving the presence of his master, he

is escorted by all the chiefs to his own quarters, waylaid by multitudes on the road with profound greeting, has the pick of all females captured in war, the choicest of all cattle, and his shares of all cloths, beads, wine, and other gifts brought to Mtesa; for the Katekiro, alias Pokino, alias Magassa, is now Premier, First Lord, and Secretary of State! But what next?

One day, while on a visit to my quarters, I permitted him to examine my store of medicines. On explaining the various uses of laudanum, he remarked, to my surprise, with a sigh, "Ah! that is the medicine I wish to have. Can you not spare some for me?"

Poor Magassa! poor Pokino! poor Katekiro! He is already watching, while yet young, in the prime and vigour of manhood, for he knoweth not the hour when the Lord of the Cord may beckon to him.

It is left for some future traveller to tell us of his interview with Kasuju, the chief executioner.

THE KABAKA OR EMPEROR.

The curtain rolls up, and discloses a hill covered with tall conical huts, whose tops peep out above the foliage of plantains and bananas, and lofty fences of cane. Up the hill's gradually ascending slopes run broad smooth avenues, flanked by cane palisades, behind which clusters of huts show grey under a blazing sun, amid the verdure of the leafy groves around them. The avenues are thronged by natives, clad in picturesque costumes. White clothes gleam in the sunshine, in strong contrast to red and brown. The people are wending their way to the imperial quarters on the summit of the hill. While no ingress is permitted, they crowd around the gates in social gossip, exchanging morning greetings.

Suddenly the murmur of voices ceases, and the long rumbling roll of a kettle-drum is heard, announcing that the monarch is seated on the burzah. The gates are at once drawn aside, and a multitude of chiefs, soldiers, peasants, strangers rush up tumultuously, through eight or ten courts, towards the audience-hall, and in their noisy haste we may see the first symptoms of



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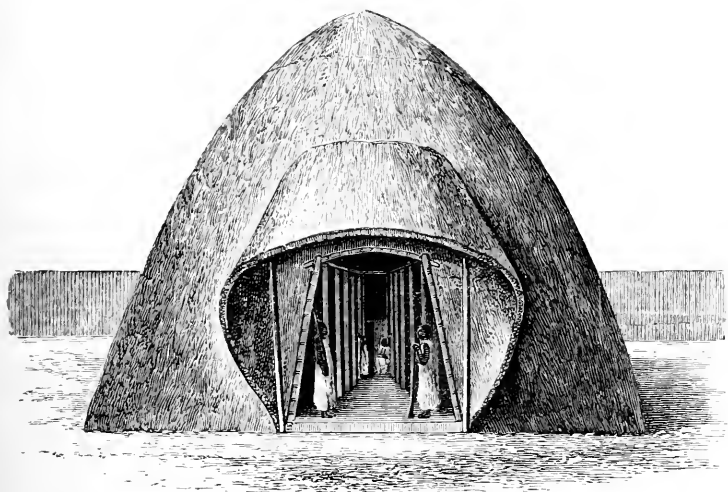
RUBAGA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE EMPEROR MTESA.

To face p. 288.

that fawning servility characteristic of those who serve despots.

The next scene we have is a section of a straw house, with a gable-roof—about twenty-five feet high, sixty feet long, and eighteen feet in breadth.

At the farther end, by the light afforded by the wide entrance, we perceive the figure of a man clad in an embroidered scarlet jacket and white skirt seated on a chair, guarded on either side by a couple of spearmen and two men bearing muskets. The chiefs and principal men now hastening through the gates bow profoundly



AUDIENCE-HALL OF THE PALACE.

before him ; some, after the Muslim's custom, kiss the palms and back of his right hand ; others, adhering to the original customs of the country, prostrate themselves to the ground, and, throwing their hands towards him, exclaim, while kneeling, "Twiyanzi, yanzi !" after which they severally betake themselves to their respective seats in order of rank. Two long rows of seated men are thus formed along the caned walls of the hall of audience, facing towards the centre, which is left vacant for the advent of strangers and claimants, and the transaction of business, justice, &c.

Being privileged, we also enter, and take a seat on the right-hand side, near the Katekiro, whence we can scrutinize the monarch at our leisure.

The features, smooth, polished, and without a wrinkle, are of a young man, who might be of any age between twenty-five and thirty-five. His head is clean-shaven and covered with a fez, his feet are bare and rest on a leopard-skin, on the edge of which rests a polished white tusk of ivory, and near this are a pair of crimson Turkish slippers. The long fingers of his right hand grasp a gold-hilted Arab scimitar; the left is extended over his left knee, reminding one of the posture of Rameses at Thebes. The only natural peculiarities of the face, causing it to differ from other faces around me, are the glowing, restless large eyes, which seem to take in everything at a glance. The character of the face, however, is seen to change rapidly; even in repose it lacks neither dignity nor power, but as cross thoughts flash through his mind the corners of the lips are drawn in, the eyes expand, the eyeballs project, his hands twitch nervously, and the native courtier begins to apprehend a volcanic outburst of rage. If pleased, however, the eyes appear to recede and contract, the lips relax their vigour, and soon a hearty laugh rings through the hall.

But hush! here advance some ten or twelve people along the centre, and prostrate themselves before the Emperor, and begin through a spokesman to tell him of something to which, strangely enough, he does not seem to listen.

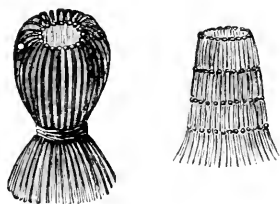
By means of an interpreter we are informed that it is an embassy from the lawless bandit Mirambo, who, hearing that Mtesa was likely enough to send some 50,000 sharp spears to hunt him up, has sent these men with propitiating gifts, and a humble declaration that he has no cause of quarrel with Uganda. The gifts are unrolled to view and counted. So many cloths, so much wire, some half-dozen dinner-plates of European make, an ample brass coffee tray, an Arab dagger silver-hilted, and a scarlet coat.

Mtesa has been meanwhile carelessly talking to his chiefs while the embassy addressed him, but suddenly he turns on the embassy his large glowing eyes, and speaks quickly and with decision:—

“Tell Mirambo from me that I do not want his gifts, but I must have the head of his man who slew my chief Singiri a year ago, as he was returning from Zanzibar to Uganda, or I will hunt him up with more Waganda than there are trees in his country. Go!”

Another party now comes up. A chief is dead, and they wish to know who shall succeed him, and they have brought his sons along with them, that the Emperor may make his choice.

Mtesa smiles and asks his chiefs to name the successor. One names Bugomba, another Taniziwa, another Kaseje, another Sempa. The chiefs fail to agree, and Mtesa asks playfully, “Which shall be chief?” whereupon the majority name Taniziwa as elected, after which we have to hear the “Twiyanzis” of the favoured one, and his ardent vows of allegiance to the Emperor.



FISH NETS.

Just at this moment appears a long procession of females, old and young, at the sight of whom the Emperor rises to his feet, and his example is followed by all. Curious to know who they are, we ask, and are told that they are descendants of Kamanya and Suna, wards and members of the imperial family. These ladies, it appears, know when to time their visits, and contrive to enter the levee late, as European ladies, to attract attention, are supposed to enter church late.

As these ladies advance to the carpet, Mtesa greets each with a kind word, and after they are seated proceeds to them, seats himself in their laps, and embraces one after another. In return for these imperial courtesies, they afterwards present him with live fowls, which he is compelled to receive with his own hands, and pass over to a chief to hold, that he may not appear to

despise any of them. Surely if such a despotic monarch can condescend to be so affable and kind to females, there must be some good in him.

But the Emperor on this morning has caught a cold, and the watchful chiefs have been observing the little uneasiness, and forthwith half-a-dozen rush forward prone on their knees, and offer their head-cloths, into which the imperial nose may relieve itself.

The Emperor playfully draws back in his chair, and says, "Oh, I don't want all these."

"Well, take mine," says one.

"No, take mine, Kabaka ; mine is white, and of fine soft cloth ;" and Mtesa, prevailed upon by the whiteness and softness of the texture, takes it, and relieves his afflicted nose, and then hands the cloth back to its owner, who rubs it together hard, as though he wished to punish well the cause of the affliction.

Suddenly from some place in the hall is heard a hawking sound, as from some one likewise afflicted with a cold in the throat, and the eyes of the Emperor are quickly fixed on the person ; but the chiefs cry out indignantly, "Out, out with you, quick ;" and, peremptorily and sternly, half-a-dozen "lords of the cord" seize upon the unfortunate and eject him in no gentle manner.

After this interruption the tones of the native harp are heard, and the Emperor calls to the minstrel and bids him play on his instrument, which the accomplished musician is nothing loth to do. But while we listen to the monotonous music, all are startled at the loud report of a gun !

A dozen ejaculations are uttered, and as many chiefs rush out to enquire the cause ; but they have been forestalled by the adroit and eager lords of the cord, who have thrown their nooses round the man's neck and, half strangling him, drag him into the Presence, whose imperial nerves have been somewhat disturbed by the sudden discharge of gunpowder. The lords of the cord, kneeling, say that the man let his gun fall while on guard, and their eyes seem to ask, "What shall we do

to him?" "Give him fifty blows with a stick," cries the angry Emperor, and the unfortunate fellow is hauled away to receive such a punishment as will lame him for a month.

There is now heard a lowing of cattle, of fat beeves and milch-cows, in the court before the audience-hall, and a man advances, and after prostration and "Tw-



A WARRIOR OF UKEREWÉ.

yanzis" says he has brought a present from Mankorongo, king of Usui.

"H'm. See to them, Katekiro, and give one to my steward Ka-uta to dress up, and let each chief have an ox to-day, and give ten to my body-guard." At this liberality all the chiefs rush forward, abase themselves in the dust, and cry aloud their fervid "Twiyanzis."

The chiefs resume their seats after this exhibition of their gratitude, and a messenger arrives from the banks

of the Victoria Nile, and relates, to the monarch's surprise, that Namionju, a petty prince near Unyoro, has cast off his allegiance to him, and opened negotiations with Kabba Rega, king of Unyoro.

On hearing the messenger's news, the Emperor exclaims, his eyes expanding widely, and projecting, "What! are all my people dead at Nakaranga? Have I no chief, no people left, that Namionju treats me so?"

The answer is heard in the voices of the chiefs, who spring to their feet simultaneously and rush out before the entrance of the audience-hall, seize their spears or walking-sticks, and call aloud on the Emperor to behold and number his chiefs, and with wild impressive gestures toss their spears and arms on high until a stranger would fancy that a revolution had suddenly begun. The Emperor, however, calmly answers, "It is well," upon which the chiefs leave their spears without and regain their seats.

Then casting his eyes about him, he selects a fiery-looking young chief—Maoor-ugungu by name—who instantly darts forward from his seat, and prostrating himself exclaims, "*Kabaka*, I am here."

"Go, Maoor-ugungu, take five Watongoleh and their men, and eat up Namionju and his country."

Maoor-ugungu, prompt as tinder upon receiving such an order, utters many "Twiyanzis," then springs to his feet, and, seizing a couple of spears and a shield, throws himself into a heroic attitude with all the ardour of a true son of Mars, and cries aloud:—

"Emperor, behold me! The Emperor commands, and Namionju shall die, and I will gather the spoil. I will eat the land up clean. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi-yanzi!" and so on *ad infinitum*.

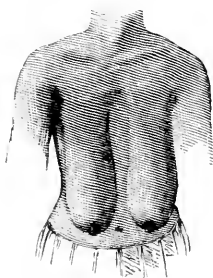
The Emperor rises. Tori the drummer beats the long roll on his drum, and all the chiefs, courtiers, pages, claimants, messengers and strangers, start to their feet. The Emperor—without a word more—retires by a side door into the inner apartments, and the morning burzah is ended.

Those curious to know further of the Emperor's life

must pass through a multitude of sharp-eyed, jealously watchful guards, pages, and executioners, thronging the court of the audience-hall, into the private courts, many of which they will find apparently of no use whatever except to ensure privacy, and to confuse a stranger.

In one they may see Mtesa drilling his Amazons and playing at soldiers with his pets. They are all comely and brown, with fine virginal bosoms. But what strikes us most is the effect of discipline. Those timid and watchful eyes which they cast upon the monarch to discover his least wish prove that, though they may be devoted to him, it is evident that they have witnessed other scenes than those of love.

In another court, perhaps, they may find Mtesa just sitting down to eat a slight noon meal, consisting of ripe bananas and curded milk; or they may find him laughing and chatting with his favourite wives and female children, who all sit around him, seeming to govern their faces according to the despot's humour; or perhaps he may happen to be found with a favourite page examining the contents of the treasure-house, where the gifts of various travellers, European, Turkish, and Arabic, are stored; or he may be engaged with Tori, his factotum, planning some novelty, in the shape of a waggon, carriage, ship, or boat, or whatever the new fancy may be which has taken possession of his mind.



WOMAN'S BREASTS.

THE LAND.

Having learned somewhat through these sketches of the character of the peasant, the chief, and the monarch, it now remains for us to take a view of the land in order to understand its extent, nature, and general aspect.

The form of the Empire governed by Mtesa may be best described as a crescent. Its length is about 300 geographical miles, and its breadth about 60, covering

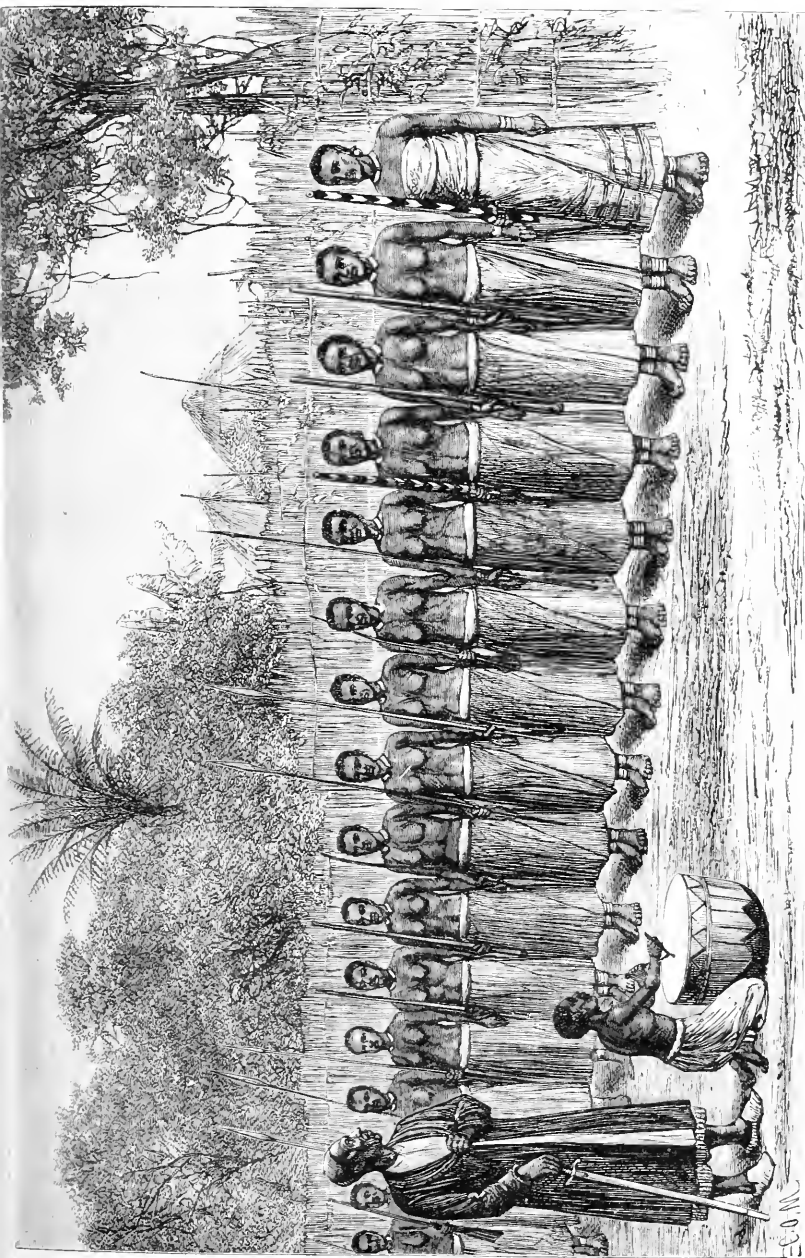
—with the islands of Sessé, Lulamba, Bufwe, Sadzi, Lulamba, Damba, Lukomeh, Iramba, Irwaji, Kiwa, Wema, Kibibi, Uziri, Wanzi, Uruma, Utamba, Mwama, Ugeyeya, Usamu, and Namungi—an area of 30,000 square miles. If we reckon in also Unyoro, Ukedi, and Ankori, which recognize Mtesa's power, and pay tribute to him, though somewhat irregularly, we must add a further area of 40,000 square miles, making the total extent of his empire about 70,000 square miles.

Some estimate of the population ought also to be offered. But it is to be understood that it is only a rough estimate, made by a traveller who has had to compile his figures by merely taking into consideration the number of the army assembled at Nakaranga, and enumerating districts and villages along the line of his travels.

Countries and Districts.							Population.
Uganda proper (from Ripon Falls)							
to Katonga river	750,000
Uddu	100,000
Bwera	30,000
Koki	70,000
Usoga	500,000
Ukedi	150,000
Unyoro	500,000
Usagara or Ankori	200,000
Karagwé	150,000
Usui	80,000
Uzongora, including	Ihangiro and						
Bumbireh	200,000
Sessé Island	20,000
Uvuma	15,000
All other islands	10,000
							<hr/> 2,775,000 <hr/>

This number gives about thirty-eight persons to the square mile throughout the empire of Uganda.

The productions of the land are of great variety, and,



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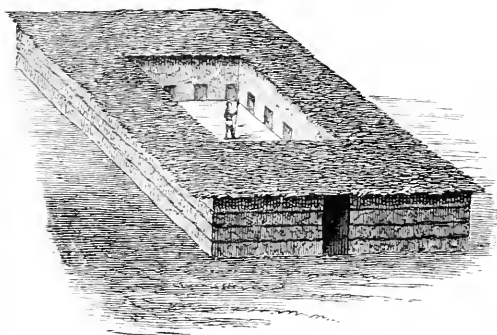
MTESA'S AMAZONS.

To face p. 296.



if brought within reach of Europeans, would find a ready market;—ivory, coffee, gums, resins, myrrh, lion, leopard, otter, and goat * skins, ox-hides, snow-white monkey-skins, and bark cloth, besides fine cattle, sheep, and goats. Among the chief vegetable productions are the papaw, banana, plantain, yams, sweet potatoes, peas, several kinds of beans, melons, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, manioc, and tomatoes. Of grains, there are to be found in the neighbourhood of the capital wheat, rice, maize, sesamum, millets, and vetches.

The soil of the lake coast region from the extremity of Usoga to the Alexandra Nile is of inexhaustible fertility. The forests are tall and dense, and the teak



SMALL TEMBÉ.

and cottonwood, tamarind, and some of the gum-trees grow to an extraordinary height, while many of the lower uninhabited parts near the lake are remarkable for the density, luxuriance, and variety of their vegetation.

The higher land, for the most part devoid of trees and covered with grass, appears better adapted for pasture, though the plantain and fig trees flourish on the summit of the hills with the same vigour as near the lake.

Westward of the smooth, rolling, pastoral country which characterizes the interior of Usoga and Uganda,

* The white goats of Usoga are like the famous Angora goats with fine silky hair from 4 to 8 inches in length.

we observe that the land has lost its surface of pasture grass, and its gently undulating character, and heaves itself upwards into many-headed hills of rugged, abrupt forms, and as we penetrate farther, these hills become mountains of a stupendous type, with summits which, except on a fine clear day, the naked eye cannot define. Deep, deep valleys, from whose depths we hear the roar of resounding cataracts and falls, sunder these lofty mountains. Upon their lengthy slopes great masses of glistening white rock are seen half imbedded in débris, where they have remained since they were severed from the parent mountain which raises its head so proudly into the sky above.

Beyond this scene again we come to where the land appears to have concentrated itself, and fused all lesser mountains and hills into one grand enormous mass, the height and size of which dwarfs all hitherto seen, and which, disdaining vulgar observation, shrouds its head with snow and grey clouds.

Indeed, so gradual is the transition and change in the aspect of the land from Lake Victoria to Beatrice Gulf that one may draw this one-hundred-miles-wide belt into five divisions of equal breadth, and class them according to the limits given above. Let us imagine a railway constructed to run from one lake to the other—what scenes unrivalled for soft beauty, luxuriance, fertility, and sublimity would be traversed!

Starting from the sea-like expanse of the Victoria Lake, the traveller would be ushered into the depths of a tall forest, whose meeting tops create eternal night, into leafy abysses, where the gigantic sycamore, towering invulc, and branchy gum strive with one another for room, under whose shade wrestle with equal ardour for mastery the less ambitious trees, bushes, plants, lianes, creepers, and palms. Out of this he would emerge into broad day, with its dazzling sunshine, and view an open rolling country, smooth rounded hills, truncated cones, and bits of square-browed plateaus, intersected by broad grassy meads and valleys thickly dotted with ant-hills overgrown with brushwood. Few trees are visible, and

these, most likely, the candelabra or the tamarisk, with a sprinkling of acacia. As some obstructing cone would be passed, he would obtain glimpses of wide prospects of hill, valley, mead, and plain, easy swells and hollows, grassy basins, and grassy eminences, the whole suffused with fervid vapour.

These scenes passed, he would find himself surrounded by savage hills, where he would view the primitive rock in huge, bare, round-backed masses of a greyish-blue colour, imparted to them by moss and lichens, or large fragments flung together as in some Cyclopean cairn, sundered and riven by warring elements. At their base



UGANDA HUT.

lie, thickly strewn, the debris of quartz-veined gneiss and granite and iron-coloured rock, half choking the passage of some petty stream, which vents its petulance, as it struggles through it to gain the clear, disencumbered valley, and the placid river, guarded by banks of slender cane and papyrus.

And then the traveller would observe that the valleys are gradually deepening, and the hills increasing in height, until suddenly he would be ushered into the presence of that king of mountains, Mount Gordon-Bennett, which towers sheer up to the azure with a white veil about his crown, surrounded by clusters of

savage heights and ridges, and before whose indisputable sublimity his soul seems to shrink. Escaping from the vicinity of this mountain monarch, he would be swept over a brown parched plateau for a short hour, and then, all suddenly, come to a pause at the edge of an awful precipice some 1500 feet in depth. At the bottom of this, slumbering serenely, and reflecting the plateau walls on its placid surface, lies the blue Muta Nzigé.

GENERAL REMARKS.

I have still to add some details of interest. Mtesa, in the preceding introduction to the reader, playing the part of Emperor at a public burzah, has still only a vague and indistinct personality, and so, to complete the portrait, I venture to append the following remarks.

On first acquaintance, as I have already said, he strikes the traveller as a most fascinating and a peculiarly amiable man, and should the traveller ever think of saving this pagan continent from the purgatory of heathendom, the Emperor must occur to him as of all men in Africa the most promising to begin with. For his intelligence and natural faculties are of a very high order, his professions of love to white men great, and his hospitality apparently boundless. Had he been educated in Europe, there can be little doubt but that he would have become a worthy member of society; but nursed in the lap of paganism, and graduated only in superstition and ignorance, he is to-day no more than an extraordinary African.

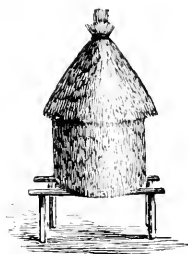
Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal, and that, to continue the good work in earnest, a patient, assiduous, and zealous missionary is required. A few months' talk about Christ and His blessed work on earth, though sufficiently attractive to Mtesa, is not enough to eradicate the evils which thirty-five years of brutal, sensuous indulgence have stamped on the mind: this only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion to duty, and the paternal

watchfulness of a sincerely pious pastor can effect. And it is because I am conscious of the insufficiency of my work, and his strong evil propensities, that I have not hesitated to describe the real character of my "convert." The grand redeeming feature of Mtesa, though founded only on self-interest, is his admiration for white men.

When the traveller first enters Uganda, his path seems to be strewn with flowers, greetings with welcome gifts follow one another rapidly, pages and courtiers kneel before him, and the least wish is immediately gratified, for to make a request of the Emperor is to honour him with the power of giving. So long as the stranger is a novelty, and his capacities or worth have not yet been sounded, his life in Uganda seems to be a sunshiny holiday.

Meanwhile, however, the pages, pursuivants, messengers, and courtiers have been measuring him by rules and methods of their own. His faculties have been calculated, his abilities keenly observed and noted, and his general utility and value become accurately gauged, and all the time he has been entertained royally, and courted and favoured beyond all his expectations.

But now approaches the time for him to make return, to fulfil the promise tacitly conveyed by his ready and friendly acceptance of gifts and favours. He is surprised by being asked if he can make gunpowder, manufacture a gun, cast a cannon, build a ship, or construct a stone or a brick house. If a priest ordained, and his garb and meek, quiet behaviour prove it, his work is ready cut for him: he has only to teach and preach. But if a soldier, why should he not know how to make guns, cannon, ships, brick houses, &c.? If he informs the Emperor that he is ignorant of these things, why then he must pay in other coin. He has guns with



STORAGE FOR GRAIN.



STOOL.

him, he must "give"; he has watches, "give"; he has various trifles of value, such as a gold pencil-case, or a ring, "give"; he wears good clothes, "give"; he has beads, cloth, wire, "give, give, give"; and so "give" to his utter beggary and poverty. If he does not give with the liberality of a "Speki" or a "Stamlee," who will henceforth be quoted to his confusion and shame, there will be found other ways to rid him of his superfluities. His men will be found unfaithful, and will desert, attracted by the rewards of Mtesa and glowing descriptions of his liberality, and one day, when he is about to congratulate himself that he is more fortunate than others, he will find himself suddenly bereft of half or three-fourths of his entire stock of goods. If the traveller states that he is acquainted with a few arts, he is expected to prove his words to the loss of his time and patience, and the waste of many precious months; even then what little he has been able to do with such lazy knaves as the Waganda will prove insufficient, and he also, by craft, will be relieved of a few guns and bales.

From these exactions only the resident missionary would be exempt, because he will be able to make ample amends for all deficiencies by staying to teach and preach, and he in time would, in reality, be the Emperor. To him Mtesa would bend with all the docility of a submissive child, and look up with reverence and affection. The peculiar wayward, petulant, inconsistent nature would become moulded anew, or be re-born to be presented henceforth to European travellers in an amiable, nay loveable, aspect. Mtesa is the most interesting man in Africa, and one well worthy of our largest sympathies; and I repeat that through him only can Central Africa be Christianized and civilized.

It will be observed that I have styled Mtesa "Emperor" of Uganda, and not king, like my predecessors Speke and Grant. But my readers may remember that it has been mentioned in the brief sketch of the Premier given above that all the Waganda, from the Emperor to the peasant, change their titles and

names according as they are estimated in the popular consideration.

Before Suna's death Mtesa was a Mlangira (prince); when he succeeded his father, being yet young, he received the title of Mukavya or Mkavya (king) of Uganda, but after he had distinguished himself in the conquest of other kings, and won the imperial right, this title was changed for Kabaka or Kawaka (Emperor). For the Empire of Uganda, as already described, embraces several countries besides Uganda proper.

I was not aware of these several distinctions or grades until I had been a long time resident at the court. The title of Mkama, again, such as that of Mkama Rumanika of Karagwé, Mkama Mankorongo of Usui, is synonymous with viceroy or sub-king, though literally translated it means "lord." Polite courtiers prone on the ground, abasing themselves in the dust before Mtesa, will often address him as "Mkama ange" ("My own lord").

The children of Mtesa are all styled Ulangira (princes). Below this title there seems to be no other designation of hereditary condition save Kopi (peasant). Wakungu and Watongoleh alike are peasants born, and therefore still peasants, though they may rank as chiefs and sub-chiefs, or governors and lieutenant-governors, or generals and colonels. Thus Mtesa at Nakaranga, when he was pleased to promise to reward him who first landed at Ingira Island with the place of Katekiro, asked the assembled chiefs, "For what is Pokino really? Is he not a peasant?"

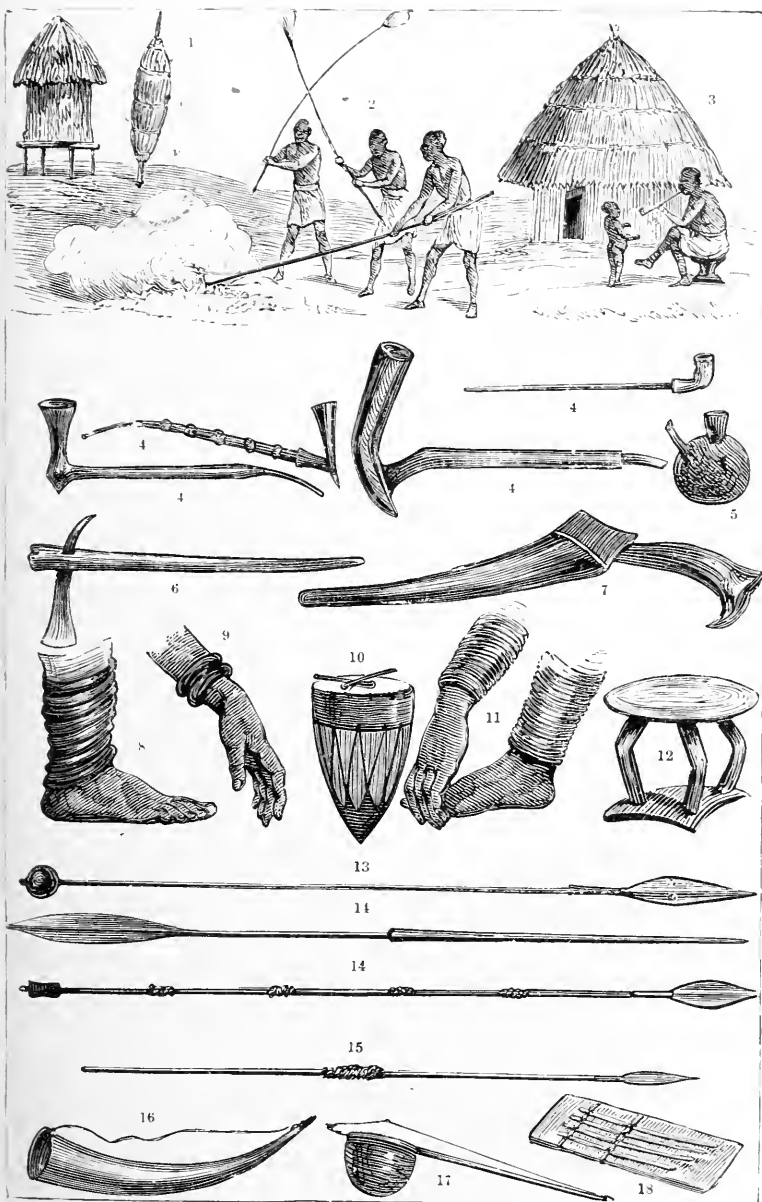
The moral character of the people is far below that of the Emperor. Indeed, if it were not for him, no stranger would dare to enter Uganda. They have no respect for human life or human rights. Among themselves they recognize only might, and Mtesa might even be pardoned for exercising greater severity than he does, for this fierce people requires to be governed with the almost unexampled severity of might and power which Suna so cruelly employed. They are crafty, fraudulent, deceiving, lying, thievish knaves, taken as a whole, and

seem to be born with an uncontrollable love of gaining wealth by robbery, violence, and murder, in which they resemble—except that they have the lawless instinct to a greater degree than most—nearly all African tribes. Owing, however, to their terror of punishment, the stranger is permitted to wander in almost certain safety throughout Uganda, and is hospitably treated as the “Emperor’s guest” (Mgeni). One has only to hear the word “Nganya” (spoil) given by a person in authority to be surprised at the greed there and then exhibited.

The adage has long been accepted for true, “Like father like son,” and equally true would be the saying “Like king like people.” The conduct of the chiefs proves that in Uganda at least it is true, for, like the Emperor, they adopt a despotic style, and require to be served by their inferiors with abject servility and promptitude. Like him, also, the chiefs are fond of pomp and display, and, as far as their rank and means permit, they exhibit this vanity to the utmost.

Thus, the monarch has always about two score of drummers, a score of fifers, half a score of native guitar-players, several mountebanks, clowns, dwarfs, and albinos, a multitude of errand-boys, pages, messengers, courtiers, claimants, besides a large number of body-guards and two standard-bearers, either following or preceding him wherever he goes, to declare his state and quality. The chiefs, therefore, have also their followers, standard-bearers, and pages, and so on down to the peasant or cowherd, who makes an infantile slave trot after him to carry his shield and spears.

In person the Waganda are tall and slender. I have seen hundreds of them above 6 feet 2 inches in height, while I saw one who measured 6 feet 6 inches. Of course the native Waganda must be distinguished from strangers and slaves and their descendants imported from conquered lands, and generally they differ from these by their more pleasing looks and more agreeable features. This last, however, may be attributed to a general love of cleanliness, neatness, and modesty, which pervades all, from the highest to the lowest. A naked



POT FOURRI.

1. Storage of grain.
2. Threshing.
3. Small hut.
4. Pipes.
5. Native hubble-bubble.
6. War hatchet.

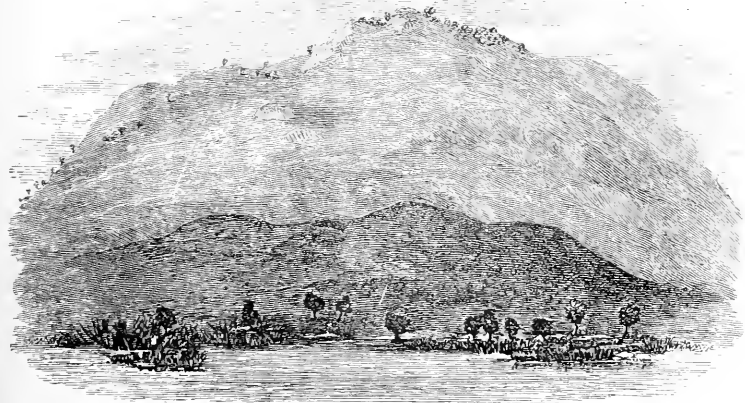
7. Billhook.
8. Leglets.
9. Wristlets.
10. Drum.
11. Brass-wire ornaments.
12. Stool.

13. Manyuema spear.
14. Ujiji spears.
15. Assegai.
16. Kirangozi's signal horn.
17. Guitars.
18. Musical instrument.



or immodest person is a downright abomination to a follower of Mtesa's court, and even the poorest peasants frown and sneer at absolute nudity.

It has been mentioned above that the Waganda surpass other African tribes in craft and fraud, but this may, at the same time, be taken as an indication of their superior intelligence. This is borne out by many other proofs. Their cloths are of finer make; their habitations are better and neater; their spears are the most perfect, I should say, in Africa, and they exhibit extraordinary skill and knowledge of that deadly



MOUNT EDWIN ARNOLD.

weapon; their shields are such as would attract admiration in any land, while the canoes surpass all canoes in the savage world.

The Waganda frequently have recourse to drawing on the ground to illustrate imperfect oral description, and I have often been surprised by the cleverness and truthfulness of these rough illustrations. When giving reasons firstly, secondly, and thirdly, they have a curious way of taking a stick and breaking it into small pieces. One piece of a stick delivered with emphasis, and gravely received by the listener in his palm, concludes the first reason, another stick announces the

conclusion of the second reason, until they come to the "thirdly," when they raise both hands with the palms turned from them, as if to say, "There, I've given you my reasons, and you must perforce understand it all now!"

Nearly all the principal attendants at the court can write the Arabic letters. The Emperor and many of the chiefs both read and write that character with facility, and frequently employ it to send messages to one another, or to strangers at a distance. The materials which they use for this are very thin smooth slabs of cotton-wood. Mtesa possesses several score of these, on which are written his "books of wisdom," as he styles the results of his interviews with European travellers. Some day a curious traveller may think it worth while to give us translations of these proceedings and interviews.

The power of sight of these natives is extraordinary. Frequently a six-guinea field-glass was excelled by them. Their sense of hearing is also very acute.

It is really wonderful into how many uses the ingenious savage of these regions can convert a simple plant. Regard the banana-plant, for instance. At first view, in the eyes of the untaught civilized man, it seems to be of no other use than to bear fruit after its kind, for the stalk of it cannot be employed as fuel, and its fronds soon fade and wither and rend, and unless the savage pointed out its various uses, I fear the civilized man would consider it as of slight value. It is, however, of exceeding utility to the native of Uganda.

1. Its fruit, green or ripe, forms his principal food. When green, the Waganda peels his bananas, folds them carefully up in the form of a parcel, enclosed in green banana-leaves, and putting a small quantity of water in his pot, cooks them with the steam alone. This mode of cooking green bananas renders them floury in appearance, and, in taste, most sweet and palatable. When ripe, they form an admirable dessert, and, taken in the morning before coffee, serve with some constitutions as an agreeable laxative.

Of the banana proper, there are several varieties, each distinguished by a special name, just as the European gardener distinguishes his several varieties of potatoes. Some are 3 inches in length, with deep green coats, and seem fat with matter. Others, 6 inches in length, and of a lighter green colour, are considered the best; others are short, plumpy fruit, great favourites also. There is another species, known by a dark point, rather bitter to the taste and unfit for food, but specially reserved for the manufacture of wine, for which it alone is adapted.

2. The fruit of this latter species furnishes the natives with the maramba, a honey-sweet, cider-flavoured wine, and, when mixed with a little millet, sweet beer also. When fermented and perfect, the latter is a potent liquid, and a quart suffices to disturb the equilibrium of many men; but there are old toppers, like Prince Kaduma, who would toss off a gallon and be apparently only slightly elated after it. A small draught of maramba taken at dawn I found beneficial to the system.



HUT OF KARAGWÉ, UDDU.

3. The banana-fronds serve as thatch for houses, fences for enclosures, and as bedding. They are also used to protect milk, water, and flour vessels from dust and impurities, are employed as table-cloths, on which food is spread, and, like newspapers or brown paper, are used as wrappers for gifts of eatables, such as ripe bananas, butter, meat, eggs, fish, &c., while they serve daily and universally as pudding-cloths in the Kiganda households. The cool, thick shade afforded by a banana plantation is well known.

4. The stems are sometimes used for fences and defensive enclosures; they are also frequently employed as rollers, to move heavy logs, or for the transportation of canoes overland from point to point, when the strategies of war demand it. The pith or heart of the stalk

is scraped and made into sponges of a dough-cake pattern, and may be seen in almost all Kiganda lavatories. Frequently the indolent prefer to knead a fresh sponge-cake and make their ablutions with this to going to the river, lake, pond, or well, or troubling themselves to fetch a vessel of water.

The fibres of the stalk are used as cord, and are adapted for almost every purpose for which cord is useful. The poorest peasants make rough but serviceable shields also from the stalk, while the fishermen of the lake make large sun-hats from it. Many other uses might be mentioned, but the above are sufficient to prove that, besides its cool agreeable shade, the banana-plant will supply a peasant of Uganda with bread, potatoes, dessert, wine, beer, medicine, house and fence, bed, cloth, cooking-pot, table-cloth, parcel-wrapper, thread, cord, rope, sponge, bath, shield, sun-hat, even a canoe—in fact, almost everything but meat and iron. With the banana-plant, he is happy, fat, and thriving; without it, he is a famished, discontented, woe-begone wretch, hourly expecting death.

CHAPTER XII.

KARAGWÉ AND ITS GENTLE KING.

AFTER his long stay in Uganda, Mr. Stanley and his large following journeyed westwards to what he believed to be the Albert Nyanza, or Lake Albert; but it was afterwards found that he had really discovered another lake, which on his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha he named Albert Edward. From this lake he made his way southwards to Ujiji on the east shore of Tanganika. On the way he stayed some time in the country of Karagwé, of whose gentle old king, the friend of Grant, he gives a charming account. In February, 1876, the expedition arrived at Kafurro, an Arab station in Karagwé. Mr. Stanley proceeds with his narrative as follows :

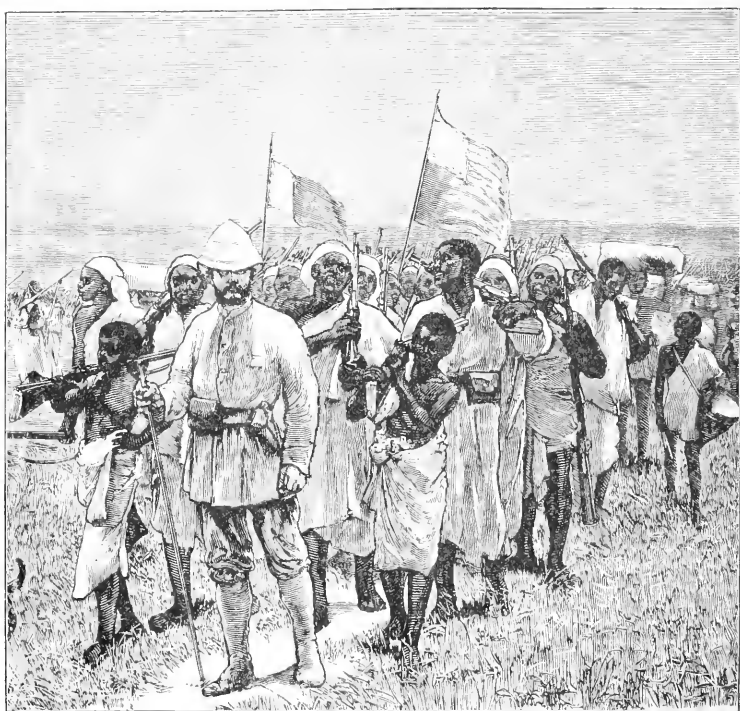
Kafurro owes its importance to being a settlement of two or three rich Arab traders, Hamed Ibrahim, Sayid bin Sayf, and Sayid the Muscati. It is situated within a deep hollow or valley fully 1200 feet below the tops of the surrounding mountains, and at the spring source of a stream flowing east and afterwards north to the Alexandra Nile.

Hamed Ibrahim is rich in cattle, slaves, and ivory. Assuming his own figures to be correct, he possesses 150 cattle, bullocks, and milch cows, forty goats, 100 slaves, and 450 tusks of ivory, the greater part of which last is reported to be safely housed in the safe keeping of his friend the chief of Urangwa in Unyamwezi.

Hamed has a spacious and comfortable gable-roofed house. He has a number of concubines, and several children. He is a fine, gentlemanly-looking Arab, of a light complexion, generous and hospitable to friends, liberal to his slaves, and kind to his women. He has

lived eighteen years in Africa, twelve of which have been spent in Karagwé. He knew Suna, the warlike Emperor of Uganda, and father of Mtesa. He has travelled to Uganda frequently, and several times made the journey between Unyanyembé and Kafurro. Having lived so long in Karagwé, he is friendly with Rumanika, who, like Mtesa, loves to attract strangers to his court.

Hamed has endeavoured several times to open trade



MR. STANLEY AND HIS LARGE FOLLOWING JOURNEYED WESTWARD.

with the powerful Empress of Ruanda, but has each time failed. Though some of his slaves succeeded in reaching the imperial court, only one or two managed to effect their escape from the treachery and extraordinary guile practised there. Nearly all perished by poison.

He informed me that the Empress was a tall woman

of middle age, of an almost light Arab complexion, with very large brilliant eyes. Her son, the prince, a boy of about eighteen, had some years ago committed suicide by drinking a poisonous potion, because his mother had cast some sharp cutting reproaches upon him, which had so wounded his sensitive spirit that, he said, "nothing but death would relieve him."

Hamed is of the belief that these members of the imperial family are descendants of some light-coloured people to the north, possibly Arabs; "for how," asked he, "could the king of Kishakka possess an Arab scimitar, which is a venerated heirloom of the royal family, and the sword of the founder of that kingdom?"

"All these people," said he, "about here are as different from the ordinary Washensi—pagans—as I am different from them. I would as soon marry a woman of Ruanda as I would a female of Muscat. When you go to see Rumanika, you will see some Wanya-Ruanda, and you may then judge for yourself. The people of that country are not cowards. Mashallah! they have taken Kishakka, Muvari, and have lately conquered Mpororo. The Waganda measured their strength with them, and were obliged to retreat. The Wanya-Ruanda are a great people, but they are covetous, malignant, treacherous, and utterly untrustworthy. They have never yet allowed an Arab to trade in their country, which proves them to be a bad lot. There is plenty of ivory there, and during the last eight years Khamis bin Abdullah, Tippu-Tib, Sayid bin Habib, and I myself have attempted frequently to enter there, but none of us has ever succeeded. Even Rumanika's people are not allowed to penetrate far, though he permits everybody to come into his country, and he is a man of their own blood and their own race, and speaks with little difference their own language."

Hamed Ibrahim was not opening out very brilliant prospects before me, nevertheless I resolved to search out in person some known road to this strange country that I might make a direct course to Nyangwé.

On the third day after arrival, the king having been

informed of my intended visit. Hamed Ibrahim and Sayid bin Sayf accompanied me on an official visit to Rumanika, king of Karagwé, and a tributary of Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda.

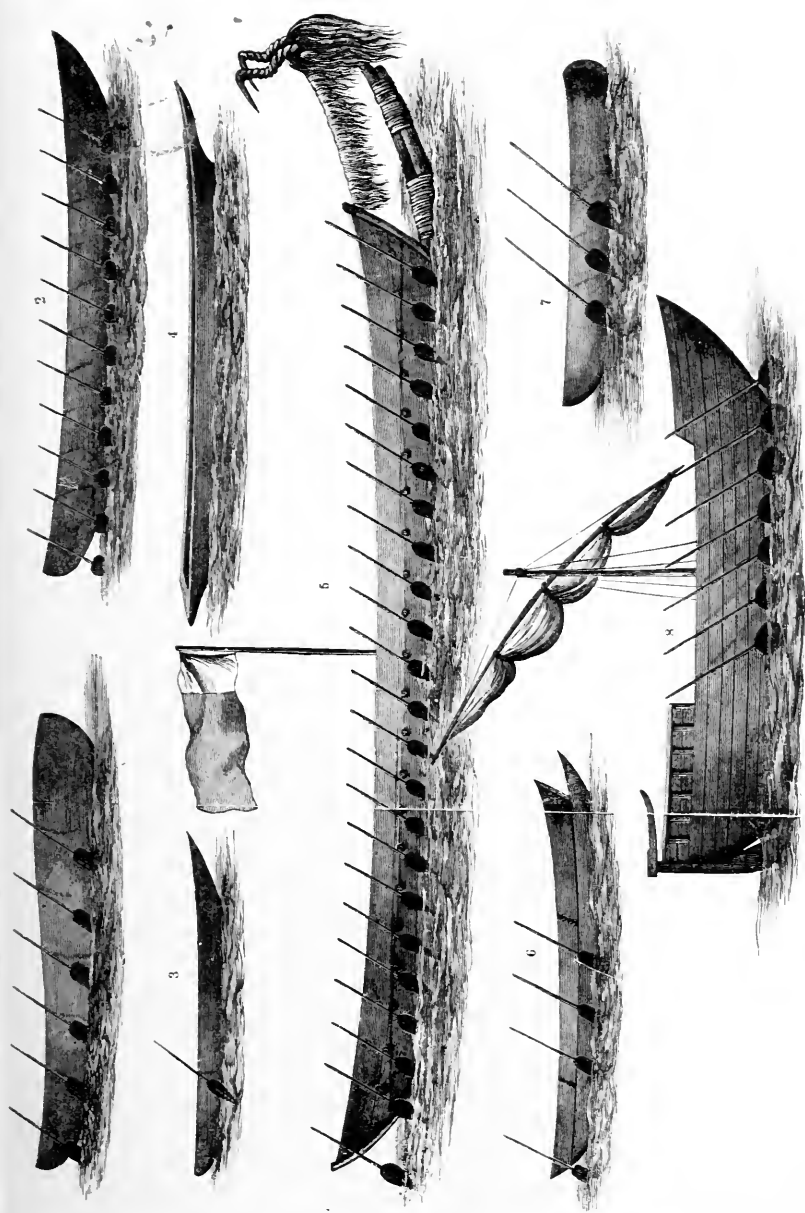
Kafurro, according to aneroid, is 3950 feet above the ocean. Ascending the steep slope of the mountain west of Kafurro, we gained an altitude of 5150 feet, and half an hour afterwards stood upon a ridge 5350 feet above the sea, whence we obtained a most grand and imposing view. Some 600 feet below us was a grassy terrace overlooking the small Windermere Lake, 1000 feet below, its placid surface rivalling in colour the azure of the cloudless heaven. Across a narrow ridge we looked upon the broad and papyrus-covered valley of the Alexandra, whilst many fair, blue lakelets north and south, connected by the winding silver line of the Alexandra Nile, suggested that here exploring work of a most interesting character was needed to understand the complete relations of lake, river, and valley to one another.

Beyond the broad valley rose ridge after ridge, separated from each other by deep parallel basins, or valleys, and behind these, receding into dim and vague outlines, towered loftier ridges. About sixty miles off, to the north-west, rose a colossal sugar-loaf clump of enormous altitude, which I was told was the Ufumbiro mountains. From their northern base extended Mpororo country and to the south, Ruanda.

At the northern end of the Windermere Lake, an irregular range, which extends north to Ugoi, terminates in the dome-like Mount Isossi. South of where I stood, and about a mile distant, was the bold mount of Kazwiro, and about thirty miles beyond it I could see the irregular and confused masses of the Kishakka mountains.

On the grassy terrace below us was situated Rumanika's village, fenced round by a strong and circular stockade, to which we now descended after having enjoyed a noble and inspiring prospect.

Our procession was not long in attracting hundreds of

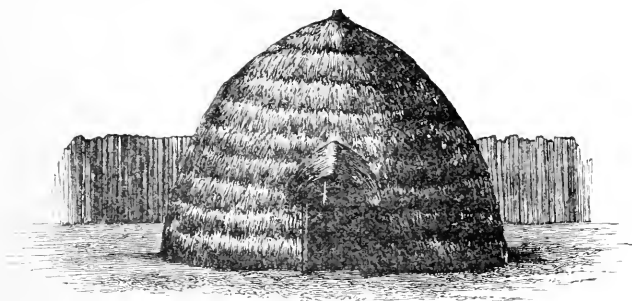


persons, principally youths, all those who might be considered in their boyhood being perfectly nude.

"Who are these?" I inquired of Sheikh Hamed.

"Some of the youngest are sons of Rumanika, others are young Wanya-Ruanda," he replied.

The sons of Rumanika, nourished on a milk diet, were in remarkably good condition. Their unctuous skins shone as though the tissues of fat beneath were dissolving in the heat, and their rounded bodies were as taut as a drumhead. Their eyes were large, and beaming and lustrous with life, yet softened by an extreme gentleness of expression. The sculptor might have obtained from any of these royal boys a dark model for another statue to rival the classic Antinous.



RUMANIKA'S MEASURE HOUSE.

As we were followed by the youths, who welcomed us with a graceful courtesy, the appropriate couplet came to my mind—

"Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk innoxious seek their simple food."

We were soon ushered into the hut wherein Rumanika sat expectant, with one of the kindest, most paternal smiles it would be possible to conceive.

I confess to have been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placid face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the Church still holds in reverence. His face reminded me of a deep still well; the tones of his voice were so calm that unconsciously

they compelled me to imitate him, while the quick, nervous gestures and the bold voice of Sheikh Hamed, seeming entirely out of place, jarred upon me.

It was no wonder that the peremptory and imperious, vivid-eyed Mtesa respected and loved this sweet-tempered pagan. Though they had never met, Mtesa's pages had described him, and with their powers of mimicry had brought the soft modulated tones of Rumanika to his ears as truly as they had borne his amicable messages to him.

What greater contrasts can be imagined than the natures of the Emperor Mtesa and the King Rumanika? In some of his volcanic passions Mtesa seemed to be Fury personified, and if he were represented on the stage in one of his furious moods, I fear that the actor would rupture a blood-vessel, destroy his eyes, and be ever afterwards afflicted with madness. The Waganda always had recourse to action and gesture to supplement their verbal descriptions of his raging fits. His eyes, they said, were "balls of fire and large as fists," while his words were "like gunpowder."

Nature, which had endowed Mtesa with a nervous and intense temperament, had given Rumanika the placid temper, the soft voice, the mild benignity, and pleasing character of a gentle father.

The king appeared to me, clad as he was in red blanket cloth, when seated, a man of middle size, but when he afterwards stood up, he rose to the gigantic stature of six feet six inches or thereabouts, for the top of my head, as we walked side by side, only reached near his shoulders. His face was long, and his nose somewhat Roman in shape; the profile showed a decidedly refined type.

Our interview was very pleasing, and he took excessive interest in every question I addressed to him. When I spoke, he imposed silence on his friends, and leaned forward with eager attention. If I wished to know anything about the geography of the country, he immediately sent for some particular person who was acquainted with that portion, and inquired searchingly

of him as to his knowledge. He chuckled when he saw me use my note-book, as though he had some large personal interest in the number of notes I took. He appeared to be more and more delighted as their bulk increased, and triumphantly pointed out to the Arabs the immense superiority of the whites to them.

He expressed himself as only too glad that I should explore his country. It was a land, he said, that white men ought to know. It possessed many lakes and rivers, and mountains and hot springs, and many other things which no other country could boast of.

"Which do you think best, Stamlee—Karagwé or Uganda?"

"Karagwé is grand, its mountains are high, and its valleys deep. The Kagera is a grand river, and the lakes are very pretty. There are more cattle in Karagwé than in Uganda, except Uddu and Koki; and game is abundant. But Uganda is beautiful and rich; its banana plantations are forests, and no man need to fear starvation, and Mtesa is good—and so is Father Rumanika," I replied smiling to him.

"Do you hear him, Arabs? Does he not speak well? Yes, Karagwé is beautiful," he sighed contentedly. "But bring your boat up and place it on the Rweru (lake), and you can go up the river as far as Kishakka, and down to Morongo (the falls), where the water is thrown against a big rock and leaps over it, and then goes down to the Nianja of Uganda. Verily, my river is a great one; it is the mother of the river at Jinga (Ripon Falls). You shall see all my land; and when you have finished the river, I will give you more to see—Mtagata's hot springs!"

By the 6th of March, Frank had launched the boat from the landing at Kazinga village on the waters of the Windermere Lake,* or the Rweru of Rumanika, and the next day Rumanika accompanied me in state to the water. Half-a-dozen heavy anklets of bright copper

* This lake received this name from Captain Speke, because Colonel Grant, his companion, thought it resembled the Windermere Lake in England.

adorned his legs, bangles of the same metal encircled his wrists, a robe of crimson flannel was suspended from his shoulders. His walking staff was seven feet in length, and his stride was a yard long. Drummers and fifers discoursing a wild music, and fifty spearmen, besides his sons and relatives, Wanya-Ruanda, Waganda, Wasui, Wanyamwezi, Arabs, and Wangwana, followed us in a mixed multitude.

Four canoes manned by Wanyambu were at hand to race with our boat, while we took our seats on the grassy slopes of Kazinga to view the scene. I enjoined Frank and the gallant boat's crew to exert themselves for the honour of us Children of the Ocean, and not to permit the Children of the Lakes to excel us.

A boat and canoe race on the Windermere of Karagwé, with 1200 gentle-mannered natives gazing on! An African international affair! Rumanika was in his element; every fibre of him tingled with joy at the prospective fun. His sons, seated around him, looked up into their father's face, their own reflecting his delight. The curious natives shared in the general gratification.

The boat-race was soon over; it was only for about 800 yards, to Kankorogo Point. There was not much difference in the speed, but it gave immense satisfaction. The native canoemen, standing up with their long paddles, strained themselves with all their energy, stimulated by the shouts of their countrymen, while the Wangwana on the shore urged the boat's crew to their utmost power.

The next day we began the circumnavigation of the Windermere. The extreme length of the lake during the rainy season is about eight miles, and its extreme breadth two and a half. It lies north and south, surrounded by grass-covered mountains which rise from 1200 to 1500 feet above it. There is one island called Kankorogo, situated midway between Mount Isossi and the extreme southern end. I sounded three times, and obtained depths of forty-eight, forty-four, and forty-five feet respectively at different points. The soil of the shores is highly ferruginous in colour, and, except in

the vicinity of the villages, produces only euphorbia, thorny gum, acacia, and aloetic plants.

On the 9th we pulled abreast of Kankorogo Island, and, through a channel from 500 to 800 yards wide, directed our course to the Kagera, up which we had to contend against a current of two knots and a half an hour.

The breadth of the river varied from fifty to 100 yards. The average depth of all the ten soundings we made on this day was fifty-two feet along the middle: close to the papyrus walls, which grew like a forest above us, was a depth of nine feet. Sometimes we caught a view of hippopotamus creeks running up for hundreds of yards on either side through the papyrus. At Kagayyo, on the left bank, we landed for a short time to take a view of the scene around, as, while in the river, we could see nothing except the papyrus, the tops of the mountain ridges of Karagwé, and the sky.

We then learned for the first time the true character of what we had imagined to be a valley when we gazed upon it from the summit of the mountain between Kafurro and Rumanika's capital.

The Ingezi, as the natives called it, embraces the whole space from the base of the mountains of Muvuri to that of the Karagwé ridges with the river called Kagera, the Funzo or the papyrus, and the Rwerus or lakes, of which there are seventeen, inclusive of Windermere. Its extreme width between the bases of the opposing mountains is nine miles; the narrowest part is about a mile, while the entire acreage covered by it from Morongo or the falls in Iwanda, north, to Uhimba, south, is about 350 square miles. The Funzo or papyrus covers a depth of from nine feet to fourteen feet of water. Each of the several lakes has a depth of from



A NATIVE OF UHHA.

twenty to sixty-five feet, and they are all connected, as also is the river, underneath the papyrus.

When about three miles north of Kazinga, at 5 P.M., we drew our boat close to the papyrus, and prepared for a night's rest, and the Wanyambu did the same.

The boat's crew crushed down some of the serest papyrus, and, cutting off the broom-like tops, spread their mats upon the heap thus made, flattering themselves that they were going to have a cozy night of it. Their fires they kindled between three stalks, which sustained their cooking-pots. It was not a very successful method, as the stalks had to be replaced frequently ; but finally their bananas were done to a turn. At night, however, mosquitoes of a most voracious species attacked them in dense multitudes, and nothing but the constant flip-flap of the papyrus tops mingled with complaints that they were unable to sleep were heard for an hour or two. They then began to feel damp, and finally wet, for their beds were sinking into the depths below the papyrus, and they were compelled at last to come into the boat, where they passed a most miserable night, for the mosquitoes swarmed and attacked them until morning with all the pertinacity characteristic of these hungry bloodsuckers.

The next day, about noon, we discovered a narrow, winding creek, which led us to a river-like lake, five miles in length, out of which, through another creek, we punted our boats and canoes to the grazing island of Unyamubi.

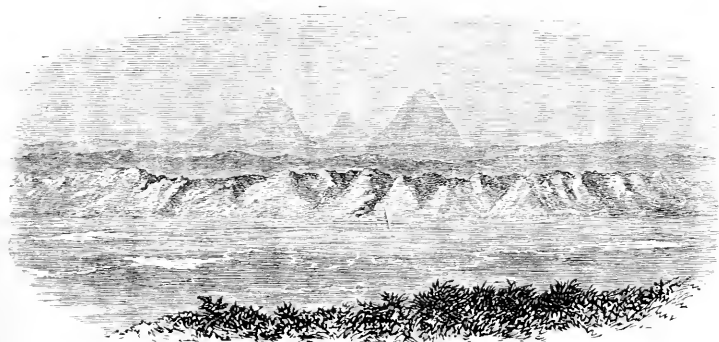
From a ridge which was about fifty feet above the Ingezi we found that we were about four miles from Kishakka and a similar distance due east from a point of land projecting from Muvari.

The next day we ascended the Kagera about ten miles, and returning fourteen miles entered Ihema Lake, a body of water about fifty square miles, and camped on Ihema Island, about a mile from Muvari.

The natives of Ihema Island stated to me that Lake Muta Nzigé was only eleven days' journey from the Muvari shores, and that the Wanya-Ruanda frequently

visited them to obtain fish in exchange for milk and vegetables. They also stated that the Mworongo—or, as others called it, Nawarongo—river flows through the heart of Ruanda from the Ufumbiro mountains, and enters the Kagera in a south-west by west direction from Ihema; that the Akanyaru was quite a large lake, a three days' journey round in canoes, and separated Ruanda, Uhha, and Urundi from each other: that there was an island in the midst, where canoes leaving Uhha were accustomed to rest at night, arriving in Ruanda at noon.

They were a genial people those islanders of Ihema, but they were subject to two painful diseases, leprosy



VIEW OF UFUMBIRO HEIGHTS.

and elephantiasis. The island was of a shaly substructure, covered with a scant depth of alluvium. The water of the Lake Ihema was good and sweet to the taste, though, like all the waters of the Alexandra Nile, distinguished for its dull brown iron colour.

We began from the extreme south end of the lake the next day to coast along the Muvuri or Ruanda coast, and near a small village attempted to land, but the natives snarled like so many spiteful dogs, and drew their bows, which compelled us—being guests of Rumanika—to sheer off and leave them in their ferocious exclusiveness.

Arriving at the Kagera again, we descended it, and

at 7 P.M. were in our little camp of Kazinga, at the south end of Windermere.

On the 11th we rowed into the Kagera, and descended the river as far as Ugoi, and on the evening of the 12th returned once more to our camp on Windermere.

The next day, having instructed Frank to convey the boat to Kafurro, I requested Rumanika to furnish me with guides for the Mtagata hot springs, and, faithful to his promise, thirty Wanyambu were detailed for the service.

Our route lay north along the crest of a lofty ridge between Kafurro and Windermere. Wherever we looked, we beheld grassy ridges, grassy slopes, grassy mountain summits, and grassy valleys—an eminently pastoral country. In a few gorges or ravines the dark tops of trees are seen.

When Windermere Lake and Isossi, its northern mount, were south of us, we descended into a winding grassy valley, and in our march of ten miles from Isossi to Kasya I counted thirty-two separate herds of cattle, which in the aggregate probably amounted to 900 head. We also saw seven rhinoceroses, three of which were white, and four a black brown. The guides wished me to shoot one, but I was scarce of ammunition, and as I could not get a certain shot, I was loath to wound unnecessarily, or throw away a cartridge.

The next day, at 8 A.M., near the end of the valley, we came to Meruré Lake, which is about two miles long, and thence, crossing three different mountains, arrived at Kiwandaré mountain, and from its summit, 5600 feet above the sea, obtained a tolerably distinct view of the triple cone of Ufumbiro, in a west-north-west direction, Mag. I should estimate the distance from Kiwandaré to Ufumbiro to be about forty-five miles, and about sixty miles from the mountain height above Rumanika's capital. Several lines of mountains, with lateral valleys between, rose between the valley of the Alexandra Nile and Ufumbiro.

From Kiwandaré we descended gradually along its



crest to a lower terrace. About 5 P.M. one of our party sighted a dark brown double-horned rhinoceros, and as we had no meat, and the nature of the ground permitted easy approach, I crept up to within fifty yards of it unperceived and sent in a zinc bullet close to the ear, which bowled it over dead.

The quantity of meat obtained from the animal was more than would supply the eighteen men, Wangwana, of my party; therefore, acceding to their wish, we camped on the spot, exposed to the chilly mountain winds, which visited us during the night. The men, however, continued to pick up abundance of fuel from a wooded gorge close by, and, engaged in the interesting and absorbing task of roasting meat before many blazing fires, did not suffer greatly.

At 9 A.M. the next day we descended to the wooded gorge of Mtagata, having travelled thirty-five miles almost due north from Kafurro.

This gorge is formed by an angle where the extreme northern end of Kiwandaré mountain meets a transverse ridge. It is filled with tall trees which have been nourished to a gigantic size and density of foliage by the warm vapours from the springs and the heated earth. A thick under-growth of plants, lianes, and creepers of all sizes has sprung up under the shade of the aspiring trees, and the gloom thus caused within the gorge is very striking. I imagine a person would find it a most eerie place at night alone. Great baboons and long-tailed monkeys roared and chattered in the branches, causing the branches to sway and rustle as they chased one another from tree to tree.

At the time of our visit the springs were frequented by invalids from Iwanda, Ngoi, Kiziwa, Usongora, and Usui, for, as may be believed, they have obtained a great repute throughout the districts of Karagwé and neighbouring countries.

The springs are six in number, and at their extreme source they had, when I tested them, a temperature of $129\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr. The bathing pools, which are about 12 feet in diameter, and from 2 to 5 feet deep, showed a tempe-

perature of 110° Fahr., except one on the extreme north, which was only 107° Fahr.

I bottled eight ounces of water from one of these springs, and on arriving in London sent it to Messrs. Savory and Moore, the well-known chemists, 143 Bond Street, who in a few days kindly returned me the following analysis:—

“The fluid was clear, colourless, and odourless; on standing at rest, a small quantity of red granular matter was deposited.

“Examined chemically, it was found to have a faint alkaline reaction, and its specific gravity, corrected to 60° F., was 1004, water being considered 1000.

“One hundred grammes evaporated left a white crystalline residue, weighing $\cdot 37$ of a gramme, and it was composed of sodium carbonate, calcium carbonate, calcium sulphate, and sodium chloride; this order represents their proportions, sodium carbonate being the chief constituent, and the other salts existing in more minute quantities.

“The deposit was removed and examined micro-chemically: it was thus found to consist of ferruginous sand, and two minute pieces of vegetable cellulose.

“It was therefore a faintly alkaline water, and its alkalinity depended on the presence of sodium carbonate possibly existing in solution as bicarbonate, as the water held in solution carbonic acid gas, and this gas was evolved by heating the water.”

The natives praised the water of these springs so highly that I resolved to stay three days to test in my own person what virtues it possessed. I drank an enormous quantity of the water with a zealous desire to be benefited, but I experienced no good—on the contrary, much ill, for a few days afterwards I suffered from a violent attack of intermittent fever, occasioned, I fancy, by the malaria inhaled from the tepid atmosphere. It is true I luxuriated morning and evening in the bath which was reserved for me by Luajumba, son of Rumanika, but that was all the advantage that accrued to me.

Patients suffering from cutaneous diseases profit rapidly, from, I believe, the unusual cleanliness; and during the few days we camped here numbers of natives came and went, and merriment and cleansing, bathing and lounging, music and barbarous chanting, kept awake the echoes of the gorge.

Our stay at the springs was cheered also by the presence of Luajumba, who, following the example of his father Rumanika, was hospitable and bland in his manners. An ox, two goats, ten fowls, besides bananas, sweet potatoes and flour, and fourteen large gourdfuls of maramba were received with thanks—and paid for.

On the 18th of March we set out on our return to Kafurro from the hot springs, and on the road I shot a white rhinoceros, which the people soon cut up to convey to their comrades. On the 19th we arrived at Kafurro, each of the Wangwana being loaded with over twenty lbs. of meat.

After two days' rest I paid another visit to Rumanika, where we had a great geographical discussion. It is unnecessary to describe the information I had to give Rumanika respecting the geographical distribution of tribes and races over the Dark Continent, but conscious that the geographical world will take an interest in what Rumanika and the native travellers at his court imparted, I here append, verbatim, the notes I took upon the spot.

Hamed Ibrahim spoke and said:—

“My slaves have travelled far, and they say that the Ni-Nawarongo River rises on the west side of Ufumbiro mountains, takes a wide sweep through Ruanda, and enters Akanyaru, in which lake it meets the Kagera from the south. United they then empty from the lake between Uhha and Kishakka, and, flowing between Karagwé and Ruanda, go into the Nianza (Nyanza).

“The Rwizi River, also rising at the northern base of the Ufumbiro cones, in Mpororo, flows through Igara, then Shema, then Ankori, into the king of Koki's (Luampula) lake, and becoming the Chibarré or Kiwaré River, joins the Kagera below Kitangulé.

“If you proceed toward sunset from Mpororo, you will see Muta Nzigé, the Nianza of Unyoro. There are many large islands in it. Utumbi is a country of islands, and the natives are very good, but you cannot proceed through Mpororo, as the people are Shaitans—devils—and the Wanya-Ruanda are wicked; and because something happened when Wangwana first tried to go there, they never tolerate strangers. A strange people, and full of guile verily!

“West of Ruanda is a country called Mkinyaga, and there is a large lake there, so I have heard—no Arabs have ever been there.”

Then a native of Western Usui, at the request of Rumanika, said:—

“Mkinyaga is west of Kivu Lake or Nianza Cha Ngoma, from which the Rusizi River flows into the lake of Uzigé (Tanganika). To reach Mkinyaga, you must pass through Unyambungu first, then you will see the great Lake of Mkinyaga. Lake Kivu has a connection with the lake Akanyaru, though there is much grass, as in the Ingezi, below here. A canoe could almost reach Kivu from Kishakka, but it would be hard work.

“Akanyaru, which the Wahha call Nianza Cha-Ngoma, is very wide. It will take a day and a half to cross, and is about two or three days’ canoe journey in length. It lies between Ruanda, Uhha, and Urundi. The Kagera coming from between Uhha and Urundi flows into it. The Nawarongo empties into the Ruvuvu between Ugufu and Kishakka. The Ruvuvu between Kishakka and Karagwé enters the Kagera; the Kagera comes into the Ingezi, and flows by Kitangulé into the Nianza of Uganda. Kivu lake is west-south-west from Kibogora’s capital, in West Usui. Kivu has no connection with Muta Nzigé, the lake of Unyoro.”

Then a native of Zanzibar who had accompanied Khamis bin Abdallah to North-Western Uhha said:—

“I have been west of King Khanza’s Uhha, and I saw a large lake. Truly there is much water there. Urundi was to my left. Ruanda fronted me across, and I stood on Uhha.”

Rumanika followed, and imparted at length all his information, of which I append only the pith:—

“Leaving Mpororo, you may reach by canoes Makinda’s, in Utumbi, in half a day. The island is called Kabuzzi. Three hours will take a canoe thence to Karara Island, and from Karara Island another half-day will take you to Ukonju, where there is a tribe of cannibals.

“Mkinyaga is at the end of Ruanda, and its lake is Muta Nzigé, on which you can go to Unyoro. There is a race of dwarfs somewhere west of Mkinyaga called the Mpundu, and another called the Batwa or Watwa, who are only two feet high. In Uriambwa is a race of small people with tails.

“Uitwa, or Batwa—Watwa, is at the extreme south end of Uzungora.

“From Butwa, at the end of a point of land in Ruanda, you can see Uitwa, Uzungora.

“From Butwa, Mkinyaga is to the left of you about three days’ journey.

“Some of the Waziwa saw a strange people in one of those far-off lands

who had long ears descending to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover him from the cold like a dressed hide! They tried to coax one of them to come and see me, but the journey was long, and he died on the way.”

Dear old Rumanika, how he enjoyed presiding over the Geographical Society of Karagwé, and how he smiled when he delivered this last extraordinary piece of Münchhausenism! He was determined that he should be considered as the best informed of all present, and anticipated with delight the pleasure old and jaded Europe would feel upon hearing of these marvellous fables of Equatorial Africa. He was also ambitious to



HOUSE, UKEREWÉ.

witness my note-book filled with his garrulity, and I fear he was a little disposed to impose upon the credulity of sober Christians. However, with this remark of caution to the reader, his fables may be rendered harmless, and we can accord him thanks for his interesting information.

Since I am publishing these geographical items, I may as well append here, also in brief, some other information obtained elsewhere relating to Muta Nzigé from a native of Usongora, whom we found at Kawanga with Sekajugu, one of the Watongoleh who accompanied us to Beatrice Gulf.

“When you leave Ruoko in Unyoro, you will have Gambaragara to your right, and Usagara or Ankori will be on your left. Uzimba, Ruigi’s country, will be four days’ journey west of you.

“On reaching Uzimba, if you turn to the left you will reach Luhola. Usongora will be on your right hand.

“On your left will also be Unyampaka, Kasita, Kishakka, Chakiomi, Nyteré, Buluju, Makara, Unyamururu, Munya Chambiro, and the Bwambu, who are cannibals.

“If you go to your right from Ruigi’s, you reach Usongora, Mata, two days after Nabweru, then Butwa. Standing at Butwa, you will see Ruanda on the left hand.

“The country of Ruigi is called Uzimba.

“Kitagwenda is the name of the neighbouring country.

“Unyamuruguru lies between Ruanda and Usongora.

“All the Wasongora emigrated from Unyoro.”

The following is information from a native of Unyampaka upon Muta Nzigé :—

“My king’s name is Bulema. Kashéshé is the great king of Uzimba. Ruigi is dead. Usongora, as you look towards sunset, will lie before you, as you stand at Kashéshé’s. To go to Usongora from Kashéshé’s, you go to Nkoni Island, then to Ihundi Island, and then to Usongora.

“Far to your left, as you face the sunset, you have

before you Utumbi, the Malinda, Karara, and Kabuzzi Islands.

"There is abundance of salt in Usongora, and we go from Unyampaka (my country) to get salt, and sell it to all the country round. Ankori country does not extend to Muta Nzigé. Buhuju and Unyamuruguru lie between Ankori and the lake.

"Nyika is king of Gambaragara and Usongora. North of Gambaragara is Toru, or Tori, country, a part of Unyoro. Kabba Rega is the great king of all those lands. The medicines (charms) of Unyoro are kept by Nyika on the top of his high mountain. There are as many white people there as there are black. On the top there is a little Nianja, and a straight rock rises high out from the middle. There is plenty of water falling from the sides of the mountain, sometimes straight down, with a loud noise. Herds upon herds of cattle, hundreds of them are in Gambaragara and Usongora. The people of Usongora are great fighters, they carry three spears and a shield each, and they live on nothing but milk and potatoes."



WOMEN WITH COIL OF BRASS-WORK.

I now proceed to give some "reflections" of a young philosopher of Uganda, one of the pages of Sambuzi, who had accompanied his master in the Katekero's great raid upon Usongora three years before.

This young lad startled me out of the idea that philosophizing was not a common gift, or that only members of the white race were remarkable for their powers of observation, by the following question:—

"Stamlee, how is it, will you tell me, that all white men have long noses, while all their dogs have very short noses,* while almost all black men have short noses, but their dogs have very long noses?"

* The young philosopher had observed the broad short noses of my British bull-dog and bull terrier "Jack," and he had hastily arrived at the conclusion that all white men's dogs were pug-nosed.

A youth of Uganda, thought I, who can propound such a proposition as that, deserves attention.

"Speak," I said, "all you know about Muta Nzigé and the Kagera."

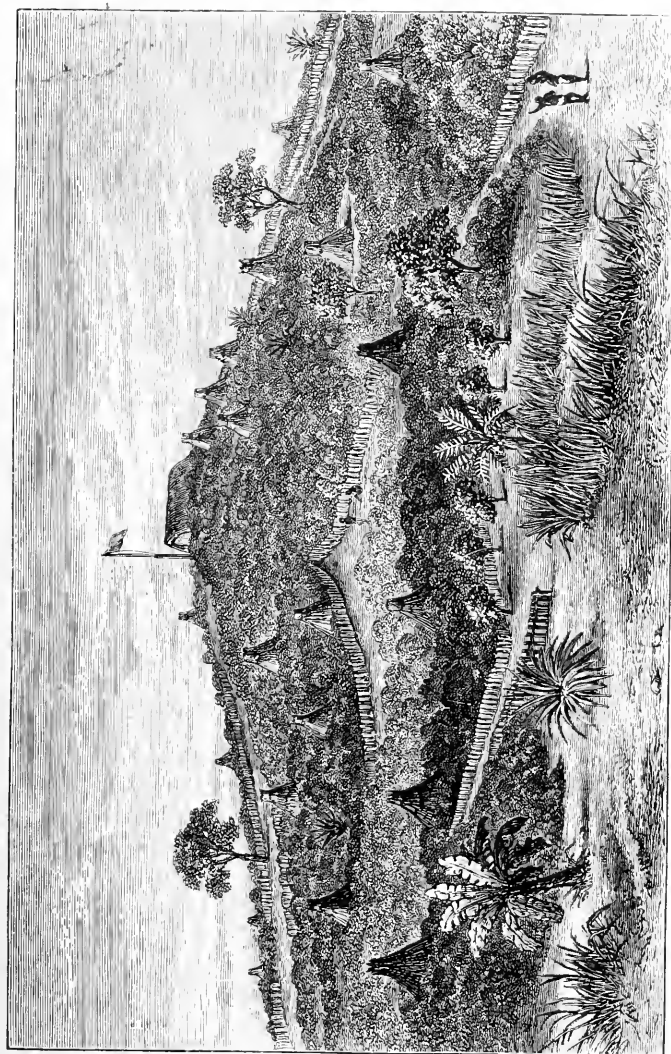
"Good; you see the Kagera, it is broad and deep and swift, and its water though dark is clear. Where can it come from? There is an enormous quantity of water in that river. It is the mother of the river at Jinja, because were it not for this river our Nyanza would dry up!

"Tell me where it can come from? There is no country large enough to feed it, because when you reach Rumanika's it is still a large river. If you go to Kishakka, farther south, it is still large, and at Kibogora's it is still a large river. Urundi is not far, and beyond that is the Tanganika.

"Tell me, where does the water of the Muta Nzigé go to? It goes into the Kagera, of course; the Kagera goes into our Nyanza, and the river at Jinja (Victoria Nile) goes to Kaniessa (Gondokoro). I tell you truly that this must be the way of it. You saw the Rusango and Mpanga, did you not, go to Muta Nzigé? Well, there must be many rivers like that going to Muta Nzigé also. And what river drinks all those rivers but the Kagera?" he asked triumphantly.

"Usongora is a wonderful land! Its people are brave, and when the Katekiro, who was accompanied by Mkwenda and Sekebobo's chiefs, and some of Kitunzi's, met them, they were different people from Gambaragara. They are very tall, long-legged people, and are armed with spears and shields. They tried every dodge with us. When we stood on the banks of a river going north, through the Tinka-tinka, like that in the Katonga, the Wasongora stood on the opposite side and shouted out to us that they were ready. Sambuzi came near being killed next day, and we lost many men, but the Katekiro, he does not fight like other chiefs, he is exceedingly brave, and he wanted to please Mtesa. We fought six days.

"The Wasongora had a number of large dogs also



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MITESA'S PALACE.

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which they set upon us ; as we drove their cattle towards Gambaragara, the earth shook, springs of mud leaped up, and the water in the plain was very bitter, and killed many Waganda ; it left a white thing around its borders like salt.

“ We first saw Muta Nzigé as we followed Nyika to the top of his big mountain in Gambaragara. We could not quite get to the top, it was too high.” (This is Mount Gordon-Bennett.) “ But we could see Usongora, and a great lake spreading all round it. When we came back with our spoil to Mtesa, he sent us back a short time afterwards to Ankori, and from the top of a high mountain near Kibanga (Mount Lawson) we saw Muta Nzigé again spreading west of us. Oh, it is a grand lake, not so wide as our Nyanza, but very long. We get all our salt from Usongora, as Nyika pays tribute to us with so many bags, collected from the plains, but it is unfit to eat, unless you wash it and clean it.”

This young lad accompanied me to Karagwé, and by his intelligence and his restless curiosity extracted from the Wanyambu courtiers at King Rumanika's information which he delivered to me in the following manner :—

“ Master, I have been asking questions from many Wanyambu, and they say that you can take a canoe from here to Ujiji, only a certain distance you will have to drag your canoes by land. They say also that Ndagara, Rumanika's father, wishing to trade with the Wajiji, tried to cut a canal or a ditch for his canoes to pass through. They say also that Kivu is connected with Akanyaru, and that the Rusizi leaves Kivu and goes to Tanganika through Uzigé, but the Kagera comes through Karagwé towards Uganda. Do you believe it ? ”

To close the interesting day, Rumanika requested Hamed Ibrahim to exhibit the treasure, trophies, and curiosities in the king's museum or armoury, which Hamed was most anxious to do, as he had frequently extolled the rare things there.

The armoury was a circular hut, resembling externally

a dome thatched neatly with straw. It was about thirty feet in diameter.

The weapons and articles, of brass and copper and iron, were in perfect order, and showed that Rumanika did not neglect his treasures.

There were about sixteen rude brass figures of ducks with copper wings, ten curious things of the same metal which were meant to represent elands, and ten headless cows of copper. Billhooks of iron, of really admirable make, double-bladed spears, several gigantic blades of exceedingly keen edge, eight inches across and eighteen inches in length, exquisite spears, some with blades and staves of linked iron; others with chain-shaped staves, and several with a cluster of small rigid rings massed at the bottom of the blade and the end of the staff; others, copper-bladed, had curious intertwisted iron rods for the staff. There were also great fly-flaps set in iron, the handles of which were admirable specimens of native art; massive cleaver-looking knives, with polished blades and a kedge-anchor-shaped article with four hooked iron prongs, projecting out of a brass body. Some exquisite native cloths, manufactured of delicate grass, were indeed so fine as to vie with cotton sheeting, and were coloured black and red, in patterns and stripes. The royal stool was a masterpiece of native turnery, being carved out of a solid log of cotton-wood. Besides these specimens of native art were drinking-cups, goblets, trenchers and milk dishes of wood, all beautifully clean. The fireplace was a circular hearth in the centre of the building, very tastefully constructed. Ranged round the wall along the floor were other gifts from Arab friends, massive copper trays, with a few tureen lids of Britannia ware, evidently from Birmingham. Nor must the revolving rifle given to him by Captain Speke be forgotten, for it had an honoured place, and Rumanika loves to look at it, for it recalls to his memory the figures of his genial white friends Speke and Grant.

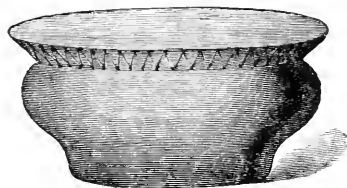
The enormous drums, fifty-two in number, ranged outside, enabled us, from their very appearance, to guess

at the deafening sounds which celebrate the new moon or deliver the signals for war.

My parting with the genial old man, who must be about sixty years old now, was very affecting. He shook my hands many times, saying each time that he was sorry that my visit must be so short. He strictly charged his sons to pay me every attention until I should arrive at Kibogora's, the king of Western Usui, who, he was satisfied, would be glad to see me as a friend of Rumanika.

On the 26th of March the Expedition, after its month's rest at Kafurro, the whole of which period I had spent in exploration of Western Karagwé, resumed its journey, and after a march of five miles camped at Nakawanga, near the southern base of Kibonga mountain.

The next day a march of thirteen miles brought us to the northern extremity of Uhimba lake, a broad river-like body of water supplied by the Alexandra Nile.



A DRUM.

On the 27th I had the good fortune to shoot three rhinoceroses, from the bodies of which we obtained ample supplies of meat for our journey through the wilderness of Uhimba. One of these enormous brutes possessed a horn two feet long, with a sharp dagger-like point below, a stunted horn, nine inches in length. He appeared to have had a tussle with some wild beast, for a hand's breadth of hide was torn from his rump.

The Wangwana and Wanyambu informed me with the utmost gravity that the elephant maltreats the rhinoceros frequently, because of a jealousy that the former entertains of his fiery cousin. It is said that if the elephant observes the excrement of the rhinoceros unscattered, he waxes furious, and proceeds instantly in search of the criminal, when woe befall him if he is sulky, and disposed to battle for the proud privilege of leaving his droppings as they fall! The elephant in

that case breaks off a heavy branch of a tree, or uproots a stout sapling like a boat's mast, and belabours the unfortunate beast until he is glad to save himself by hurried flight. For this reason, the natives say, the rhinoceros always turns round and thoroughly scatters what he has dropped.

Should a rhinoceros meet an elephant, he must observe the rule of the road and walk away, for the latter brooks no rivalry; but the former is sometimes headstrong, and the elephant then despatches him with his tusks by forcing him against a tree and goring him, or by upsetting him, and leisurely crushing him.

At the distance of twenty-six miles from Kafurro we made our third camp near some wave-worn sheets and protruding humps of brown-veined porphyry, and close to an arm of the Uhimba lake, which swarmed with hippopotami.

There were traces of water or wave action on this hard porphyry visible at about fifty feet above the present level. Some of these humps were exposed in the water also, and showed similar effects to those observed behind our camp.

During the next two days we travelled twenty-seven miles south through a depression, or a longitudinal valley, parallel to Uhimba lake and the course of the Alexandra, with only an intervening ridge excluding the latter from our view. Tall truncated hill-cones rise every now and then with a singular resemblance to each other, to the same altitude as the grassy ridges which flank them. Their summits are flat, but the iron-stone faithfully indicates by its erosions the element which separated them from the ridges, and first furrowed the valley.

Uhimba, placed by Rumanika in the charge of his sons Kakoko, Kananga, and Ruhinda, is sixty-eight miles south of his capital, and consists of a few settlements of herdsmen. It was, a few years ago, a debatable land between Usui and Karagwé, but upon the conquest of Kishakki by Ruanda, Rumanika occupied it lest his jealous and ill-conditioned rival, Mankorongo of Usui, should do so.

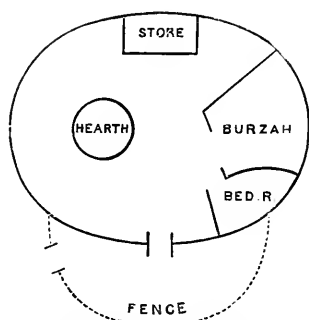
At this place I met messengers from Mankorongo despatched by him to invite me to go and see him, and who, with all the impudence characteristic of their behaviour to the Arabs, declared that if I attempted to traverse any country in his neighbourhood without paying him the compliment of a visit, it would be my utter ruin !

They were sent back with a peaceful message, and told to say that I was bound for Kibogora's capital, to try and search out a road across Urundi to the west, and that if I did not succeed I would think of Mankorongo's words ; at the same time, Mankorongo was to be sure that if I was waylaid in the forest by any large armed party with a view to intimidation, that party would be sorry for it.

I had heard of Mankorongo's extortions from Arabs and Waganda, and how he had proved himself a worthy successor to the rapacious Swarora, who caused so much trouble to Speke and Grant.

During the second day of our courteous intercourse with Kakoko, I ascended a mount

some 600 feet high about three miles from camp, to take bearings of the several features which Kananga was requested to show me. Five countries were exposed to view, Karagwé, Kishakka, Ruanda beyond, Ugufu, and Usui. Parallel with Usui was pointed out King Khanza's Uhha ; beyond Uhha we were told was Urundi ; beyond Urundi, west, the Tanganika and Uzigé, and then nobody knew what lands lay beyond Uzigé. Akanyaru stretched south of west, between Ruanda, Uhha, and Urundi ; in a south-west direction was said to be Kivu ; in a west by north Mkinyaga, and in the west Unyambungu. Ugufu was separated from Kishakka by the Nawarongo or Ruvuvu, and from Uhha and Usui by the Alexandra Nile which came



GROUND-PLAN OF KING'S HOUSE.

from between Uhha and Urundi. A river of some size was also said to flow from the direction of Unyambungu into the Akanyaru.*

The next day we entered Western Usui, and camped at Kafurra's. In Usui there was a famine, and it required thirty-two doti of cloth to purchase four days' rations. Kibogora demanded and obtained thirty doti, one coil of wire, and forty necklaces of beads as tribute; Kafurra, his principal chief, demanded ten doti and a quantity of beads; another chief required five doti; the queen required a supply of cloth to wear; the princes put in a claim; the guides were loud for their reward. Thus, in four days we were compelled to disburse two bales out of twenty-two, all that were left of the immense store we had departed with from Zanzibar. Under such circumstances, what prospect of exploration had we, were we to continue our journey through Uhha, that land which in 1871 had consumed at the rate of two bales of cloth per diem? Twenty days of such experience in Uhha would reduce us to beggary. Its "esurient" Mutwarés and rapacious Mkamas and other extortionate people can only be quieted with cloth and beads disbursed with a princely hand. One hundred bales of cloth would only suffice to sustain a hundred men in Uhha about six weeks. Beyond Uhha lay the impenetrable countries of Urundi and Ruanda, the inhabitants of which were hostile to strangers.

Kibogora and Kafurra were sufficiently explicit and amiably communicative, for my arrival in their country had been under the very best auspices, viz. an introduction from the gentle and beloved Rumanika.

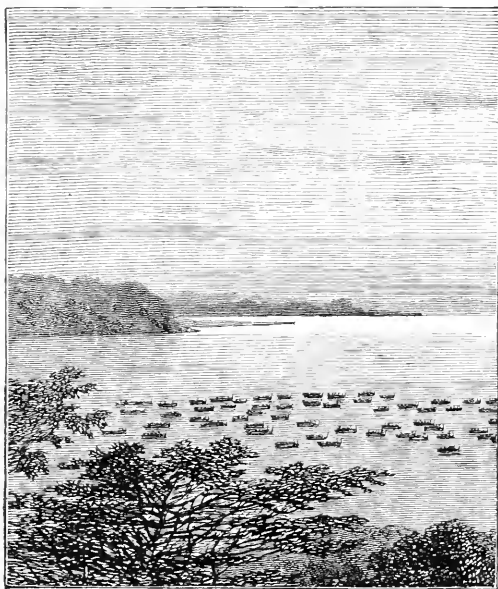
I turned away with a sigh from the interesting land, but with a resolution gradually being intensified, that the third time I sought a road west nothing should deter me.

On the 7th of April we reluctantly resumed our journey in a southerly direction, and travelled five miles

* I learned from Warundi and Wazigé, three months later, that the river that came from the west was the Ruanda, flowing into the Rusizi, thence into the Tanganika.

along a ravine, at the bottom of which murmured the infant stream Lohugati. On coming to its source we ascended a steep slope until we stood upon the summit of a grassy ridge at the height of 5600 feet by aneroid.

Not until we had descended about a mile to the valley of Uyagonia did I recognize the importance of this ridge as the water-parting between one of the feeders of Lake Victoria and the source of the Malagarazi, the principal affluent of Lake Tanganika.



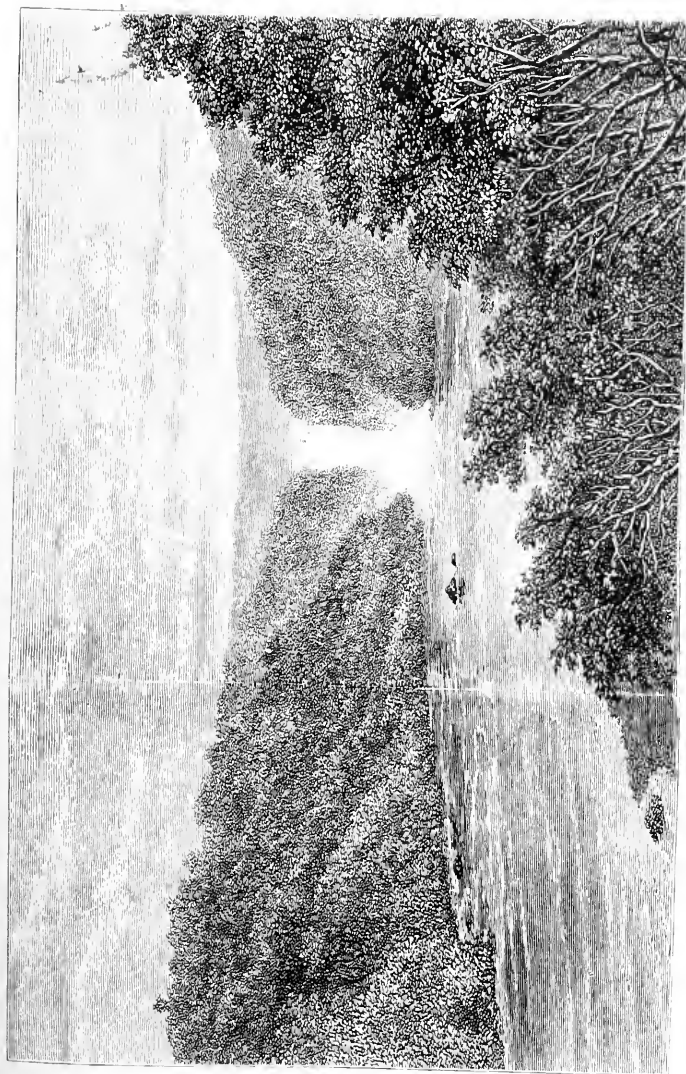
NAPOLEON CHANNEL, LAKE VICTORIA.

Though by striking across Uhha due west or to the south-west we should again have reached the Alexandra Nile and the affluents of the Alexandra Lake, our future course was destined never to cross another stream or rivulet that supplied the great river which flows through the land of Egypt into the Mediterranean Sea.

From the 17th of January, 1875, up to the 7th of April, 1876, we had been engaged in tracing the extreme southern sources of the Nile, from the marshy plains and

cultivated uplands where they are born, down to the mighty reservoir called the Victoria Nyanza. We had circumnavigated the entire expanse; penetrated to every bay, inlet, and creek; become acquainted with almost every variety of wild human nature—the mild and placable, the ferocious and impracticably savage, the hospitable and the inhospitable, the generous-souled as well as the ungenerous; we had viewed their methods of war and had witnessed them imbruing their hands in each other's blood with savage triumph and glee; we had been five times sufferers by their lust for war and murder, and had lost many men through their lawlessness and ferocity; we had travelled hundreds of miles to and fro on foot along the northern coast of the Victorian Sea, and, finally, had explored with a large force the strange countries lying between the two lakes Muta Nzigé and the Victoria, and had been permitted to gaze upon the arm of the lake named by me “Beatrice Gulf,” and to drink of its sweet waters. We had then returned from farther quest in that direction, unable to find a peaceful resting-place on the lake shores, and had struck south from the Katonga lagoon down to the Alexandra Nile, the principal affluent of the Victoria Lake, which drains nearly all the waters from the west and south-west. We had made a patient survey of over one-half of its course, and then, owing to want of the means to feed the rapacity of the churlish tribes which dwell in the vicinity of the Alexandra Nyanza, and to our reluctance to force our way against the will of the natives, opposing unnecessarily our rifles to their spears and arrows, we had been compelled, on the 7th of April, to bid adieu to the lands which supply the Nile, and to turn our faces towards the Tanganika.

I have endeavoured to give a faithful portrayal of nature, animate and inanimate, in all its strange peculiar phases, as they were unfolded to us. I am conscious that I have not penetrated to the depths; but then I have not ventured beyond the limits assigned me, viz., the Exploration of the Southern Sources of the Nile, and the solution of the problem left unsolved by Speke and



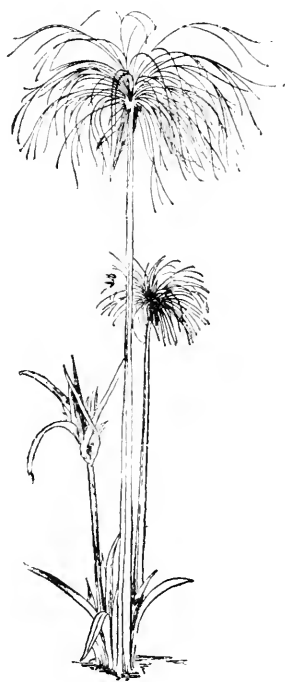
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MURKISON FALLS

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Grant—Is the Victoria Nyanza * one lake, or does it consist of five lakes, as reported by Livingstone, Burton, and others? This problem has been satisfactorily solved, and Speke has now the full glory of having discovered the largest inland sea on the continent of Africa, also its principal affluent, as well as the outlet. I must also give him credit for having understood the geography of the countries he travelled through better than any of those who so persistently assailed his hypothesis, and I here record my admiration of the geographical genius that from mere native report first sketched with such a masterly hand the bold outlines of the Victoria Nyanza.

* Speke's hypothetic sketch made this lake 29,000 square miles in extent. My survey of it has reduced it to 21,500 square miles.



CHAPTER XIII.

UJJI AND TANGANIKA.

THE well-known town of Ujiji, sacred with memories of Livingstone, was reached in May, 1876. Here Mr. Stanley stayed some time, and from this he circumnavigated Lake Tanganika, as will be seen from the following narrative.

The best view of Ujiji is to be obtained from the flat roof of one of the Arab *tembés* or houses. A photograph which I took of the view north from my *tembé*, which fronted the market-place, embraced the square and conical huts of the Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and Arab slaves, the Guinea palms from the golden-coloured nuts of which the Wajiji obtain the palm-oil, the banana and plantain groves, with here and there a graceful papaw-tree rising amongst them, and, beyond, the dark green woods which line the shore and are preserved for shade by the fishermen.

South of the market-place are the *tembés* of the Arabs, solid, spacious, flat-roofed structures, built of clay, with broad, cool verandahs fronting the public roads. Palms and papaws, pomegranates and plantains, raise graceful branch and frond above them, in pleasing contrast to the grey-brown walls, enclosures and houses.

The port of Ujiji is divided into two districts—Ugoy, occupied by the Arabs, and Kawelé, inhabited by the Wangwana, slaves, and natives. The market-place is in Ugoy, in an open space which has been lately contracted to about 1200 square yards. In 1871 it was nearly 3000 square yards. On the beach before the market-place are drawn up the huge Arab canoes, which, purchased in Goma on the western shore, have had

their gunwales raised up with heavy teak planking. The largest canoe, belonging to Sheikh Abdullah bin Suliman, is forty-eight feet long, nine feet in the beam, and five feet high, with a poop for the Nakhuda (captain), and a small forecastle.

Sheikh Abdullah, by assuming the air of an opulent ship-owner, has offended the vanity of the governor, Muini Kheri, who owns nine canoes. Abdullah christened his "big ship" by some very proud name;



A NATIVE OF RUA, A VISITOR AT UJJI.

the governor nicknamed it the *Lazy*. The Arabs and Wajiji, by the way, all give names to their canoes.

The hum and bustle of the market-place, filled with a miscellaneous concourse of representatives from many tribes, woke me up at early dawn. Curious to see the first market-place we had come to since leaving Kagehyi, I dressed myself and sauntered amongst the buyers and sellers and idlers.

Here we behold all the wealth of the Tanganika shores. The Wajiji, who are sharp, clever traders, having observed that the Wangwana purchased their

supplies of sweet potatoes, yams, sugar-cane, ground-nuts, oil-nuts, palm-oil and palm-wine, butter, and pombé, to retail them at enormous profits to their countrymen, have raised their prices on some things a hundred per cent. over what they were when I was in Ujiji last. This has caused the Wangwana and slaves to groan in spirit, for the Arabs are unable to dole out to them rations in proportion to the prices now demanded. The governor, supplied by the Mutwaré of the lake district of Ujiji, will not interfere, though frequently implored to do so, and, consequently, there are frequent fights, when the Wangwana rush on the natives with clubs, in much the same manner as the apprentices of London used to rush to the rescue or succour of one of their bands.

Except the Wajiji, who have become rich in cloths, the rural natives retain the primitive dress worn by the Wazinja, Wazongora, Wanyambu, Wanya-Ruanda, Kishakka, Wanyoro, and Wanya-Nkori, Wasui, Watusi, Wahha, Warundi, and Wazigé, namely, a dressed goat-skin covering the loins, and hanging down to within six inches above the knees, with long depending tags of the same material. All these tribes are related to each other, and their language shows only slight differences in dialect. Moreover, many of those inhabiting the countries contiguous to Unyamwezi and Uganda have lost those special characteristics which distinguish the pure unmixed stock from the less favoured and less refined types of Africans.

Uhha daily sends to the market of Ujiji its mtama, grain (millet), sesamum, beans, fowls, goats, and broad-tailed sheep, butter, and sometimes oxen; Urundi, its goats, sheep, oxen, butter, palm-oil and palm-nuts, fowls, bananas, and plantains; Uzigé—now and then only—its oxen and palm-oil; Uvira, its iron, in wire of all sizes, bracelets, and anklets; Uhwari, its cassava or manioc, dried, and enormous quantities of grain, Dogara or whitebait, and dried fish; Uvinza, its salt; Uguha, its goats and sheep, and grain, especially Indian corn; rural Wajiji bring their buttermilk, ground-nuts, sweet

potatoes, tomatoes, bananas and plantains, yams, beans, vetches, garden herbs, melons, cucumbers, sugar-cane, palm-wine, palm-nuts, palm-oil, goats, sheep, bullocks, eggs, fowls, and earthenware; the lake-coast Wajiji bring their slaves, whitebait, fresh fish, ivory, baskets, nets, spears, bows and arrows; the Wangwana and Arab slaves bring slaves, fuel, ivory, wild fruit, eggs, rice, sugar-cane, and honey from the Ukaranga forest.

The currency employed consists of cloths, blue "Kaniki," white sheeting "Merikani" from Massachusetts mills, striped or barred prints or checks, blue or red, from Manchester, Muscat, or Cutch, and beads, principally "Sofi," which are like black-and-white clay-pipe stems broken into pieces half an inch long. One piece is called a *Masaro*, and is the lowest piece of currency that will purchase anything. The Sofi beads are strung in strings of twenty *Masaro*, which is then called a *Kheté*, and is sufficient to purchase rations for two days for a slave, but suffices the freeman or Mgwana but one day. The red beads, called Samisami, the Mutunda, small blue, brown, and white, will also readily be bartered in the market for provisions, but a discount will be charged on them, as the established and universal currency with all classes of natives attending the market is the Sofi.

The prices at the market in 1876 were as follows:—

	Sheeting cloths of 4 yards long.
Ivory per lb.	1
1 goat	2
1 sheep	1½
12 fowls	1½
1 bullock	10
1 potful—equal to 3 gallons—of wine	2
1 " " " " of palm oil	4
60 lbs. of grain—Mtama	1
90 lbs. " Indian corn	1
½-gal. potful of honey in the comb	1
1 slave boy between 10 and 13 years old	16
1 " girl " 10 " 13 "	50 to 80
1 " " " 13 " 18 "	80 to 200
1 " woman " 18 " 30 "	80 to 130
1 " " " 30 " 50 "	10 to 40
1 " boy " 13 " 18 "	16 to 50
1 " man " 18 " 50 "	10 to 50

The country of Ujiji extends between the Liuché river, along the Tanganika, north to the Mshala river, which gives it a length of forty-five miles. The former river separates it from Ukaranga on the south, while the latter river acts as a boundary between it and Urundi. As Ujiji is said to border upon Uguru, a district of Uhha, it may be said to have a breadth of twenty miles. Thus the area of Ujiji is not above 900 square miles. The Mtemi, or king, is called Mgassa, who entertains a superstitious fear of the lake. His residence is in a valley amongst the mountains bordering upon Uguru, and he believes that in the hour he looks upon the lake he dies. This superstitious fear may have some connection with the Legend of the Lake, which I shall give later.

I should estimate the population of the country to be very fairly given at forty to the square mile, which will make it 36,000 souls. The Liuché valley is comparatively populous, and the port of Ujiji—consisting of Ugoy and Kawelé districts—has alone a population of 3000. Kigoma and Kasimbu are other districts patronized by Arabs and Wangwana.

The Wajiji are a brave tribe, and of very independent spirit, but not quarrelsome. When the moderate fee demanded by the Mutwaré of Ugoy, Kawelé, and Kasimbu is paid, the stranger has the liberty of settling in any part of the district, and as an excellent understanding exists between the Mutwaré and the Arab governor, Muini Kheri, there is no fear of ill-usage. The Mgwana or the Mjiji applying to either of them is certain of receiving fair justice, and graver cases are submitted to an international commission of Arabs and Wajiji elders, because it is perfectly understood by both parties that many moneyed interests would be injured if open hostilities were commenced.

The Wajiji are the most expert canoemen of all the tribes around the Tanganika. They have visited every country, and seem to know each headland, creek, bay, and river. Sometimes they meet with rough treatment, but they are as a rule so clever, wide-awake, prudent,

commercially politic, and superior in tact, that only downright treachery can entrap them to death. They have so many friends also that they soon become informed of danger, and dangerous places are tabooed.

The governor of the Arab colony of Ujiji, having been an old friend, was, as may be supposed, courteous and hospitable to me, and Mohammed bin Gharib, who was so good to Livingstone between Marungu and Ujiji, as far as Manyema, did his best to show me friendly attention. Such luxuries as sweetmeats, wheaten bread, rice, and milk were supplied so freely by Muini Kheri and Sheikh Mohammed that both Frank and myself began to increase rapidly in weight.

Judging from their rotundity of body, it may fairly be said that both the friends enjoy life. The governor is of vast girth, and Mohammed weighs probably only two stone less. The preceding governor, Mohammed bin Sali, was also of ample circumference, from which I conclude that the climate of Ujiji agrees with the Arab constitution. It certainly did not suit mine while I was with Livingstone, for I was punished with remittent and intermittent fever of such severe type and virulence that in three months I was reduced in weight to seven stone!

Muini Kheri's whole wealth consists of about 120 slaves, male and female, eighty guns, eighty frasilah of ivory, two tembés, or houses, a wheat and rice field, nine canoes with oars and sails, forty head of cattle, twenty goats, thirty bales of cloth, and twenty sacks of beads, 350 lbs. of brass wire, and 200 lbs. of iron wire, all of which, appraised in the Ujiji market, might perhaps realize 18,000 dollars. His friend Mohammed is probably worth 3000 dollars only! Sultan bin Kassim may estimate the value of his property at 10,000 dollars, Abdallah bin Suliman, the owner of the *Great Eastern* of Lake Tanganika, at 15,000 dollars. Other Arabs of Ujiji may be rated at from 100 to 3000 dollars.

Sheikh Mohammed bin Gharib is the owner of the finest house. It is about 100 feet long by twenty-five feet in width and fourteen feet in height. A broad

verandah, ten feet wide and forty feet long, runs along a portion of the front, and affords ample space for the accommodation of his visitors on the luxurious carpets. The building is constructed of sun-dried brick plastered over neatly with clay. The great door is a credit to his carpenter, and his latticed windows are a marvel to the primitive native trader from Uhha or Uvinza. The courtyard behind the house contains the huts of the slaves, kitchens, and cow-house.

By his Arab friends Sheikh Mohammed bin Gharib is regarded as an enterprising man, a good friend, but too liberal to his slaves, for which reason they say he is on the verge of bankruptcy. He is so much in debt that he has no credit at Zanzibar.

There is a good deal of jealousy between the Arabs of Ujiji, which sometimes breaks out into bloodshed. When Sayid bin Habib enters Ujiji, trouble is not far off. The son of Habib has a large number of slaves, and there are some fiery souls amongst them, who resent the least disparagement of their master. A bitter reproach is soon followed by a vengeful blow, and then the retainers and the chiefs of the Montagues and Capulets issue forth with clubs, spears, and guns, and Ujiji is all in an uproar, not to be quieted until the respective friends of the two rivals carry them bodily away to their houses. On Arabs, Wangwana, and slaves alike I saw the scars of feuds.

Abdullah bin Suliman and his partisans are settled in Kasimbu, because Muini Kheri's hot-headed young Arab relations, Bana Makombé and Muini Hassan, are for ever endangering the peace by their insolence. The feud began by a slave of Abdullah's having attempted to stab Bana Makombé, because the haughty young Arab had spurned him once with his foot. Only a few drops of the bluest blood from the aristocracy of Sa'adani were drawn in the happily abortive attempt, but the aristocrats mustered in force. The coast Arabs residing at Kigoma advanced towards Ujiji with 300 guns, and called upon the governor to arm to avenge the blood that had been shed. The governor, however, called



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upon the Mutwaré, and the Wajiji swarmed by the hundreds to attack Abdullah bin Suliman. Fortunately Abdullah was prudent, and met them with only a few men. But though he mildly expostulated with them that it was a drunken slave who was the cause, he was condemned to lose his right hand, from which fate, however, he was saved by the governor relenting, and demanding instead the head of the murderous slave.

It will be manifest, then, that the safety of a European at Ujiji would be but precarious. Any of his people, inspired by pombé or native wine, might, at any moment, in drunken fury, mortally wound an Arab or Mswahili of the coast, the result of which would be that the European would either have to forfeit all his goods or his life, or decamp with his people immediately to save himself.

Life in Ujiji begins soon after dawn, and, except on moonlight nights, no one is abroad after sunset. With the Arabs—to whom years are as days to Europeans—it is a languid existence, mostly spent in gossip, the interchange of dignified visits, ceremonies of prayer, an hour or two of barter, and small household affairs.

There were no letters for either Frank or myself after our seventeen months' travels around and through the lake regions. From Kagehyi, on Lake Victoria, I had despatched messages to Sayid bin Salim, governor of Unyanyembé, praying him to send all letters addressed to me to Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, promising him a noble reward. Not that I was sure that I should pass by Ujiji, but I knew that, if I arrived at Nyangwé, I should be able to send a force of twenty men to Muini Kheri for my letters. Though Sayid bin Salim had over twelve months' time to comply with my moderate request, not a scrap or word of news or greeting refreshed us after the long blank interval! Both of us, having eagerly looked forward with certainty to receiving a bagful of letters, were therefore much disappointed.

As I was about to circumnavigate the Tanganika with my boat, and would probably be absent two or three

months, I thought there might still be a chance of obtaining them, before setting out westward, by despatching messengers to Unyanyembé. Announcing my intentions to the governor, I obtained a promise that he would collect other men, as he and several Arabs at Ujiji were also anxious to communicate with their friends. Manwa Sera therefore selected five of the most trustworthy men, the Arabs also selected five of their confidential slaves, and the ten men started for Unyanyembé on the 3rd of June.*

Before departing on the voyage of circumnavigation of Lake Tanganika, many affairs had to be provided for, such as the wellbeing of the Expedition during my absence, distribution of sufficient rations, provisioning for the cruise, the engagement of guides, &c.

The two guides I obtained for the lake were Para, who had accompanied Cameron in March and April 1874, and Ruango, who accompanied Livingstone and myself in December 1871 to the north end of Lake Tanganika.

The most interesting point connected with this lake was its outlet. Before starting from Zanzibar, I had heard that Cameron had discovered the outlet to Lake Tanganika in the Lukuga river, which ran through Uguha to the west, and was therefore an affluent of Livingstone's great river.

In Commander Cameron's book, vol. i. p. 305, the following sentences, bearing upon what he personally saw of the Lukuga, are found :

"In company with the chief, I went four or five miles down the river, until navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. Here the depth was three fathoms, breadth 600 yards, current one-and-a-half knots, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the edge of the vegetation. I noticed that the embouchures of some small streams flowing

* My five trustworthy men arrived at Unyanyembé within fifteen days, but from some cause they never returned to the Expedition. We halted at Ujiji for seventy days after their departure, and when we turned our faces towards Nyangwé, we had given up all hopes of hearing from civilization.

into the river were unmistakably turned from the lake, and that the weed set in the same direction. Wild date-palms grew thickly down the river."

In opposition to this statement of Cameron's was the evidence taken by me at Ujiji.

Para, his guide, said that the white man could not have seen the river flowing towards Rua, because it did not.

Ruango, the veteran guide, declared that he had crossed it five times, that it was a small river flowing into the Tanganika, and that if I found it to flow in a contrary direction, he would return me all his hire.

Natives from the Lukuga banks whom we found in Ujiji asserted positively that there were two Lukugas, one flowing into Lake Tanganika, the other into Rua.

Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, Mohammed bin Gharib, Muini Hassan, Bana Makombé, and Wadi Safeni, all of whom had travelled across this Lukuga river, also declared, in the most positive manner, that during the many times they had crossed the "Lukuga;" they either passed over it on dry land or were ferried in canoes across the entrance, which appeared to them only an arm of the lake; that until the white man had come to Ujiji, they had never heard of an outflowing river, nor did they believe there was one.

The positiveness of their manner and their testimony, so utterly at variance with what Commander Cameron had stated, inspired me with the resolution to explore the phenomenon thoroughly, and to examine the entire coast minutely. At the same time, a suspicion that there was no present outlet to the Tanganika had crept into my mind, when I observed that three palm-trees, which had stood in the market-place of Ujiji in November 1871, were now about 100 feet in the lake, and that the sand beach over which Livingstone and I took our morning walks was over 200 feet in the lake.

I asked of Muini Kheri and Sheikh Mohammed if my impressions were not correct about the palm-trees, and they both replied readily in the affirmative. Muini Kheri said also, as corroborative of the increase of the

Tanganika, that thirty years ago the Arabs were able to ford the channel between Bangwé Island and the mainland; that they then cultivated rice-fields three miles farther west than the present beach; that every year the Tanganika encroaches upon their shores and fields; and that they are compelled to move every five years farther inland. In my photograph of Ujiji, an inlet may be seen on a site which was dry land, occupied by fishing-nets and pasture ground, in 1871.

I proceeded to Bangwé Island, before setting out on my voyage, and sounded the channel separating it from the mainland. Between a pebble-covered point of Bangwé and the nearest tongue on the mainland, I dropped my lead thirteen times. In mid-channel I found 18, 21, 23, 24, 25, 22, 23, 20, 19, and 17 feet.

The Wajiji lake-traders and fishermen have two interesting legends respecting the origin of the Tanganika. Ruango, the veteran guide, who showed Livingstone and myself the Rusizi river in 1871, and whose version is confirmed by Para, the other guide, related the first as follows :—

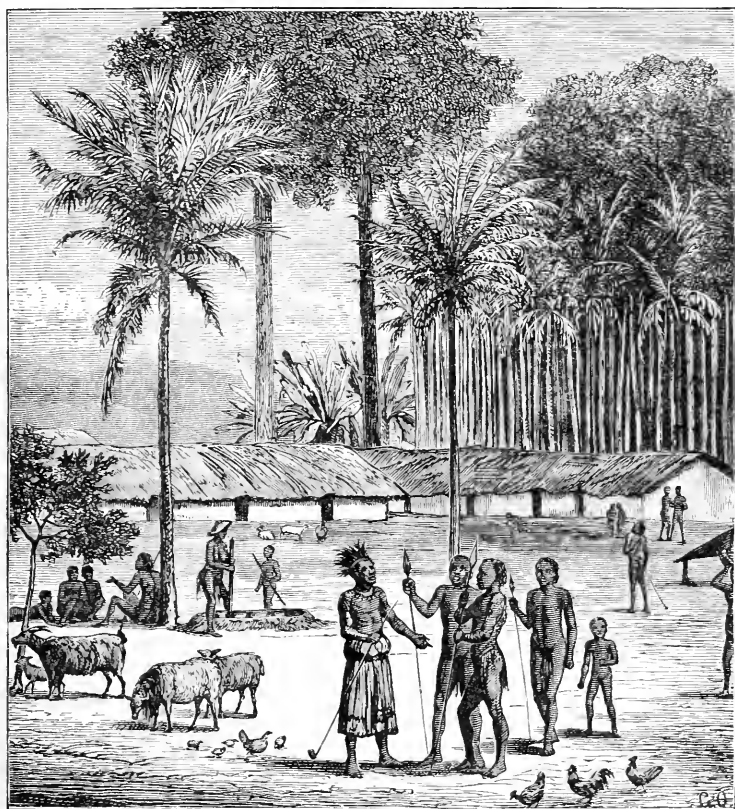
“Years and years ago, where you see this great lake was a wide plain, inhabited by many tribes and nations, who owned large herds of cattle and flocks of goats, just as you see Uhha to-day.

“On this plain there was a very large town, fenced round with poles strong and high. As was the custom in those days, the people of the town surrounded their houses with tall hedges of cane, enclosing courts, where their cattle and goats were herded at night from the wild beasts and from thieves. In one of these enclosures lived a man and his wife, who possessed a deep well, from which water bubbled up and supplied a beautiful little stream, at which the cattle of their neighbours slaked their thirst.

“Strange to say, this well contained countless fish, which supplied both the man and his wife with an abundant supply for their wants; but as their possession of these treasures depended upon the secrecy which they preserved respecting them, no one outside their

family circle knew anything of them. A tradition was handed down for ages, through the family, from father to son, that on the day they showed the well to strangers, they would be ruined and destroyed.

“It happened, however, that the wife, unknown to her husband, loved another man in the town, and



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by-and-by, her passion increasing, she conveyed to him by stealth some of the delicious fish from the wonderful well. The meat was so good, and had such a novel flavour, that the lover urged her to inform him whence and by what means she obtained it; but the fear of dreadful consequences, should she betray the secret of

the well, constrained her to evade for a long time his eager inquiries. But she could not retain the secret long, and so, in spite of all her awe for the Muzimu of the well, and her dread of her husband's wrath, she at last promised to disclose the mystery.

"Now one day the husband had to undertake a journey to Uvinza, but before departure he strictly enjoined his wife to look after his house and effects, and to remember to be silent about the fountain, and by no means to admit strangers, or to go a-gadding with her neighbours, while he was absent. The wife of course promised to obey, but her husband had been gone only a few hours when she went to her lover and said, 'My husband is gone away to Uvinza, and will not be back for many days. You have often asked me whence I obtained that delicious meat we ate together. Come with me, and I will show you.'

"Her lover gladly accompanied her, and they went into the house, and the wife feasted him with Zogga (palm wine) and Maramba (plantain wine), Ugali porridge made of Indian corn, and palm-oil, seasoned with pepper—and an abundance of fish meat.

"Then when they had eaten the man said, 'We have eaten and drunk, and we are now full. Now pray show me whence you obtain this wondrous white meat that I have eaten, and which is far sweeter than the flesh of kid or lamb or fowl.'

"'I will,' said she, 'because I have promised to you to do so, and I love you dearly; but it is a great secret, and my husband has strictly warned me not to show it to any human being not related to the family. Therefore you, my love, must not divulge the secret, or betray me, lest some great evil happen to me and to us all.'

"'Nay, have no fear of me; my mouth shall be closed, and my tongue tied, lest danger should happen to the mistress of my heart.'

"So they arose, and she took him to the enclosure, jealously surrounded by a tall thick fence of mateté cane, and taking hold of his hand she led the impatient

lover within, and showed him what appeared to be a circular pool of deep clear water, which bubbled upward from the depths, and she said—

“Behold! This is our wondrous fountain—is it not beautiful?—and in this fountain are the fish.”

The man had never seen such things in his life, for there were no rivers in the neighbourhood except that which was made by this fountain. His delight was very great, and he sat for some time watching the fish leaping and chasing each other, showing their white bellies and beautiful bright sides, and coming up to the surface and diving swiftly down to the bottom. He had never enjoyed such pleasure; but when one of the boldest of the fish came near to where he was sitting he suddenly put forth his hand to catch it. Ah, that was the end of all!—for the Muzimu, the spirit, was angry. And the world cracked asunder, the plain sank down, and down and down—the bottom cannot now be reached by our longest lines—and the fountain overflowed and filled the great gap that was made by the earthquake, and now what do you see? The Tanganika! All the people of that great plain perished, and all the houses and fields and gardens, the herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep, were swallowed in the waters.

“That is what our oldest men have told us about the Tanganika. Whether it is true or not I cannot say.”

“And what became of the husband?” I asked.

“Oh, after he had finished his business in Uvinza, he began his return journey, and suddenly he came to some mountains he had never seen before, and from the top of the mountains he looked down upon a great lake! So then he knew that his wife had disclosed the secret fountain, and that all had perished because of her sin.”

The other tradition imparted to me by the ancients of Ujiji relates that many years ago—how long no one can tell—the Luwegeri, a river flowing from the east to the lake near Urimba, was met by the Lukuga flowing from the westward, and the united waters filled the deep valley now occupied by the Tanganika. Hence the Luwegeri is termed “the mother of the Lukuga.”

Still another tradition relates that the Luwegeri flowed through the plain by Uguha, and into the great river of Rua, but that when the plain sank the Luwegeri flowed into the profound gulf caused by the sudden subsidence of what had once been a plain.

The Waguha have also their legend, which differs slightly from that of the Wajiji. They say that at a very remote period there was a small hill near Urungu, hollow within, and very deep and full of water. This hill one day burst, and the water spread over a great depression that was made, and became the lake we now see.

I made many attempts to discover whether the Wajiji knew why the lake was called Tanganika. They all replied they did not know, unless it was because it was large, and canoes could make long voyages on it. They did not call small lakes Tanganika, but they call them Kitanga. The lake of Usukuma would be called Tanganika, but the little lakes in Uhha (Musunya) would be called Kitanga. Nika is a word they could not explain the derivation of, but they suggested that it might perhaps come from Nika, an electric fish which was sometimes caught in the lake.

A rational definition of Nika I could not obtain until one day, while translating into their language English words, I came to the word "plain," for which I obtained *nika* as being the term in Kijiji. As Africans are accustomed to describe large bodies of water as being like plains, "it spreads out like a plain," I think that a satisfactory signification of the term has finally been obtained, in "the plain-like lake."

The people of Marungu call the lake Kimana, those of Urungu call it Iemba, the Wakawendi call it Msaga, or "the tempestuous lake."

Westward from Ujiji the lake spreads to a distance of about thirty-five miles, where it is bounded by the lofty mountain range of Goma, and it is when looking north-west that one comprehends, as one follows that vague and indistinct mountain line, ever paling as it recedes, the full magnificence of this inland sea. The



low island of Bangwé on the eastern side terminates the bay of Ujiji, which rounds with a crescent curve from the market-place towards it.

On very clear days the eyes may trace the eastern shore to the south beyond the mouth of the Liuché, curving to the Ulambola hills, and then rounding slightly eastward, reappearing in the imposing mountain heights of Cape Kabogo.

Very pleasant are the idle hours of evening at Ujiji, watching the clouds of sunset banking themselves above dark Goma, and observing the lurid effects of the brilliant red on their gloomy masses and on the ever-ruffled waves, tinging with strange shades the gorgeous verdure of the eastern shore, and the lofty mountain ridges which enfold the deep-lying lake. To the ears are borne the sonorous moan and plaint of the heavy waves, which, advancing from the south-west in serried foam-capped lines, roll unceasingly upon the resounding shore.

At this hour, too, the fuel-laden canoes from Ulambola are hurrying homeward, with oar and sail. The cattle, lowing to expectant calves, and the goats bleating for their kids, are hurrying from the pastures in advance of the tiny herd-boys, the asses' feet clatter as they go, bearing their masters home from Kigoma or Kasimbu, the loud hailing of native friends announces the evening meal ready, and the spiral columns of blue smoke ascend from many wood-fires, as we sit here to observe the advance of the evening shades, and to take a last look at the daylight, as it wanes and fades over the shores of the Tanganika.

The saucy English-built boat which had made the acquaintance of all the bays and inlets of the Victoria Nyanza, which had been borne on the shoulders of sturdy men across the plains and through the ravines of Unyoro, had halted on the verge of the cliff rising above Beatrice Gulf, had thrust her bows among the papyrus of the Alexandra Nile, ridden gaily over the dark lakes of Karagwé, and crossed the inundated plains of Usagusi, and the crocodile-haunted river of

Uvinza, is at last afloat upon the deep-blue waters of the Tanganika.

She is about to explore the mountain barriers which enfold the lake, for the discovery of some gap which lets out, or is supposed to let out, the surplus waters of rivers which, from a dim and remote period, have been pouring into it from all sides.

She has a consort now, a lumbering, heavy, but staunch mate, a canoe cut out from an enormous teak-tree which once grew in some wooded gorge in the Goma mountains. The canoe is called the *Meofu*, and is the property of Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, who has kindly lent it to me. As he is my friend, he says he will not charge me anything for the loan. But the governor and I know each other pretty well, and I know that when I return from the voyage, I shall have to make him a present. In Oriental and African lands, remuneration, hire, compensation, guerdon, and present are terms nearly related to one another.

The boat and her consort are ready on the 11th of June, 1876. The boat's crew have been most carefully selected. They are all young, agile, faithful creatures. Their names and ages are as follows: Uledi, the coxswain, twenty-five years; Saywa, his cousin, seventeen; Shumari, his brother, eighteen; Murabo, twenty; Mpwapwa, twenty-two; Marzouk, twenty-three; Akida, twenty; Mambu, twenty; Wadi Baraka, twenty-four; Zaidi Rufiji, twenty-seven; Matiko, nineteen. Two supernumeraries are the boy gun-bearers, Billali and Mabruki, seventeen and fifteen years respectively. After eighteen months' experience with them it has been decided by all that these are the elect of the Expedition for boat-work, though they are by no means the champions of the march. But as they have only light loads, there has never been reason to complain of them.

There is much handshaking, many cries of "Take care of yourselves," and then both boat and canoe hoist sail, turning their heads along the coast to the south.

Kasimbu, two miles from Ugoy to Ujiji, sends forth

her Arab and slave inhabitants to cry out their farewells, and half an hour afterwards we are at the mouth of the Liuché river.

The reason why Arabs, Wajiji, and Wangwana have been more than usually demonstrative is that they will not believe that such a frail structure as our boat will be able to endure the heavy waves of the Tanganika. They declared we should all be drowned, but our Wangwana have ridiculed their fears, and quoted her brilliant exploit round a lake twice the size of the Tanganika, and so at last they had come to be satisfied with a dismal "Well, you shall see!"

During nearly the whole of the next day our voyage to the south is along the forest-clad slopes of Ulambola and the tawny plains of Ukaranga, until we arrive at the mouth of the Malagarazi river. At 3 P.M. we rowed up river, which at the mouth is about 600 yards wide, and sends a turbid brown stream into the lake. When a continuous south-west wind blows, its waters are known to tinge the lake with its colour as far as Ujiji. The river soon narrows to 200 yards, and about five miles up to 150 yards. I sounded twice, and obtained over fifty feet each time. The southern bank is very mountainous, but on the opposite side stretches a plain until the detached ranges of Ukaranga become massed, about five miles from the lake, and, running easterly, form the northern bank of the river.

On the 13th our voyage was along the bold mountain spurs of Kawendi, forming a steep, rock-bound coast, indented at frequent intervals with calm, pool-like bays, and their heights clothed with solemn woods.

At noon we were off Kabogo's lofty headland, and remembering that Dr. Livingstone had said that he could find no bottom at 300 fathoms, I sounded a mile off shore, and found 109 fathoms. At two miles off I found no depth with 140 fathoms. I then fastened sixty fathoms more, but at 1200 feet obtained no bottom.

About four miles south of dreaded Kabogo, on a narrow strip of sand, we beached our boat and canoe

far out of the heavy surf, and then climbed the 2000 feet-high slopes in search of game ; but the grass was high, the jungle dense, the slope steep and fatiguing, and we had to return without sighting a single head.

Next day we coasted along land familiar to me from my journey with Livingstone to Unyanyembé, and at 7 P.M. encamped at Urimba, about a mile south-west of the river Luwajeri, or Luwegeri.

Having been so successful in January 1872, I sallied out the next day over ground which I looked upon with reverence. The exact place covered by our little tent, only six feet square of land, was hallowed by associations of an intercourse which will never, never be repeated. I recognized the tree above which we hoisted our mighty crimson and white banner to attract the lagging land caravan, the plain where I had dropped the zebra, the exact spot where I shot a fine fat goose for breakfast, the aspiring peak of Kivanga, the weird-looking mountains of Tongwé. I knew my road here, and dwelt upon all its features, until the old life seemed renewed, and all things seemed as before.

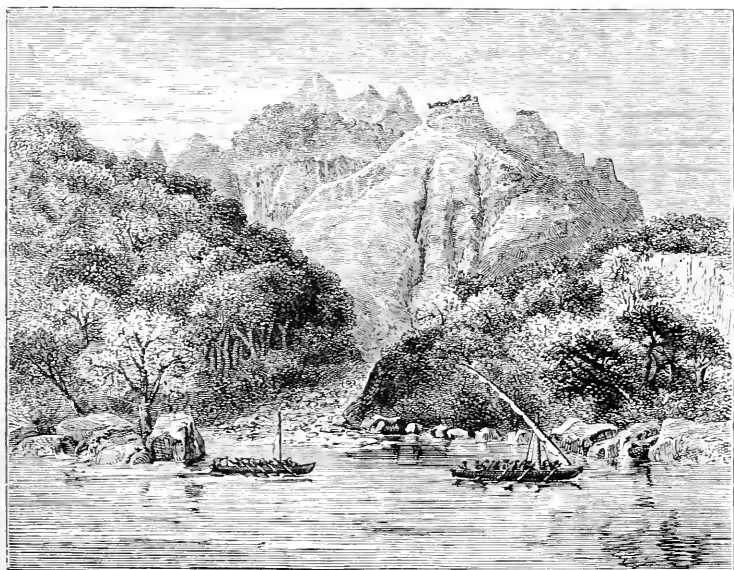
But I resumed my search. In an hour I am two miles from camp, and in view of a herd of zebra. Billali becomes feverish lest I should miss the game, and, like an honest, faithful servant taking enormous interest in his master's success, lies down to hug the ground in piteous stillness. I advance a few paces cautiously behind a scraggy acacia, and in a few seconds two of the noble creatures are dead, and the others are sweeping round a clump of hills, whimpering for their lost companions. As we have now enough meat to last us several days, I give them their liberty.

The day is devoted to cutting the meat into long strips and drying it over wooden grates, while each of the forty men composing the lake exploring band seems profoundly impressed with the necessity of forestalling future demands on his digestive organs by consuming injudicious quantities there and then.

In the midst of this most innocent recreation there stepped forth to our view some sinister objects—Ruga-

Ruga! As undesirable as wolves in a stern Siberian winter to an unarmed party in a solitary sledge are the Ruga-Ruga to peaceful travellers in an African forest or wilderness. Whatever the accident that brought them, their very presence suggested the possibility and probability of a bloody struggle. They are bandits, wretches devoted to plunder and murder, men whose hands are at all times ready to be imbrued in blood.

They are representatives of that tribe which has



KUNGWÉ PEAKS.

desolated and depopulated beautiful Kawendi from the Malagarazi river down to the Rungwa. All alike—whether Arabs, Wajiji, Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, or the aborigines of the land—owe them an unpaid debt of vengeance for the blood they have shed. It was not our special task, however, to undertake the repayment; therefore neither by word nor look did we betray any antipathy.

We gave them gifts of meat at their own request. The tobacco gourd passed round in their polluted,

crimeful hands, and we grasped their hands in token of amity—and parted.

On the 17th of June we continued our voyage from Urimba towards Kungwé cape, one of the projecting spurs from the Kungwé mountains, and in the evening camped on Bongo Island, a few miles south-west from Nderoh, the robbers' village. We were visited in the night by about sixty of them armed with muskets. Though it was an unusual hour, and an unseasonable one for receiving visitors, we avoided trouble, and by parting with cloth and exhausting the powers of suavity, we happily avoided a rupture with the wild and bloody men of Nderoh, and before dawn stole away unperceived on our journey.

The peaks of Kungwé are probably from 2500 to 3000 feet above the lake. They are not only interesting from their singular appearance, but also as being a refuge for the last remaining families of the aborigines of Kawendi. On the topmost and most inaccessible heights dwells the remnant of the once powerful nation which in old times—so tradition relates—overran Uhha and Uvinza, and were a terror to the Wakalaganza. They cultivate the slopes of their strongholds, which amply repay them for their labour. Fuel is found in the gorges between the peaks, and means of defence are at hand in the huge rocks which they have piled up ready to repel the daring intruder. Their elders retain the traditions of the race whence they sprang; and in their charge are the Lares and Penates of old Kawendi—the Muzimu. In the home of the eagles they find a precarious existence, as a seed to reproduce another nation, or as a short respite before complete extermination.

The best view of this interesting clump of mountain heights is to be had off the mouth of the torrent Luwulungu.

From Cape Kungwé south, the coast as far as Ulambula consists of a lofty mountain front, pierced by several deep and most picturesque inlets, gorges, ravines, and rifts. Into these pours the Luwulungu rushing along

a steep, stony bed, from the chasms and defiles overshadowed by the tall peaks of Kungwé, and the Lubugwe, emptying its waters into a pretty cove penetrating to the very heart of the mountain wall. At an angle of 45° this mountain wall rises up to the height of 2000 feet, clothed from base to summit with the verdure of cane, wild grasses, and tall straight trees with silvery stems. Then next comes the Kasuma inlet, and here, straight before our eyes, is seen a river dropping, in a succession of falls, from the lofty summit into shadowy depths of branching tamarinds, acacias, and teak. All is silent in the deep-bosomed cove except the rhythmic waterfall, and the trees stand still, as though fascinated by the music, and the grim heights frown a silent approval: the pale blue arm of the lake rests expectant for the moment when it shall receive the impetuous child of the mountains which it sees leaping down to it from above, and flashing so brightly at every great leap. Along the glorious green, steep headlands we wind in and out, cast a glance in at Numbi's pretty cove, and encamp for the night near the bold cape of Ulambula.

We resumed the voyage on the 19th, and, shortly after leaving our camp in the neighbourhood of the cape, saw a point of land connected by a narrow neck with the mainland, under which were two natural arches, spanning two channels. From the cape the mountain range gradually recedes from the lake, until, near the Rugufu river, it again approaches, and finally forms the headlands of Buyramembé.

A little south of the cape the crest of a small and lately submerged island was also seen. At noon, I took observations for latitude, at the north end of Kabogo, an island lying parallel to the mainland at a distance of from 300 to 500 yards. On the shores, both of mainland and island, flourishes the borassus palm. Kabogo was once densely peopled, but the bandits of Ndereh, the scourge of Kawendi, have caused them to emigrate to other districts to crave protection from chiefs more powerful than their own.

About 2 P.M., we came in view of Kiwesa, which ap-

peared from the lake to be a very large village. But as we approached its shores under sail, we were struck with the silence which reigned around, and the sight of a large herd of buffalo grazing near the village still more astonished us.

The guides declared that only five weeks before they had stopped in it and traded with Ponda, the chief, and they could give no reason why—as two boats under sail would most likely attract the attention of the natives—the people of Ponda did not appear on the shore.

We resolved to venture in to discover the cause. There was a deathly silence around. Numbers of earthenware pots, whole, and apparently but little used, were strewn about the beach and among the reeds flanking the path which led to the village, besides stools, staffs, hand-brooms, gourds, &c., &c. This was ominous. There was probably a trap or a snare of some kind laid for us. We retreated therefore hastily to the boat and canoe, and thirty men were armed. Thus, better prepared against the wiles of savage men, we advanced again cautiously towards the village.

As we were surmounting the high ground on which the village was built, we saw a sight which froze the blood—the body of a poor old man, in a decomposed state, with a broad spear-wound in the back, and near it much dried blood. He had probably been dead five or six days.

A few yards farther, we saw the decapitated corpse of another man, and ten feet from it, in a furrow or water channel, the bodies of three men and a woman, one of them dislimbed.

We arrived before the village. The defences were broken down and burnt. About fifty huts still stood unharmed by fire, but all the others were consumed. A few scorched banana stalks stood as a witness of the fury of the conflagration. But despite the black ruin and the charred embers which so plentifully strewed the ground, evidences were clear that flight had been hasty and compulsory, for all the articles that constitute the furniture of African families lay scattered in such numbers around





us that an African museum might have been completely stocked. Stools, mats, spears, drinking-vessels, cooking-pots of all sizes, walking-staffs, war-clubs, baskets, trenchers, wooden basins, scoops, &c. There were also abundant proofs that this ruin was recent; a few wood-rails still smoked, the hearths were still warm, the dead were not putrefied. A coal-black cat made a dash from one of the houses yet standing, and the sudden motion startled us all in this place of death and vengeance.

Ponda, the chief of this village, had no doubt given some provocation to this unknown enemy. Para thought the enemy must have been the robbers of Nderoh, for the condition of the village bore signs of superior energy in the attack. And yet it had been constructed with a view to secure immunity from the fate which generally overtakes weak communities in Africa in the neighbourhood of ferocious and war-loving tribes. A wide ditch—in some parts ten feet deep—and a strong palisade, with an earthwork, surrounded the settlement. The lake was close by to supply water, the country near it was open, and the sharpshooters' nest-like towers commanded a wide view. From some thirty bleached skulls arranged before Ponda's own house we argued that he did not himself fail to proceed to the same extremes which his enemies had now adopted to his utter ruin. It is the same story throughout Africa.

We resumed our voyage for the mouth of the Rugufu river. The shore between Kiwesa and the river is comparatively low. The waves have so beaten and shaken the low red bluffs and soft ferruginous clay that numerous landslips are constantly occurring. The débris are then vigorously pounded and crushed by the surf, and at length they are spread out into a narrow line of beach at their base, over which the spluttering waves surge up continuously.

The impression received at Ujiji, that the Tanganika is rising, was confirmed whenever we neared low shores. Especially was it the case at the Rugufu river, and Para the guide, as we entered it, stood up and exclaimed:—

“Oh, mother, mother, mother, see ye now! When I was with that other white man here, we camped on a strip of land which is now buried in the water! The Tanganika is indeed eating the land!”

The Rugufu oozes out from the midst of a broad bed of papyrus and reeds between precipitous banks.

On leaving the river we coasted along the bluff, steeply rising slopes of a mountain range which trends south-south-east as far as the settlements of Ruhinga, Kafisya, Katavi, and Kantamba.

Between the Rugufu and Buyramembé Point a stratum of a very dark hornblende slate is visible, resting upon gneiss in undulating, vertical, or diagonal lines; farther on we come to a stratified quartzose and greenstone rock. On the crest of this part of the range and its projecting spur is a thin forest of poor trees. The soil, too, is poor, and much mixed with shaly débris.

The mouth of the Gezeh river is a frequent haunt of herds of buffaloes, and also, being a fine haven, of trading canoes. Among the stories related of this place is one of a wonderful escape of a party of Wajiji traders from the bandits of Ndereh. The robbers stole into the camp while the Wajiji were all asleep, but some of the canoe-men, awaking, punted their boats out of reach, and shouted to their comrades, who sprang into the water to avoid the fate that would otherwise have certainly overtaken them all.

The settlements of Kafisya, and the others just mentioned, have such an ill repute that I cannot imagine any necessity inducing a traveller to cultivate the acquaintance of the evil-conditioned people, unless, of course, he is so rich in cloth and followers that waste of them is of little consequence to him.

It is said that when they see the Wajiji trading canoes pass by them, the robbers pray to the Muzimu of Katavi to induce the Msaga—the tempestuous sea—to drive them ashore. The Muzimu of Katavi is one of the most powerful spirits along the shores of the Tanganika, according to legendary lore. Though he is

capable of much mischief, he takes freaks of charity into his whimsical head, such as gratuitously killing buffaloes and then informing the inhabitants where the meat may be found; he is also said to have a relentless animosity towards the bandits of Nderoh, and frequently entraps them to their destruction. A conical knoll is called, after this spirit, Katavi's Hill.

Before the mouth of the Mkombé river there lies a low submerged island, just west of south from Katavi. Only a few shrubs and the heads of some tall cane were visible above the surface of the water.

From Gezeh to Igangwé Cove was a good day's journey against the south-easter which blew strongly against us. Igangwé Cove penetrates about a mile deep into the mountain folds. Though it was the season when the grasses are becoming sere, and some of the trees lose that vivid greenness of foliage which is their glory during the rainy season, the aspect of the slopes had still a freshness and beauty which, with the placid mirror-like cove, made a picture worth preserving.

A day's journey south by east took us to the village of Karema—the chief being Massi-Kamba, a sub-chief of Kapufi, king of Fipa. It is situated in the angle of a bay which begins at Igangwé Point and terminates in the weird rock-piles of Mpimbwé Cape.

All that mass of looming upland from Igangwé to within a few miles of Karema is included in the country of Kawendi or, as it is sometimes called, Tongwé. South of that line begins Fipa.

Arabs are beginning to establish themselves at Karema for trade, the Wa-fipa being more amenable to reason than the "scattered and peeled" tribes of Tongwé.

Between Karema and Mpimbwé Cape lies a fine country studded with coves and hills, square-topped and round. Game is abundant and easy of approach. A buffalo and a small red antelope were obtained by me here, the two shots supplying the crews with abundance of meat.

Proceeding some eight miles south-west towards

Mpimbwé, we come to a narrow ridge rising about 600 feet above the lake. Its shore is deeply indented, and the wash of waves has bared enormous masses of granite.

At the south-western corner of this bay there is a neck of low land which all but connects Mpimbwé ridge with the mainland; only half a mile's breadth of low land prevents Mpimbwé being an island. Near Kipendi Point, which is halfway between Mpimbwé ridge and Karema, there is a tree in the lake which was pointed out to me as being not many years ago on dry land. There is now nine feet of water around it.

Mpimbwé Cape offers a view similar to the rocks of Wezi, only of a still more gigantic size and a ruder grandeur.

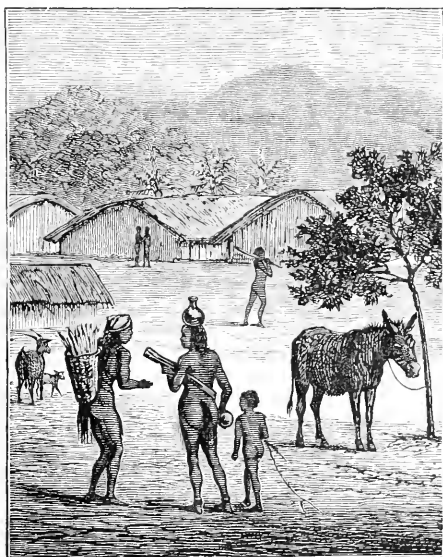
Their appearance betrays the effects of great waves which have at one time swept over them, pouring their waters into their recesses, cleansing by force every cranny and flaw of their vegetable mould, and washing out of them every particle of soil, until, one day, by some sudden convulsion of nature, the lake subsided, leaving, a hundred feet above its surface, these grey and naked masses of granite.

Any one who has seen on a rock-bound coast the war of sea-wave against granite, basalt, and sandstone, will at once recognize the effects visible at Mpimbwé. There lie piled up rocks, hundreds of tons in weight, some of them appearing to rest in such precarious positions that it seems as if the finger of an infant would suffice to push them into the deep blue lake. These, however, are not scored and grooved as are those exposed to the eroding influences of ceaseless ocean waves; they are cleanly fractured, with their external angles only exhibiting a rough polish or roundness which I take to be clear signs that at some remote time they were exposed to waves of great power. Besides, the condition of the rocks at the water-line confirms this theory.

Still, it is strange that the lake should have been rising steadily ever since living men can remember, and

that those rocks of Mpimbwé should bear witness to the lake's subsidence.

On the 25th of June, after coasting the western side of this extraordinary range and proceeding south some fifteen or sixteen miles, we arrived at Mkerengi Island, in the bay of Kirando; the large island of Makokomo lying to west of us a mile off. The natives of these parts are very amiable, though extremely superstitious. At the north-west end of Makokomo there is another lately submerged island. Close to the south-west end



MANYEMA WOMEN.

is a group of inhabited islands, Kankamba and Funeh being the largest and most fertile.

Kirando is situated among other large villages in what appears to be a plain, hemmed in on the east by the continuation of the mountain ridges which we lost sight of when we left Karema Bay. The truncated cone of Chakavola terminates the ridge of Mpimbwé, and lies north-east from Mkerengi.

Continuing our voyage southerly along the coast between the isles of Kankamba and its brothers and the

shore of the mainland, and passing a couple of creeks running deep in-shore, we came to Cape Muntuwa. From this cape to Msamba Island, where we encamped, the lake is edged by one successive series of gigantic blocks and crags of granite. Rock rises above rock, and fragment above fragment. Here towers a colossal mass the size of a two-storied house, bearing upon it a similar mass perhaps entire, but more probably split with a singularly clean and fresh fracture, and there springs up from the surrounding chaos a columnar block like a closed hand with outstretched fore-finger—but everywhere there is the same huge disarray, ruin, and confusion.

We had need to be cautious in sailing along the coast, because for several hundred yards into the lake the rocky masses, which the uneasy billows only exposed in glimpses, rose nearly to the surface.

A suspicion flashed into my mind as these new features revealed themselves that in remote times this part of the lake—from Mpimbwé south—was a separate lake, and that Npimbwé ridge was connected with some portion of the western coast—probably the southern portion of Goma—for while coasting from the extreme north end of Lake Tanganika down to Mpimbwé, I saw nothing resembling in character this portion of the coast. In no part of all the eastern coast down to Mpimbwé is there anything to lead me to suppose that the lake was ever higher than at present; but from Mpimbwé to Msamba I see numerous traces that the lake has been many yards higher than it is at present. All this dreary ruin of wave-dismantled and polished rock was at one time covered with water.

On the 26th we camped at Mtosi, where Livingstone, who calls it Motoshi, camped on the 23rd of October, 1872. The chief's name is Kokira. A beautiful little bay leads from the lake to the miserable village where he lives.

We rested on Msamba Island for the evening of the 27th. The islanders told us that there was a cave about sixty yards in length on the mainland opposite, where

they sometimes hid in time of danger. For a small island Msamba is densely populated, and every inch seems cultivated. The islanders are clever manufacturers of a strong, coarse, cotton cloth: cotton being abundant in Fipa. The Rukugu river empties into Msamba Bay.

The irregular ridge which follows the coast between Msamba Island and Wanpembé, our next journey, is remarkable for a solitary columnar rock rising from fifty to eighty feet high and about half a mile from Column Point. Rounding Kantentieh Point, we have a view of three columnar rocks, the central one being singularly like a mutilated Memnonium. These columns are visible from a considerable distance north or south.

Before reaching Wanpembé, Para, the guide, gathered a peculiar kind of berry called *owindi*, from a low scrubby tree, whose appearance was anything but promising for such a fragrant production as he now showed to us. The odour was not unlike that of lavender, and its strength was such that all in the boat near him were benefited by its exquisite perfume.

In the little cove close to Wanpembé, on the north side of the point on which it is situate, the boat floated over the submerged fence of a village, and her keel was three feet above it.

We obtained abundance of provisions at this large village, but as there were some Watuta strangers within the palisades, our visit was not an agreeable one. However, despite their insolence, the peace was not broken.

Minza, a neighbouring village, is also very large, and possesses a strong stockade, the base of it being embanked with the earth excavated from the ditch.

There appears to be no diminution in the altitude of the mountain ranges which lie along the entire east coast of the Tanganika, or on the western side, as we have had the west mountains plainly in view since leaving Mpimbwé. Now and then we saw small streams issue into the lake, but met no river of any importance, until we came to the Zinga, or Mui-

Zinga, as the Wajiji call it, which separates Fipa from Urungu.

On the 30th we were coasting along the base of the mountain ranges of Urungu, and passing by Kalavera Point came to a bay before which were two small grass-covered islets. On a point of the mainland, nearly opposite these, stands Kakungu village. This point is formed of a grey shaly rock supporting a white clay, out of which the Wajiji on their return homeward paint the bows of their canoes. The scenery just beyond is bold and imposing.

Kirungwé Point consists of perpendicular walls—from fifty to 200 feet high above the lake—of a fine reddish sandstone with horizontal strata. Their peculiar appearance may be imagined when the boat's crew cried out:—

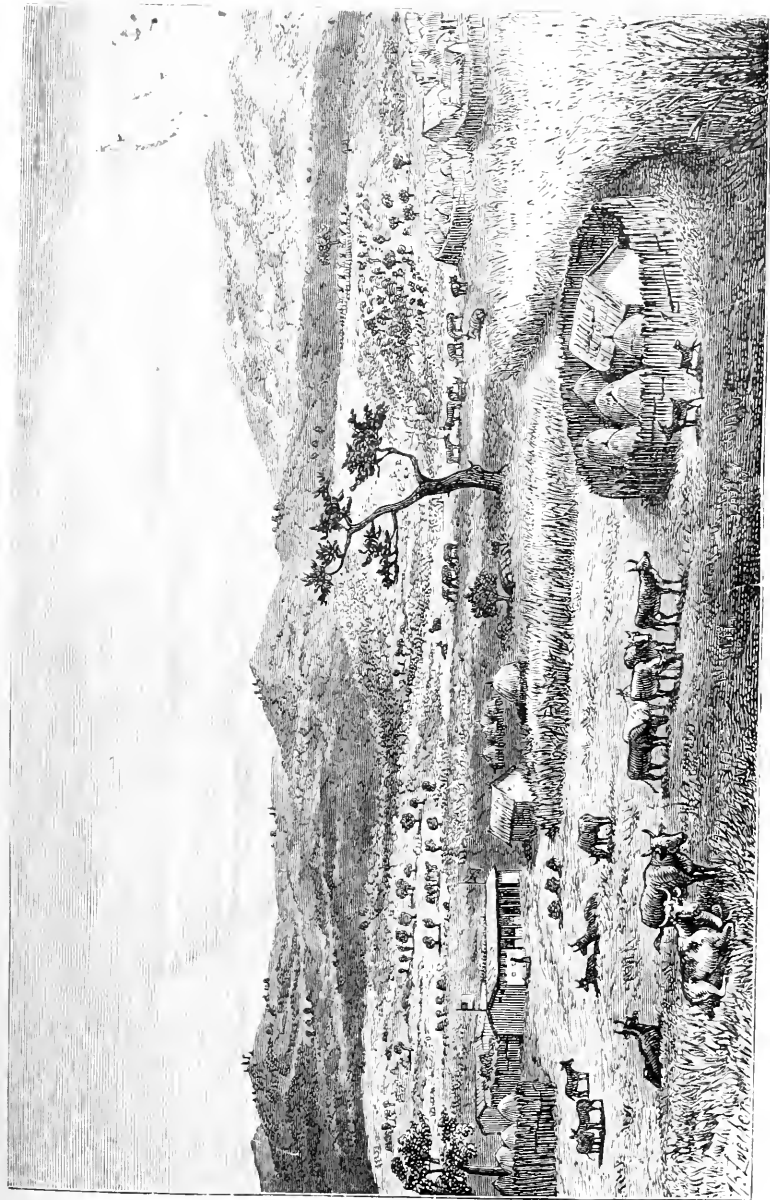
“Oh, mother, this is a fort! See, there are the windows, and here is one of the gates.”

Kirungwé Point appears to be a lofty swelling ridge, cut straight through to an unknown depth. There seems ground for believing that this ridge was once a prolongation of the plateau of Marungu, as the rocks are of the same material, and both sides of the lake show similar results of a sudden subsidence without disturbance of the strata.

South of Kirungwé, or Castle Point, there lies what we may almost call an island, which the guides said a few years ago was connected with the mainland. It is almost entirely separated now. A village which once nestled comfortably in the hollow between the rising ridges is now half buried in water. The huts appeared ready to collapse, for the water had already flooded them. This village was called Ma-Zombé.

In the evening, as we prepared to encamp, four canoes of Ujiji, loaded with women and children, to the number of sixty-four—slaves from the Rufuvu river and from Muriro's—passed by our camp.

The bay of Kawa, which we passed through next day, is very picturesque; woods clothe the slopes and heights, and huts for the accommodation of the Muzimus, or



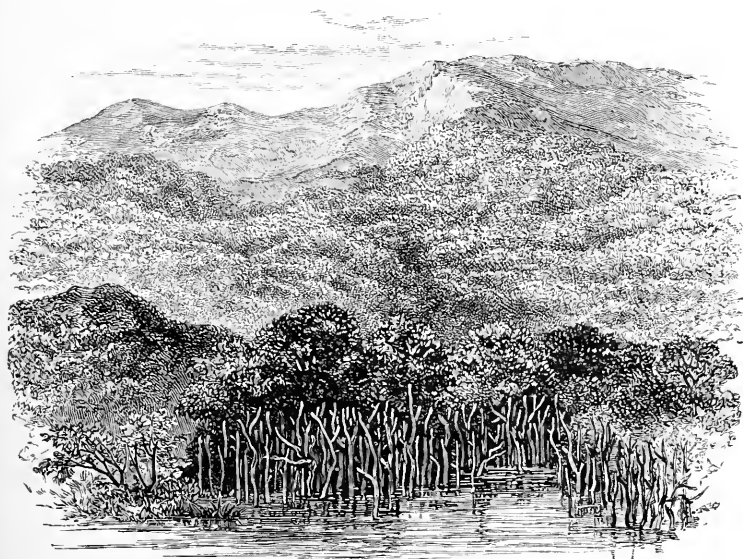
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VIEW NEAR UJAL.

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spirits, have been erected in several of the bends. Kawa river empties into this bay.

During the 2nd and 3rd of July we rowed close to the uninhabited shore, and at noon of the 3rd arrived at the extreme south end of the lake—which we ascertained to be $8^{\circ}47'$ south latitude—in the district of Ukituta. The little stream Kapata issues into the lake at this end through a dense and dark grove, the dead trees standing in front of the grove bearing witness to the destructive action of the rising waters.



THE EXTREME SOUTHERN REACH OF LAKE TANGANIKA.

I scoured the country eagerly in search of game, but, though tracks of buffalo were numerous, I failed to obtain a glimpse of a single head. Safeni, who was the coxswain of the *Meofu* canoe, accompanied me, and pointed out various points of interest in connection with Livingstone, as we followed the road which he had travelled over in his last fatal journey to Lake Bemba. The myombo and borassus palm flourished on the higher terraces.

On the 4th, after rounding a point of a ridge—three

miles from the Kapata—which lay north, we turned westward between Ntonlwé Island and the mainland, and then passing by Murikwa Island, we reached, in two hours, the southern termination of the western shore of the Tanganika, whence may be seen the Wezi river tumbling down from the plateau of Urungu.

The village of Mwangala, where we camped, was at first hidden from our view by a dense line of water-cane, which sheltered its small fishing-canoes from the storms of the lake. One glance at the village fence informed us that here also was evidence that the lake was rising. We asked the natives if they did not think the water was gaining on them.

“Can you not see?” said they. “Another rain and we shall have to break away from here and build anew.”

“Where does the water of the lake go to?”

“It goes north, then it seems to come back upon us stronger than ever.”

“But is there no river about here that goes towards the west?”

“We never heard of any.”

That part of the western coast which extends from Mbeté or Mombeté, to the south, as far as the Rufuvu river, is sacred ground in the lore of the ancients of Urungu. Each crag and grove, each awful mountain brow and echoing gorge, has its solemn associations of spirits. Vague and indescribable beings, engendered by fear and intense superstition, govern the scene. Any accident that may befall, any untoward event or tragedy that may occur, before the sanctuaries of these unreal powers, is carefully treasured in the memories of the people with increased awe and dread of the Spirits of the Rocks.

Such associations cling to the strange tabular mounts or natural towers, called Mtombwa. The height of these is about 1200 feet above the lake. They once formed parts of the plateau of Urungu, though now separated from it by the same agency which created the fathomless gulf of the Tanganika.

Within a distance of two miles are three separate

mounts, which bear a resemblance to one another. The first is called Mtombwa, the next Kateye, the third Kapembwa. Their three spirits are also closely akin to one another, for they all rule the wave and the wind, and dwell on summits. Kateye is, I believe, the son of Kapembwa, the Jupiter, and Mtombwa, the Juno, of Tanganika tradition.

As we row past close to their base, we look up to admire the cliffy heights rising in terraces one above another; each terrace-ledge is marked by a thin line of scrubby bush. Beyond Kateye, the grey front of the paternal Kapembwa looms up with an extraordinary height and massive grandeur.

From Kapembwa to Polombwé Cape the plateau merges in a cliff-crowned wall 1500 feet above the lake. The cliff itself is probably 200 feet high, rising above a slope bristling with great rocks half hidden by the verdure of trees, bush, and grass. Yet the natives cultivate some part, and their fields were seen far up the steep ascending slopes.

On the 6th we left the neighbourhood of Polombwé, at a place called Umisepa, and rowed round into the Rufuvu river.

This river is about 400 yards wide, and retains that width for about three miles—flowing with a current of a knot an hour, and between lofty wood-clothed mountains—and then broadens out into a lake-like expanse nearly a mile wide. From the right or south bank of the river, a plain slopes gradually to the grand cliffy walls of Kapembwa. From here to Liendé village, where we camped, our course lay east-south-east.

Here, as elsewhere, the water has encroached upon the soil, and has flooded a large portion of land formerly devoted to tillage. It is a populous spot, indeed the most populous we had seen since leaving Ujiji. Our reception by the people was most cordial, and I was not sorry to become acquainted with such gentle creatures. Not one angry word or insolent look was exchanged, but they visited us with the greatest confidence, and a lively interest for barter. We obtained such abundance

of provisions here that we might have cruised for a month without having to call at any native port.

The chief, Kiumeh, or Chiuma-Nanga, who lives at Mkigusa village, was visited with all due ceremony, and proved a most kindly old man. I gladly rewarded him for his small presents of food, and separated from him with feelings of attachment.

Livingstone, who was here in May 1867, writes of this plain and river as follows :

“ We came to a village about 2' west of the confluence. The village has a meadow about four miles wide, in which buffaloes disport themselves, but they are very wild, and hide in the gigantic grasses. The Lofu—or Lofubu (Rufuvu)—is a quarter of a mile wide, but higher up 300 yards.”

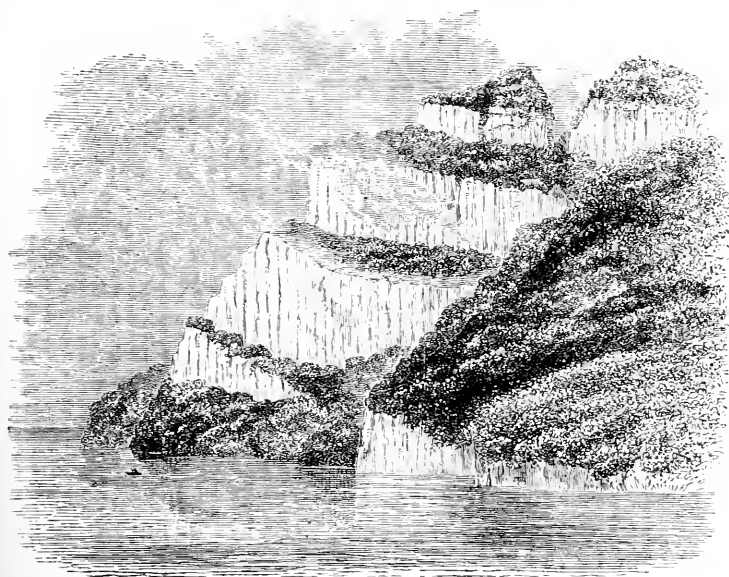
Between the 6th of July, 1876, and May 1867, that is, in nine years' time, the river Rufuvu has encroached upon the “ meadow ” which Livingstone saw by over a thousand yards !

It is true the plain or meadow is very low, and that two feet more of a rise would extend the river over half a mile more of ground, but the proofs are gathering that the lake has been steadily rising. What was meadowland in the days when Livingstone made the acquaintance of the people of Liendé is now clear water half covered with growths of pale-blue lotus. The depth of the river in mid-channel is twenty-one feet.

I should estimate the population of the plain from Polombwé westward to where the river narrows between the hills, a district of about eight square miles, as about 2000 souls. We heard of Wangwana and some Arabs camping at a village called Kungwé higher up the river on the left bank ; but as we had no occasion for their acquaintance, we did not deem it necessary to go through the form of visiting them.

On the 7th, soon after quitting the Rufuvu river, we had a rough experience of the worst Ma'anda—“ south-wester ”—Para or Ruango, our guides, had ever been in. The *Meofu* was soon disabled, for its rudder was swept away, but being towed behind by a rope, it was fortu-

nately not lost, while our boat flew with double-reefed lug over the wild waves like a seagull. The tempest sang in our ears, and the waters hissed as they flew by us with great high curling crests. But Kasawa Cape was still before us, and no shelter could be obtained until we had rounded it. We shook a reef out, lest we might be swamped, and the increased force swept us over the topmost crests at such a speed as made Para and Ruango set their teeth. The canoe was out of



MTOMBWA.

sight ; along the rock-bound shore thundered the surf ; the wind was rising into a hurricane, but Kasawa was getting nearer to view, and we held on with all sail. In fifteen minutes we were safe behind the grey bluffs of the headland, in a little creek amid a heap of driftwood, and the haunt of hippopotamus and crocodile. I sent a land party back to hunt up news of the missing canoe, and by night received the glad news that soon after they were disabled they had managed to beach their boat without injury.

Between Kasawa and Kipimpi Capes there are deep bays, which I have taken the liberty of calling the Cameron Bays.* A sterile and bleached country stretches on every hand around these bays, and the general appearance of their sterility is somewhat increased by the chalky character of some of the low cliffs.

North of the river Rufuvu extends Uemba. Ruemba—the country of the lake L'iemba—in the language of the great Bisa tribe, which all speak, with slight differences of dialect, in this region, signifies “lake.” Mapota River separates Uemba from Marungu.

Between Kipimpi Cape and Kalambwé Cape, King Muriro, or “Fire,” an immigrant from Unyamwezi, has, with the aid of a colony of restless spirits, established a formidable village called Akalunga, close to the lake. It is a resort for slavers, for Muriro has numbers of slaves on hand to exchange for powder and guns, and his people are always roving about on the look-out for more.

From Kalambwé Cape northward the mountains loom higher and steeper, the shore is indented with many narrow inlets, vertical strata of greenstone being thus exposed, with thin forests crowning the loose soil which covers them. The depressions between the hilltops are numerous and shallow, consequently the drainage is quickly carried away in small rills.

Beyond the Mapota the scenery becomes still bolder, and the more imposing woods impart with their varied hues of foliage and waving crowns a picturesqueness that since leaving Fipa has been wanting in the landscape of the stupendous and upspringing, terraced plateau wall of Western Urungu, or in the uniform contours of Eastern Urungu.

At a camp near an inlet north of Kalambwé Cape we set fire to some grass to have a more open view of our surroundings. In an hour it had ascended the steep slope, and was raging triumphantly on the summit.

* So called after Verney Lovett Cameron, Commander, R.N., the first to navigate the southern half of Lake Tanganika.

Three nights after we saw it still burning about fifteen miles north of the locality whence it had first started, like a crown of glory on a mountain-top.

Observation of this fire, and many others, explains why, in the midst of African uplands nourishing a dense forest, we suddenly come across narrow, far-penetrating plains covered with grass. They are, no doubt, so many tongue-like extensions from some broader, grass-covered expanses caused by fierce fires. Wherever the ground retains an excessive quantity of moisture, grasses, with stalks as thick as cane, spring up during three months' rain to a height of eight to ten, sometimes fifteen, feet. In May these grasses become sere, and by June are as dry as tinder. The smallest spark suffices to set them in a flame, and the noise of two brigades of infantry fighting would hardly exceed the terrible rack, crackle, and explosions made by the onrush of the wind-swept element. It devours everything that stands before it, and roasts the surface of the ground, leaving it parched, blackened, and fissured.

Though the mountains of Marungu are steep, rugged, and craggy, the district is surprisingly populous. Through the chasms and great cañons with which the mountains are sometimes cleft, we saw the summits of other high mountains, fully 2500 feet above the lake, occupied by villages, the inhabitants of which, from the inaccessibility of the position they had selected, were evidently harassed by some more powerful tribes to the westward.

The neighbourhood of Zongweh Cape is specially distinguished for its lofty cones and great mountain masses. Mount Murumbi, 2000 feet above the lake, near Muri-Kiassi Cape, is a striking feature of the coast of Marungu.

The wooded slopes and dense forest growths which fill the gorges are haunts of what the Wangwana call "Soko," a distinctive title they have given either to gorillas or chimpanzees. I heard the voices of several at Lunangwa river, but as they were at a considerable distance from me, I could not distinguish any great

difference between the noise they created and that which a number of villagers might make while quarrelling.

The Rubuko, or Lofuko, a considerable river, divides Marungu from Tembwé. On the south side of the river is Mompara, or, for short, Para, remarkable as being the place whereat Livingstone embarked in canoes, February 1869, to proceed to Ujiji for the first time ('Last Journals,' vol. ii.) :—

"14th February, 1869.—Arrived at Tanganika. Parra is the name of the land at the confluence of the river Lofuko."

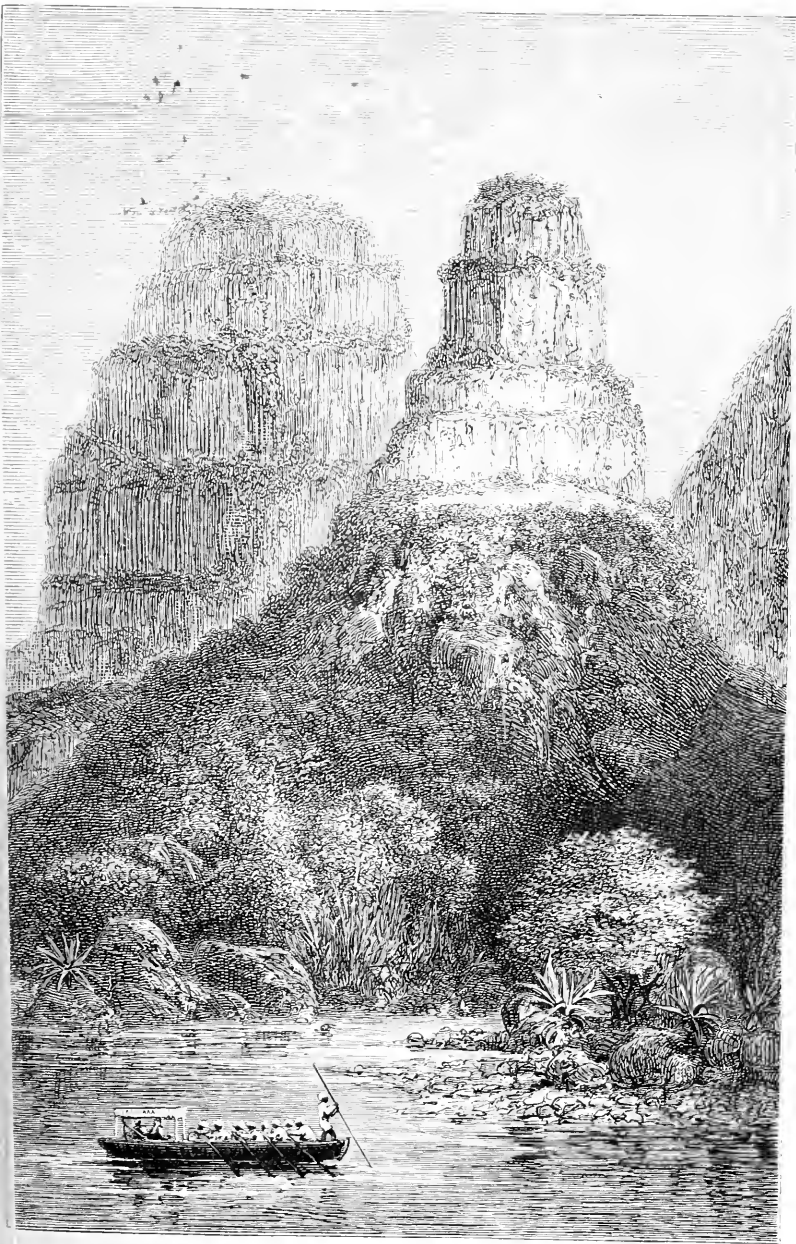
The chief of the Para village is patronized by Jumah Merikani, who, while he is absent in Rua collecting slaves and ivory, entrusts his canoes to the chief's charge, from which it appears that the latter is a trustworthy man. Formerly Sheikh Sayid bin Habib honoured him with the same confidence.

Four hours' sail brought us to the wooded headlands of Tembwé, the most projecting of which is about twenty-five miles from Makokomo Island, in the Bay of Kirando, on the east coast of the lake.

Near this point is seen a lofty range, rising a few miles from the lake in an irregular line of peaks, which, as it is depressed towards the north, presents a more arid appearance, and presently forms a range of a much lower altitude than the mountains of Tongwé, Fipa, Urungu, or Marungu. This continues—with gaps here and there for rivers to escape through to the lake—until a little north of Kasengé Island, where it rises again into the mountains of Goma, the highest of all round Lake Tanganika.

At Kankindwa, which is in a little cove near Tembwé Cape, a native told us that the Lukuga flowed *out* of the lake to Rua; another denied that flatly, and a third said that the Lukuga flowed out of the lake towards Rua, but that, meeting another river descending towards the Tanganika, it was stopped, and the two rivers formed a lake.

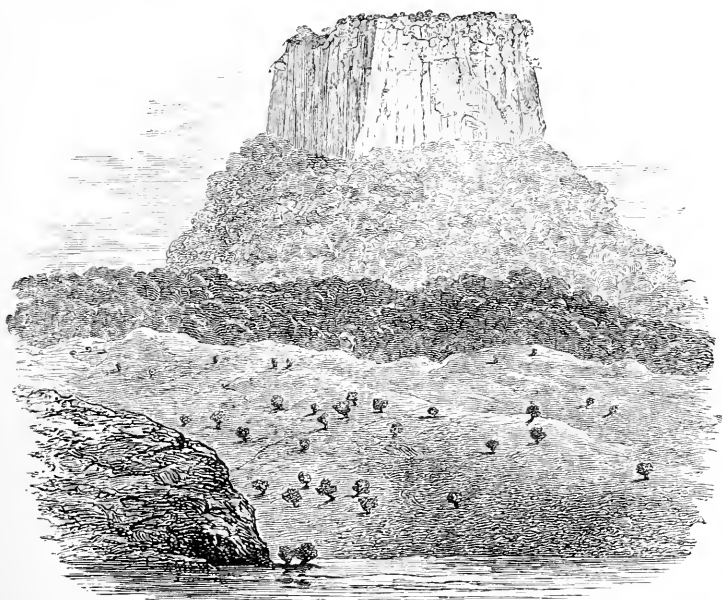
As we sailed north from Tembwé and observed the



PL. II. THE "HIGH PLACES." · VIEW OF MTOMBWA URUNGU.

To face p. 376.

comparatively low altitude of the Uguha range, I began to feel that it was, of all the countries we had seen, the most likely to have a gap for the escape of the waters. It reminded me of some parts of Usukuma, on Lake Victoria. We explored the mouths of the Ruanda, Kasenga, Ruwye-ya, Rutuku, and Kahanda rivers, and then from Mirembwé Cape sailed for the Lukuga—the river that formed now the most interesting object of our exploration.



MOUNT MURUMBI

On the evening of 15th of July we made the acquaintance of Kawe-Niangeh, the chief of the district on the south bank of the Lukuga Creek near the mouth. He remembered Cameron distinctly, described his person and dress, and informed me that he had accompanied him to the reeds which he said blocked the head of the creek. At the time of his visit, he said—pointing at the same time to a long line of breakers which marked three-fourths of the broad entrance from the lake to the creek—there were two spits of sand running from either

side of the mouth, and there was a small fishing settlement on the one which projected from our side. As they were now covered up, he entertained a suspicion that Cameron had dropped some powerful medicine, which had brought on this destruction. If one white man had brought so much mischief, what might not two white men do? "Why," said he, "the whole country will be inundated, and nothing will be left except the tops of the great mountains!"

We laughed at this, and, eventually joking him out of these ideas, succeeded in obtaining his guidance to explore the creek, and in eliciting the following items, which I jotted down in my journal the same evening:—

"*July 15.*—Opinion at the mouth of the Lukuga is much divided respecting this river, or creek, or inlet, or whatever it may be. The information, when compared with Cameron's statement, is altogether incomprehensible. The old men and chiefs say that formerly the Luweyeri met the Lukuga, and that the meeting of the waters formed the lake. The result of this marriage of the Lukuga from the west, and the Luweyeri from the east, is the Tanganika, and a cordial understanding between the waters has been kept up until lately, when it appears that the Lukuga has begun to be restive and wayward, for it sometimes flows west, and sometimes east; or, in other words, the Lukuga during the rainy season flows into the Tanganika, bearing with it an immense amount of water, grass, wood, and other matter; but during the dry season, when the south-east monsoon prevails, the Lukuga is borne west, lifting its head clear of the dry ground and mud-banks, and flows down to the Kamalondo, near Kalumbi's country, under the name of Ruindi or Luindi. Until this rainy season, or say March of this year, 1876, there stood a low bank of earth or mud, several hundred yards long, between the Luindi and Lukuga, but this year's rainfall has united the two rivers, the Lukuga flowing over this by Miketo's country into Rua. Kamalondo is a river, and not a lake, being another name for the Lualaba.

"When Cameron was here in 1874, there was a spit

of dry sand lined with grass or cane, projecting from the south side, and a similar one from the north side, the two being separated by a narrow channel, but to-day both spits are covered with a line of wild breakers. The spot where Cameron camped is no longer tenable, but is exposed to the billows of the Tanganika, which at this season are driven in by the south-east monsoon.

“Take it any way you please, such conflict of opinions among people who ought to know what an outlet or an outflowing river is—many of them having seen the Luapula flow out from Bemba lake, others having seen the Lualaba plunge down from Mweru lake—makes it clear that there is either a crisis approaching in nature, or that it has lately taken place, or is occurring—one cannot say which until the Lukuga is explored, and this work I propose to begin to-morrow.”

Cameron says on p. 304, in vol. i. of his ‘Across Africa’ :—

“Its entrance was more than a mile across, but closed by a *grass-grown sandbank* with the exception of a channel 300 or 400 yards wide, and *across the channel there is a sill* where the surf breaks heavily at times, although there is more than a fathom of water at its most shallow part.”

An inflowing river meeting the billows of the Tanganika might be supposed to form a “surf,” or a sandy sill, it being only natural that there should be a conflict between the opposing forces. To this struggle then must be attributed the formation of the “sill of sand” which Cameron said ran across the channel.

On the 16th, we sailed up the creek.

The mouth of the Lukuga, which was about 2500 yards wide, narrowed after a mile to 800 yards, and after another mile to 400 or 500 yards. Upon rounding the point of land on which Mkampemba stands, and where there is a considerable tract under tillage, I observed that the water changed its colour to a reddish brown, owing to the ferruginous conglomerate of which the low bluffs on either side are composed. This was also a proof to me that there was no outflowing river here. Clear

water outflowing from the Tanganika, only two miles from the lake, ought never to be so deeply discoloured.

As we proceeded on, the chief told us to stop, and threw a stick into the water, asking us to note how, despite the ripple and wind from lakeward, the stick and the water-bubbles persisted in struggling against them towards the lake. His face was triumphant as he thought he had completely proved one part of his statement, that water came into the lake. It only remained now, as he thought, to prove that water flowed out towards the west.

Wherever there were indentations in the bluffs that banked it in, or a dip in the low grass-covered *débris* beneath, a growth of *Mateté* or water-cane and papyrus filled up these bits of still water, but mid-channel was clear and maintained a breadth of open white water ranging from ninety to 450 yards.

Within an hour we arrived at the extremity of the open water, which had gradually been narrowed in width, by the increasing abundance of papyrus, from 250 yards to 40 yards. We ceased rowing, and gently glided up to the barrier of papyrus, which had now completely closed up the creek from bank to bank, like a luxuriant field of tall Indian corn. We sounded at the base of these reeds along a breadth of forty yards, and obtained from seven to eleven feet of water! With a portable level I attempted to ascertain a current; the level indicated none! Into a little pool, completely sheltered by the broadside of the boat, we threw a chip or two, and some sticks. In five minutes the chips had moved towards the reeds about a foot! We then crushed our way through about twenty yards of the papyrus, and came to impassable mudbanks black as pitch, and seething with animal life. Returning to the boat, I asked four men to stand close together, and, mounting their shoulders with an oar for support, I endeavoured with a glass to obtain a general view. I saw a broad belt some 250 or 300 yards wide of a papyrus-grown depression, lying east and west between gently sloping banks, thinly covered with scrubby acacia. Here and there were pools

of open water, and beyond were a few trees growing, as it seemed to me, right in the bed. I caused some of my men to attempt to cross from one bank to the other, but the muddy ooze was not sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man.

I then cut a disc of wood a foot in diameter, drove a nail in, and folded cotton under its head. I then rove a cord five feet in length through this, suspending to one end an earthenware pot, with which I tried an experiment. Along the edge of papyrus I measured 1000 feet with a tape line, both ends of the track marked by a broad riband of sheeting tied to a papyrus reed. Then, proceeding to the eastern or lake end of the track, I dropped the earthenware pot, which, after filling, sank and drew the wooden disc level with the water. I noted the chronometer instantly, while the boat was rowed away from the scene. The wind from the lake blew strong at the time.

The board floated from lake-ward towards the papyrus 822 feet in one hour and forty seconds.

In the afternoon, wind calm and water tranquil, the disc floated in the opposite direction, or towards the lake, 159 feet in nineteen minutes and thirty seconds, which is at the rate of about 600 feet in the hour.

This was of itself conclusive proof that there was *no* current at this date (July 16, 1876). Still I was curious to see the river flowing out. The next day, therefore, accompanied by the chief and fifteen men of the Expedition, we started overland along the banks of this rush- and mud-choked depression for three or four miles. The trend of the several streams we passed was from north-west to south-east—that is, towards the lake. At Elwani village we came to the road from Monyi's, which



UGHA HEADRESS.

is used by people proceeding to Unguvwa, Luwelezi, or Marungu on the other side of the Lukuga. Two men from the village accompanied us to the Lukuga ford. When we reached the foot of the hill, we first came to the dry bed of the Kibamba. In the rainy season this stream drains the eastern slopes of the Ki-yanja ridge with a south-east trend. The grass-stalks, still lying down from the force of the water, lay with their tops pointing lakeward.

From the dry mud-bed of the Kibamba to the cane-grass-choked bed of Lukuga was but a step. During the wet season the Kibamba evidently overflowed broadly, and made its way among the mateté of the Lukuga.

We tramped on along a path leading over prostrate reeds and cane, and came at length to where the ground began to be moist. The reeds on either side of it rose to the height of ten or twelve feet, their tops interlacing, and the stalks, therefore, forming the sides of a narrow tunnel. The path sank here and there into ditch-like hollows filled with cool water from nine inches to three feet deep, with transverse dykes of mud raised above it at intervals.

Finally, after proceeding some two hundred yards, we came to the centre of this reed-covered depression—called by the natives “Mitwanzi”—and here the chief, trampling a wider space among the reeds, pointed out in triumph water indisputably flowing westward.

The water felt cold, but it was only 68° Fahr., or 7° cooler than the Lukuga. I crossed over to the opposite or southern bank, on the shoulders of two of my men. The bed was uneven; sometimes the men rose until the water was barely over their ankles, then again they sank to their hips. The trees I had noticed from the open creek stood on a point projecting from the southern bank across the Mitwanzi, but they were now dead, as the former dry tract had become quaggy. The name Lukuga clings to the bed until a few miles west of Miketo's, when it becomes known as the Luindi, Ruindi, or Luimbi.

The Mitwanzi is still daily traversed without trouble by men, women, and children.

We travelled another three miles along the Mitwanzi, until we came to the southern end of the Ki-yanja ridge, for it is through the gap between this and the Kihunga ridge, which terminates on the south bank, that the Lukuga flows toward the west. Even here it was but a trivial stream, oozing and trickling through a cane-grass grove.

The most interesting object here was the rounded end of the Ki-yanja ridge, sloping at an angle of 30° . As the highest point is probably between 600 and 1000 feet, there has been some agency at work to wear down this gap through the ferruginous conglomerate and soft sandstone—and some agency stronger than this trivial stream smothered in reeds, for it has no force or power.

We got back to Lumba Creek, where we had left our boat and canoe, late at night. The next day was devoted to sounding the creek from the Mitwanzi to the outer bar.

The next morning I took a trip to the top of the conical hill behind Mkampemba, a village of Kawe-Niangh, to lay out and take bearings.

I am of the opinion, after taking all things into consideration, that Kahangwa Cape was, at a remote period, connected with Kungwé Cape on the east coast—that the Lukuga was the effluent of the lake as it stood then, that the lake was at that period at a much higher altitude than it is at present, that the northern half of the lake is of a later formation, and that, owing to the subsidence of that portion, and the collapsing of the barrier or the Kahangwa Cape and Kungwé Cape ridge, the waters south emptied into that of the deep

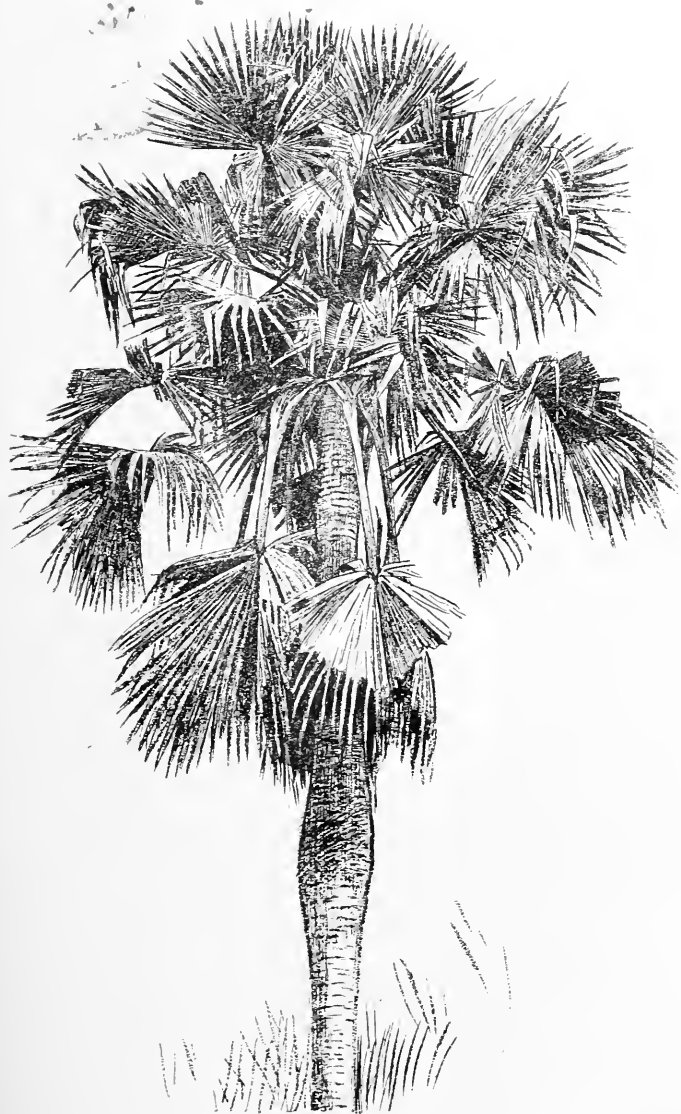


UBUJWE AND UGUHA HEADDRESS.

gulf north, and left the channel of the Lukuga to be employed as the bed of the affluents Kibamba and Lumba, or the eastern slope of the Ki-yanja ridge, to feed the lake. But now that the extension of the profound bed—created by some great earthquake, which fractured and disparted the plateau of Uhha, Urundi, Ubembé, Goma, &c.—is on the eve of being filled up, the ancient affluent is about to resume its old duties of conveying the surplus waters of the Tanganika down into the valley of the Livingstone, and thence, along its majestic winding course, to the Atlantic Ocean.

I say this after having circumnavigated the lake and examined it most thoroughly. Underground caverns are myths, the fables of Wangwana and superstitious natives. The great deep lengthy cañon occupied by the fathomless lake is not closed in by rocks of such a nature as to admit of the theory of underground passages. It is rimmed by mountains and hills—the least altitude is 600 feet, the highest 4000 feet, above the lake. But to those seeking an elucidation of the fact that an enormous fresh-water lake is without an outflowing river, are presented as rational solutions the stream-worn gap in the conglomerate of the ridges Kihunga and Ki-yanja, the wave-washed rocks and boulders of Mpembwé and all along the eastern coast down to Urungu, the bare headlands of Tembwé, and the naked steeps and cliffs of Kungwé and Karinzi. It is an undeniable fact that if the evaporation from a body of water be greater than the supply, that water must necessarily become saline from the particles washed into it from salt-beds and *salinas*. It is also as undeniable that, if the supply to a body of water be greater than its evaporation, the quantity of the water must be increased until the receptacle—whether pool, pond, or lake—overflows and obtains an outlet.

In the instance of the Tanganika we have a fresh-water lake, which—according to the evidence of native Arabs and the observation of several travellers—is steadily rising. We have also seen in the Lukuga the first symptoms of that overflowing which must come.



AFRICAN PALM (HYPHÆNE VENTRICOSA).

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At present there are only a few inches of mud-banks and a frail barrier of papyrus and reeds to interpose between the waters of the lake and its destiny, which it is now, year by year, steadily approaching. When the Tanganika has risen three feet higher, there will be no surf at the mouth of the Lukuga, no sill of sand, no oozing mud-banks, no rush-covered old river-course, but the accumulated waters of over a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap with the force of a cataclysm, bearing away on its flood all the deposits of



WOMAN OF UGHA.

organic debris at present in the Lukuga Creek, down the steep incline to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone.

On the 21st of July we sailed from the mouth of the future outlet Lukuga by Cape Kahaungwa, to the Arab crossing-place near Kasengé Island.

The Waguha, along whose country we had voyaged south since leaving Tembwé, are an unusually ceremonious people. They are the first specimens of those nations among whom we are destined to travel in our exploration of the western regions.

The art of the coiffeur is better known here than in any portion of Africa east of lake Tanganika. The "waterfall" and "back-hair" styles are superb, and the constructions are fastened with carved wooden or iron pins. Full dress includes a semicircle of finely plaited hair over the forehead painted red, ears well oiled, the rest of the hair drawn up taut at the back of the head, overlaid and secured by a cross-shaped flat board, or with a skeleton crown of iron; the head is then covered with a neatly tasselled and plaited grass-cloth, like a lady's breakfast-cap, to protect it from dust. In order to protect such an elaborate construction from being disordered, they carry a small head-rest of wood stuck in the girdle.

Their mode of salutation is as follows:—

A man appears before a party seated; he bends, takes up a handful of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left—the left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left parts of the body, the mouth meanwhile uttering rapidly words of salutation. To his inferiors, however, the new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of his heart.

Kasengé Island is a small island with a grassy cone rising from its centre. It is well-cultivated, and grows papaws, pomegranates, lemons, and sweet limes, having been favoured for a long period by Arabs, when their intercourse with the western regions was but beginning.

Between the lately severed promontory of Katenga, in Goma, which is now a large island, and Mtowa, the southern end of the bay, there is quite a cluster of islets, of which the largest are Kirindi, Kivizi, and Kavala.

When we have passed the northern point of Katenga Island we behold the Goma mountains in an apparently unbroken range of vast height and excessive steepness, and lengths of steep and cliffy slope. But as we sail on to the northward, we observe that from Katenga we saw only the profile or the shoulders of great lofty

spurs. Behind almost all of these are beautiful secluded inlets and bays, overshadowed by black-bearded mountains, which give birth to myriads of clear crystal streams. Deep chasms in their huge fronts are filled with forests of enormous trees, out of which the famous Goma canoes are cut. Through every gap in the range roars and tumbles a clear cold stream, and piled up behind are the loftiest alps of Goma. The eye cannot fail to be struck with the contrast between the serene blue of the sky, the gloom of the chasm, and the dark tops of the tree-crested ranges. The margins of these calm havens are lined with green water-cane and eschinomenæ, to which hundreds of yellow-breasted birds have suspended their nests, where the industrious little creatures may be seen in flocks together, clinging belly upward or flying up and down, ever chirping their wheedling, persuasive song. On a firm bough extended over the wave sits the glossy and sleek diver, contented, sated with his finny prey; or, perched upon the tall branch of some towering sycamore or teak, may be seen the white-collared fish-eagle, uttering at intervals his weird, shrill call to his mate—a despairing, wailing cry. Presently, from some distant tree, at a commanding height, is heard the response, in the same doleful strain.

But from Katenga, as far as the Bald Mount, near Mugolwé, the crests of the ridges are tawny and treeless. From Tanga to Mdanga Cape, gaps and chasms, inlets and bays, like those above described are numerous, and between Kabogo River and Missossi Mount there is a bay with five separate streams, descending from heights of 2000 feet in long silvery threads to the lake. The mountains seem to be dissolving in tears, for through every ravine or cleft or gap, chasm or rift, streams roll



UHYEYA HEADRESS.

with impetuous course to the lake. Wherever foothold is obtained on a square-browed hill, terrace, or slope, cultivated fields and villages are seen, while on either side of them the cliffs drop sheer to profound depths.

The topmost height of Mount Missossi is about 3000 feet above the lake. As the lake is very wide between Goma and Ujiji—about forty miles—the waves rise very suddenly and drive in long billowy ridges against the massive and firm base of the mount, and when the south-easters prevail, the gale has command of sixty miles of clear water from Kabogo Cape. Navigation in canoes, while the wind is rising, is very dangerous.

We left Kabogo River's safe haven about 7 P.M., and at nine were pulling by Missossi Mount, exposed to a rising gale of great power about half a mile off a lee shore. To avoid being swept on the rocks, which were all afoam, we had to row direct eastward, and to handle both boat and canoe very delicately to avoid foundering. For two hours we laboured hard to get a mile to windward, and then, hoisting sail, we flew northward, just grazing the dreadful rocks of Mdanga Cape.

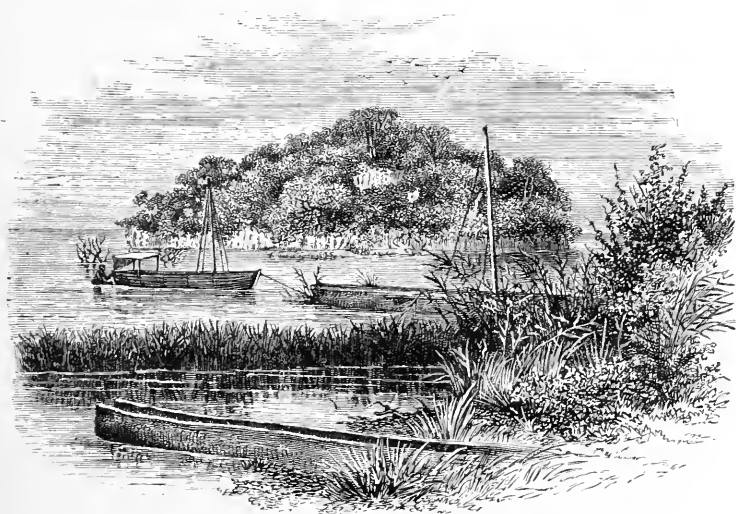
Nature, as already seen, has been in most frantic moods along the western coast of the Tanganika, but in Goma, where she has been most wanton, she has veiled herself with a graceful luxuriance of vegetation. Where the mountains are steepest and highest, and where their springs have channelled deepest, there the pillared *mvulé* and *meofu* flourish most and attain their greatest height, and in loving fellowship they spread themselves up opposing slopes and follow the course of the stream in broad belts on either side down to the edge of the lake. Underneath their umbrageous foliage grows a tropical density of bush and plant, meshed and tangled, and of such variety that to class or specify them would require the labour and lifetime of an accomplished botanist.

As we look towards the lofty heights of Northern Goma we observe that they have a grassy pastoral aspect. We turn our eyes south to catch a farewell

glimpse of those refreshing views which we had admired, and we see that distance has already transformed them into a long blue hazy outline.

We sailed all day within a stone's-throw of the shore of Goma, and in the evening put in at Kaganza, just north of Kiringi Point.

On the 25th, on leaving Kaganza, we bade farewell to Goma, whose bare majestic front, as we continued north, was terminated by the low rounded hills of Kavunweh, and then, steering north-east, we skirted a



THE SPIRIT ISLAND.

low grassy land whose highest ridge was only 200 feet above the lake. This is the isthmus which connects the promontory of Ubwari and Karamba with the mainland. It is seven miles across to the gulf which separates Ubwari promontory from Ubembé and Usansi.

Burton describes Ubwari thus :—

“It is the only island near the centre of the Tanganika, a long narrow lump of rock, twenty to twenty-five geographical miles long, by four or five of extreme breadth.”

Livingstone calls it in his ‘Last Journals’ the islet

Mozima, and in 'How I Found Livingstone' I called it the island Muzimu.

The end of the isthmus is distinguished by two or three palms, which served us as a landmark when we had voyaged round into the gulf of the western side. It is also indented with two or three deep bays.

Near Karamba Cape, south latitude $4^{\circ} 29'$, the land again rises into a ridge about 1500 feet above the lake, and runs north from the southern cape to Panza Point, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Some very fine mountain scenes are presented here also, but after stupendous Goma they appear almost tame and commonplace.

Near the little round island of Muzimu, or the Spirit, we made a very comfortable camp near a fine gravel beach. The photograph of the Spirit Island given opposite suffices for description.

The Wabwari are by no means a handsome race: nor indeed are the Wavira, Wagoma, or Wabembé (cannibals); but they are all industrious tribes, and the Wabwari, though somewhat ready to take offence, are very much liked by all. They cultivate an enormous quantity of cassava, or manioc, and at this season the flat rocks were strewn with the sliced root. Dried whitebait is another article of commerce, and bags of millet are exchanged with the Warundi on the other side for palm-oil and butter, and with the Wajiji for cloth and beads.

On the 27th we rounded Panza Point, and skirted the much-indented western side of Ubwari, until we reached the extreme southern reach of Burton Gulf.* At evening we camped in a tiny creek, near a grassy ridge, undisturbed. In the morning I ascended the ridge, and took bearings of Missossi Mount, Kiringi Cape, Karamba Cape, and by aid of the palms on the isthmus was able to identify the position. We rested until noon, and obtained south latitude $4^{\circ} 22'$. As Panza Point, the north end of Ubwari, is in south

* So named after Captain Richard Francis Burton, the commander of the Burton and Speke Expedition, which first discovered Lake Tanganyika.

latitude $4^{\circ} 2'$, the length of Burton Gulf is twenty miles, by from five to seven miles in width.

Then coasting along the south end of Burton Gulf, we came to Masansi, which begins on the west side, and near each large village lowered our sail and inquired the names of the various rivers, villages, points, and countries. On coming near a village on the west bank of the Kasansagara river, we were forewarned of a rude reception. Approaching nearer, we were warned away



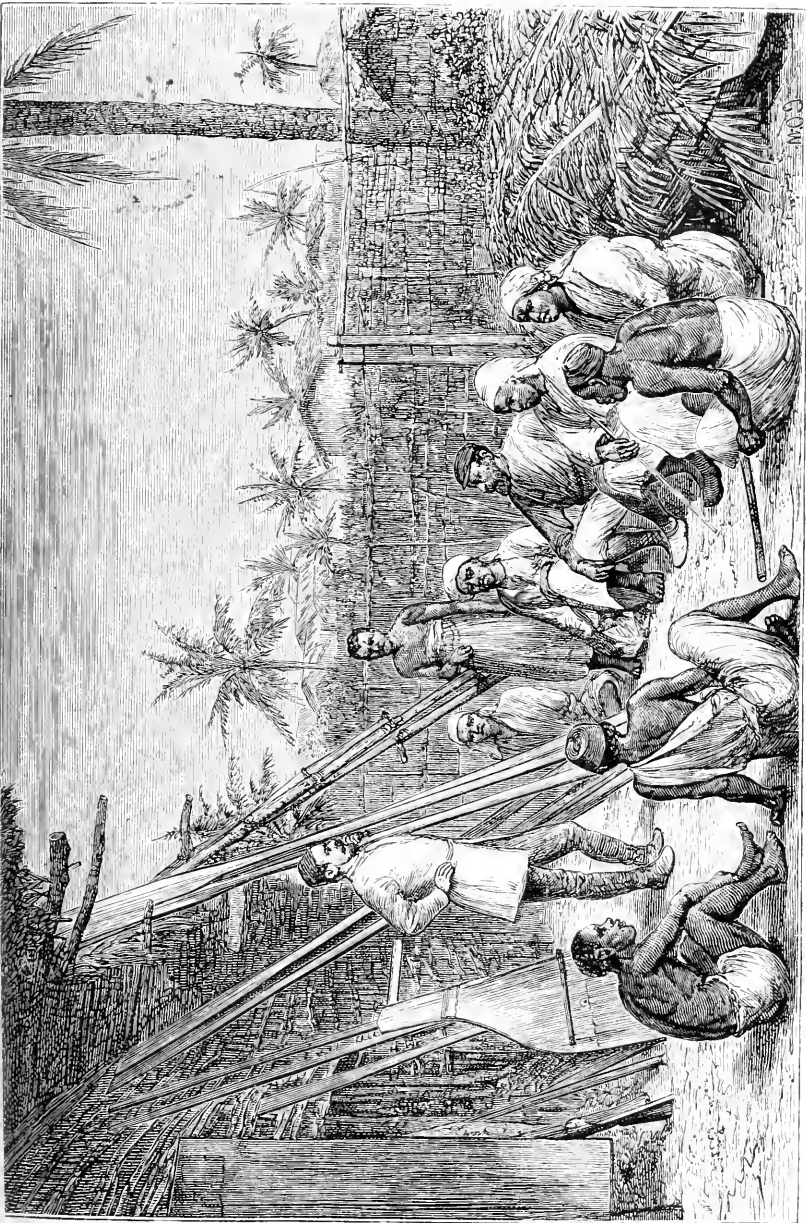
A CAMP ON LAKE TANGANIKA.

by the Wabembé, who are most inimical to strangers. Wishing to test how far this hostile spirit would proceed, we continued to advance upon the shore. From wild gesture, such as striking the ground with their spears, beating the water, and frantic hopping up and down, they took to throwing stones of such large size as might well be termed dangerous missiles. Motioning a halt, we calmly surveyed the natives, watched the rocks fly through the air, and making deep pits in the water, as though we were simply looking on at an entertain-

ment got up for our amusement. Not a word, gesture, or movement on our part indicated either resentment or pleasure, until the natives ceased their furious demonstrations. Para was then told to inform them that we would have nothing to say to such wild people, who at sight of strangers showed such foolish fury.

We turned away without another word, resumed our journey, and in an hour were abreast of Kiunyu, the village of the chief Mahonga. We spoke to them: they mocked us. We asked them if they would sell us some grain, but they replied that they were not our slaves, and that they had not sowed the land with grain to sell it to us. We pulled away from them without another word. The silly people cried out that we were running away, and at once launched about a dozen canoes and followed us. Encouraged by the infuriates and mockers on the shore, as also by our pacific behaviour, they became excited to a dangerous state, and gesticulated with their arrows and spears. Owing to the ferocious spirit of the people, we had to seek a camp among the reeds and papyrus in the delta of the Mtambara river, where, though troubled with mosquitoes, we slept undisturbed by the insensate ferocity of the Wabembé cannibals.

On the 28th we skirted the low land which lies at the foot of the western mountains, and by noon had arrived at the little cove in Masansi, near the Rubumba or the Luvumba river, at which Livingstone and I terminated our exploration of the northern shores of Lake Tanganika in 1871. I had thus circumnavigated Lake Tanganika from Ujiji up the eastern coast, along the northern head, and down the western coast as far as Rubumba river in 1871, and in June-July 1876 had sailed south from Ujiji along the eastern coast to the extreme south end of the lake, round each inlet of the south, and up the western coast to Panza Point, in Ubwari, round the shores of Burton Gulf, and to Rubumba river. The north end of the lake was located by Livingstone in south latitude $3^{\circ} 18'$; the extreme south end I discovered to be in south latitude $8^{\circ} 47'$, which gives it a



length of 329 geographical miles. Its breadth varies from ten to forty-five miles, averaging about twenty-eight miles, and its superficial area covers a space of 9240 square miles.

On the 29th we crossed over from our haven near Muzimu Island, on the east side of Ubwari, to Kioga, in Urundi, where we were welcomed by our old friend Kinoza, the chief.

In mid-lake, I sounded, using a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. sounding-lead with 1280 feet of cord, and found no bottom. I devoted an hour to this work, and tried a second time a mile nearer the Urundi coast, with the same results—no bottom. The strain at such a great depth on the whip-cord was enormous, but we met with no accident.

On the 31st we arrived at Ujiji, after an absence of fifty-one days, during which time we had sailed without disaster or illness a distance of over 810 miles. The entire coast line of the Tanganika is about 930 miles.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIVER THAT FLOWED NORTH, NORTH, NORTH

AFTER a short rest, the journey was resumed. Crossing Tanganika, the Expedition proceeded north-east through the Manyema country to the town of Nyangwé, on the river Lualaba, which was the furthest point of which we had knowledge of the great river. The problem was to discover where it went to. Livingstone had seen it flowing north, north, north, and longed to follow it, be-



NATIVE HUTS AT MTUYU.

lieving it to be the upper course of the Nile. Cameron, shortly before Stanley reached Nyangwé, had also gazed upon its waters, but was constrained to turn his back and travel southwards. Stanley saw his opportunity and embraced it. Let him tell his own story.

It was about the middle of October, 1876.

From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country (a distance of four miles), and suddenly from the crest of a low ridge saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Lualaba. The former appeared to have a breadth of 400 yards at the mouth ; the latter was about

1400 yards wide, a broad river of a pale grey colour, winding slowly from south and by east.

We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. Across the river, beyond a tawny, grassy stretch towards the south-south-west, is Mount Kijima; about 1000 feet above the valley, to the south-south-east, across the Luama, runs the Luhye-ya ridge; from its base the plain slopes to the swift Luama. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volumed Missouri pours its rusty-brown water into it.

A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. For 220 miles I had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the Ocean.

We resumed our journey. The men, women, and children joined in a grand chorus, while a stentor from Unyamwezi attempted, in a loud and graphic strain, a description of the joy he felt.

How quickly we marched! What a stride and what *verve* there was in our movements! Faster, my friends, faster! that you may boast to the Arabs at Nyangwé what veterans you are!

There was no word uttered enjoining quicker speed, but my people seemed intuitively to know my wish: even the youthful gun-bearers vied with each other in an exhibition of pedestrianism.

Over hill and dale we paced through Uzura, and about noon entered the village of Mkwanga, eight miles north-north-west of the confluence of the Luama and the Lualaba.

At Mkwanga we met two Wangwana, who informed us that the Arabs at Mwana Mamba's had just returned from an expedition into the forest of Manyema, to avenge the murder of an Arab called Mohammed bin Soud, and

his caravan of ten men, by Mwana Mpunda and his people.

The next day we crossed the Lulindi—a small river thirty-five yards wide, and fordable—and made a brilliant march of eighteen miles north-west, across a broad and uninhabited plain which separates Uzura from Mwana Mamba's district, Tubanda, where, having come by a "back door," and having travelled so quickly, we burst upon the astonished Arabs before they were aware of our approach. Contrary, moreover, to the custom of Arabs and Wangwana, I had strictly prohibited the firing of musketry to announce our arrival; considering the drum and trumpet sufficient and less alarming.

Soon, however, the Arabs advanced—Sayid Mezrui, Mohammed bin Sayid, Muini Hassan, and others, who conducted us to the broad verandah of Mezrui's tembé until quarters could be prepared for us.

Last came the famous Hamed bin Mohammed, alias Tippu-Tib, or, as it is variously pronounced by the natives, Tipo-Tib, or Tibbu-Tib. He was a tall black-bearded man, of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight, and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white and perfectly-formed teeth. He was attended by a large retinue of young Arabs, who looked up to him as chief, and a score of Wangwana and Wanyamwezi followers whom he had led over thousands of miles through Africa.

With the air of a well-bred Arab, and almost courtier-like in his manner, he welcomed me to Mwana Mamba's village, and his slaves being ready at hand with mat and bolster, he reclined vis-à-vis, while a buzz of admiration of his style was perceptible from the on-lookers. After regarding him for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was a remarkable man—the most remarkable man I had met among Arabs, Wa-Swahili, and half-castes in Africa. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand-new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowlé, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his *tout ensemble*

was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances.

The person above described was the Arab who had escorted Cameron across the Lualaba as far as Utotera, south latitude 5° , and east longitude $25^{\circ} 54'$. Naturally, therefore, there was no person at Nyangwé whose evidence was more valuable than Tippu-Tib's as to the direction that my predecessor at Nyangwé had taken. The information he gave me was sufficiently clear—and was, moreover, confirmed by Sayid Mezrui and other Arabs—that the greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence



NATIVES OF UBCJWÉ.

he had retraced his steps to Ujiji, never to return to Nyangwé.

This was momentous and all-important news to the Expedition. We had arrived at the critical point in our travels: our destinies now awaited my final decision.

But first I was anxious to know why Cameron had declined the journey. Sayid Mezrui said it was because he could not obtain canoes, and because the natives in the Mitamba or forest were exceedingly averse to strangers. Tippu-Tib averred also that Cameron's men decidedly opposed following the river, as no one knew whither it went.

"In the same way I am told the old man Daoud Liviston"—David Livingstone—"was prevented from going. The old man tried hard to persuade the Arabs to lend him canoes, but Muini Dugumbi refused, upon the ground that he would be rushing to his death. Cameron

also asked for canoes, and offered high prices for them, but Dugumbi would not be persuaded, as he declined to be held responsible by the British Consul at Zanzibar for any accident that might happen to him. Bombay, I believe, wished to go, but Bilal was resolute in his objections to the river, and each night intrigued with the Arabs to prevent his master. When Cameron reached Imbarri at Kasongo's, I offered to take him for a sum of money as far as the Sankuru river, provided he would give me a paper stating that I took him at his own request, and releasing me from all responsibility in the event of a conflict with the natives. He declined to go. I therefore, at his own request, supplied him with guides to take him to Juma Merikani, at Kasongo's, in Rua, where he would meet Portuguese traders. I have received word from Juma Merikani that Cameron, after many months' stay with him, went on his way, escorted by a large number of Portuguese traders, towards the western sea. That is all I know about it."

Out of this frank explanation, I had, therefore, elicited the information that "want of canoes and hostility of the savages," reluctance of the Arabs to permit him to proceed by the river from an officious regard for his safety and the "cowardice of his followers," were the main causes that prevented the gallant officer from following the river.

These were difficulties for me also to surmount in some manner not yet intelligible. How was I to instil courage into my followers, or sustain it, to obtain the assistance of the Arabs to enable me to make a fair beginning, and afterwards to purchase or make canoes?

"I suppose, Tippu-Tib," I said, "having offered the other white man your assistance, you would have no objection to offer it to me for the same sum?"

"I don't know about that," he replied with a smile. "I have not many people with me now. Many are at Imbarri, others are trading at Manyema."

"How many men have you with you?"

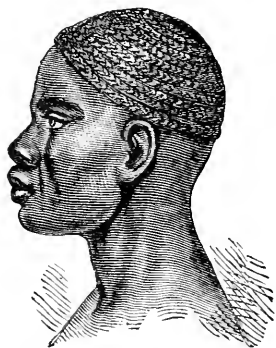
"Perhaps three hundred—or say two hundred and fifty."

"That number would be a grand escort, amply sufficient, if well managed, to ensure perfect protection."

"Yes, united with your party, it would be a very strong force; but how would it be when I returned alone? The natives would say, seeing only my little force, 'These people have been fighting—half of them are killed, because they have no ivory with them; let us finish them!' I know, my friend, these savages very well, and I tell you that that would be their way of thinking."

"But, my friend," said I, "think how it would be with me, with all the continent before me, and only protected by my little band!"

"Ah, yes! if you Wasungu" (white men) "are desirous of throwing away your lives, it is no reason we Arabs should. We travel little by little to get ivory and slaves, and are years about it—it is now nine years since I left Zanzibar—but you white men only look for rivers and lakes and mountains, and you spend your lives for no reason, and to no purpose. Look at that old man who died in Bisa! What did he seek year after year, until he became so old that he could not travel? He had no money, for he never gave any of us anything, he bought no ivory or slaves, yet he travelled farther than any of us, and for what?"



NATIVE OF UHEYEA.

"I know I have no right to expect you to risk your life for me. I only wish you to accompany me sixty days' journey, then leave me to myself. If sixty days' journey is too far, half that distance will do; all I am anxious for is my people. You know the Wangwana are easily swayed by fear, but if they hear that Tippu-Tib has joined me, and is about to accompany me, every man will have a lion's courage."

"Well, I will think of it to-night, and hold a shauri

with my relatives and principal people, and to-morrow night we will have another talk."

The next evening, at about eight o'clock, Hamed bin Mohammed, or Tippu-Tib, appeared with his cousin, Mohammed bin Sayid, and others, to confer upon the important business broached the evening before, and, after the usual courteous and ceremonious greetings, I was requested to state my intentions.

"I would like to go down the river in canoes until I reach the place where the river turns for good either to the west or east."

"How many days' journey on land would that be?" asked Tippu-Tib.

"I don't know. Do you?"

"No; indeed, I was never in that direction; but I have a man here who has reached farthest of all."

"Where is he?"

"Speak, Abed, son of Jumah, what you know of this river," said Tippu-Tib.

The son of Jumah, thus urged by his superior, spoke and said, "Yes, I know all about the river, El hamd ul illah!" ("the thanks be to God").

"In which direction does it flow, my friend?"

"It flows north."

"And then?"

"It flows north!"

"And then?"

"Still north!"

"Come, my friend, speak; whither does it flow after reaching the north?"

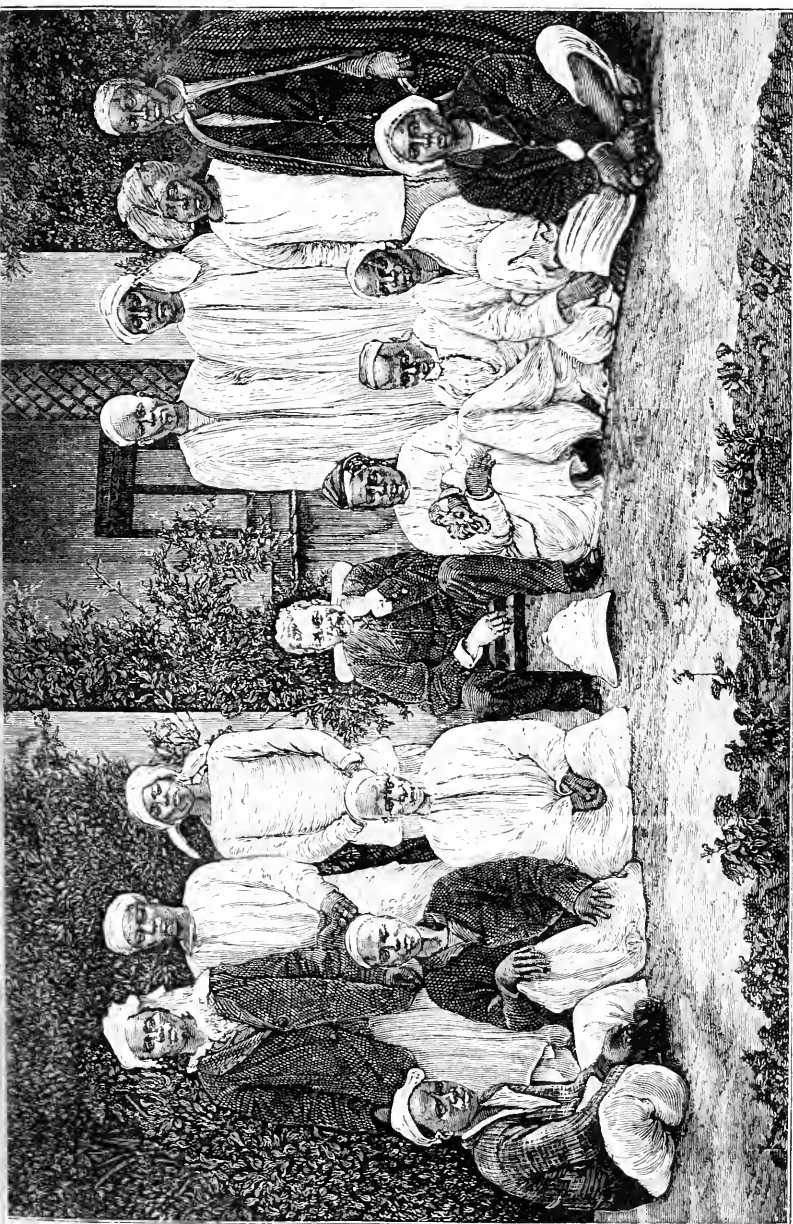
"Why, master," replied he, with a bland smile of wonder at my apparent lack of ready comprehension, "don't I tell you it flows north, and north, and north, and there is no end to it? I think it reaches the salt sea, at least some of my friends say so."

"Well, in which direction is this salt sea?"

"Allah yallim!" ("God knows!")

"I thought you said you knew all about the river?"

"I know it goes north!" said he decisively, and sharply.



THE CIRCUMNAVIGATORS OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA AND LAKE TANGANICA, AND EXPLORERS OF THE
ALEXANDRIA, NILE, AND LIVINGSTONE (CONGO) RIVER.

VOL. II.

To face p. 400.

"How do you know?"

"Because I followed Mtagamoyo to Usongora Meno, and, crossing the Ugarowa,* near the Urindi, went with him to the Lumami and to the dwarf country."

"How many days is it from here to the dwarf country?"

"About nine months."

"And is the dwarf country near the Ugarowa?"

"It is not far from it."

"Could you point with your hand the direction of the Ugarowa—near the dwarf country?"

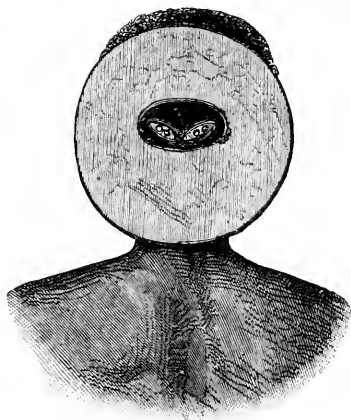
"Yes, it is there," pointing north by west, magnetic.

"What are the dwarfs like?—But tell us the story of your journey with Mtagamoyo."

After clearing his throat and arranging his cleanly white dress, he gave me the account of his wanderings to the unknown lands north, as follows:—

"Mtagamoyo is a man who knows not what fear is—Wallahi! He is as bold as a lion. When he gave out to the Arabs and Wangwana of Nyangwé that he was about to proceed as far as possible to hunt up ivory, of course we all felt that if any man could guide us to new ivory fields it was Mtagamoyo. Many of the youngest Arabs prepared themselves to follow him, and all of us mustering our armed slaves, followed in his track.

"We first reached Uregga, a forest land, where there is nothing but woods, and woods, and woods, for days, and weeks, and months. There was no end to the woods. The people lived surrounded by woods. Strangers



BACK VIEW OF A WAHYEYA.

* The Ugarowa river is the Arab corruption of the word Lu-alowa, which Livingstone called Lualaba.

were few before they saw us, and we had shauri after shauri with them. We passed along easily for a few days, and then came trouble; we struck for the Ugarowa, and in about a month we reached Usongora Meno, where we fought day after day. They are fearful fellows and desperate. We lost men every day. Every man of ours that was killed was eaten. They were hiding behind such thick bushes that we could not see them, and their arrows were poisoned.

"Then the Arabs held another shauri. Some were for returning, for they had lost many men, but Mtagamoyo would not listen. He said that the pagans should not drive him away.

"Well, the end of the shauri was that we crossed the Ugarowa, and went to Ukusu. Wallahi! the Wakusu were worse than those of Usongora Meno, but Mtagamoyo heard of a country called Unkengeri, where the natives were said to be better. We pushed on, and arrived at Kima-Kima's. When we reached Kima-Kima's, we possessed 290 guns; we had lost twenty guns and any number of slaves on the road.

"Kima-Kima, who is on the Lumami, told us about the land of the little men, where the ivory was so abundant that we might get a tusk for a single cowrie. You know, master, that when we Arabs hear of ivory being abundant there is no holding us back. Oh! we started instantly, crossed the Lumami, and came to the land of the Wakuna. Among the Wakuna, who are big men themselves, we saw some six or seven of the dwarfs; the queerest-looking creatures alive, just a yard high, with long beards and large heads.

"The dwarfs asked us a lot of questions, where we came from, where we were going, and what we wanted. They seemed to be plucky little devils, though we laughed to see them. They told us that in their country was so much ivory that we had not enough men to carry it, but they were very curious to know what we wanted with it. Did we eat it? 'No.' 'What then?' 'We sell it to other men who make charms of it.' 'Oh! What will you give us if we show the ivory to you?'

‘We will give you cowries and beads.’ ‘Good, come along.’

“We travelled six days, and then we came to the border-village of their country. They would not allow us to penetrate farther until they had seen their king and obtained his consent. In the meantime they said we might trade round about. We did trade. We purchased in two days more ivory than the other countries could have supplied us with in two weeks.

“On the third day the little people came back and told us we might go and live in the king’s village. It was a mere long street, you know, with houses extend-



MANYEMA YOUTH.



MANYEMA ADULT.

ing a long distance on either side. They gave us a portion of the village to live in. The king was kind, at least he appeared so the first day; the next day he was not so kind, but he sold us ivory in plenty. There was no lack of that. The dwarfs came from all parts. Oh! it is a big country! and everybody brought ivory, until we had about four hundred tusks, big and little, as much as we could carry. We had bought it with copper, beads, and cowries. No cloths, for the dwarfs were all naked, king and all.

“They told us that eleven days’ journey south-west was another country, where there was even more ivory than they had, and four days beyond that again was a great

lake, where there were ships. The lake was near the country of a king whom they called Ngombé.

"We did not starve in the dwarf land the first ten days. Bananas as long as my arm, and plantains as long as the dwarfs were tall. One plantain was sufficient for a man for one day.

"We thought, seeing that we had obtained as much ivory as we were able to carry, that we had better return. We told the king that we wanted to depart. To our surprise, the king—he was no longer than my leg—said that we should not be allowed to go. 'Why?' we asked. 'Because this is my country, and you are not to go away until I say.'



MANYEMA YOUNG WOMAN.

'But we have finished our business, and we have had trade sufficient; we don't wish to buy any more.' 'You must buy all I have got; I want more cowries;' and he ground his teeth, and he looked just like a wild monkey.

"Mtagamoyo laughed at him, for he was very funny, and then told him that we would have to go away, because we had many friends waiting for us. He said, 'You shall not go from my country.'

"We held another shauri, when it was agreed that if we stayed longer we might get into trouble and lose our ivory, and that it was better to leave within two days. But we did not have to wait two days for the trouble! It came even before we had finished our shauri. We heard a woman scream loud. We rushed out, and met some Wangwana running towards us, and among them a woman with a dwarf's arrow in her breast.

"'What's this, what's this?' we asked, and they cried out, 'The dwarfs shot this woman while she was drawing water, and they are coming in immense numbers

towards 'us from all the other villages. It's a war, prepare yourselves!' -

"We were not a bit too soon: we had scarcely put on our belts and seized our guns before the vicious wretches were upon us, and shooting their reed arrows in clouds. They screamed and yelled just like monkeys. Many of our people fell dead instantly from the poison before we could get together and fire on them. Mtagamoyo! he was everywhere brandishing his two-handed sword, and cleaving them as you would cleave a banana. The arrows passed through his shirt in many places. There were many good fellows like Mtagamoyo there, and they fought well; but it was of no use. The dwarfs were firing from the top of the trees; they crept through the tall grass close up to us, and shot their arrows in our faces. Then Mtagamoyo, seeing it was getting hot work, shouted 'Bonia! Boma! Boma!' (palisade), and some hundreds of us cut down banana-trees, tore doors out, and houses down, and formed a boma at each end of the street, and then we were a little better off, for it was not such rapid, random shooting; we fired more deliberately, and after several hours drove them off.

"Do you think they gave us peace? Not a bit; a fresh party came up and continued the fight. They were such small things, we could not see them very well; had they been tall men like us, we might have picked off hundreds of them. We could not fight all the time, for some of us had to sleep, so Mtagamoyo



MPUNGU CHIEF.

divided us into two parties, one party to go to sleep, the other to watch the boma. All night we heard the reed arrows flying past, or pattering on the roofs or the boma fence; all night we heard their yells. Once or twice they tried to storm the boma, but we had twenty muskets at each end.

“Well, the fight lasted all that night, and all the next day, and throughout the next night. And we could get no water, until Mtagamoyo called out a hundred fellows, fifty with muskets and fifty with big water-pots, to follow him. Mtagamoyo was a lion; he held up a shield before him, and looking around he just ran straight where the crowd was thickest; and he seized two of the dwarfs, and we who followed him caught several more, for they would not run away until they saw what our design was, and then they left the water clear. We filled our pots, and carried the little Shaitans (devils) into the boma; and there we found we had caught the king!

“We all argued that we should kill him, but Mtagamoyo would not consent. ‘Kill the others,’ he said, and we cut all their heads off instantly and tossed them outside. But the king was not touched.

“Then the dwarfs stopped fighting; they came to us, and cried ‘Sennené! Sennené!’ (‘Peace, peace’). We made peace with them; and they said that if we gave them their king we might go away unmolested. After a long shauri we gave him up. But the war was worse than ever. Thousands came towards us, and every man was as busy as he could be shooting them. We fought all that day and night, and then we saw that the powder would not last; we had only two kegs left.

“So our chiefs then mustered us all together, and told us all that the only way was to rush out of the boma again and catch them and kill them with our swords in the way that Mtagamoyo had fought.

“After making everything ready we rushed out, and every man, bending his head, made straight for them. It was a race! When they saw us coming out with our broad long swords, bright as glass, they ran away; but

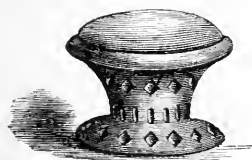
we followed them like wolves for a couple of hours. Ah, we killed many, very many, for they could not run as fast as we could.

"We then returned, packed up quickly, took up one half of our ivory, and started for the forest. We travelled until night, and then, quite tired out, we slept. Master, in the middle of the night they were again on us! Arrows sounded 'twit,' 'twit' in all

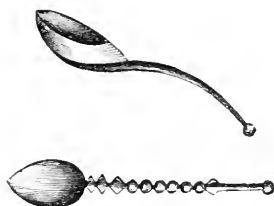


UREGGA HOUSE

directions: some one was falling down every minute. Our powder was fast going. At last we ran away, throwing down everything except our guns and swords. Now and then we could hear Mtagamoyo's horn, and we followed it. But nearly all were so weakened by hunger and want of water that they burst their hearts running, and died. Others lying down to rest found the little devils close to them when too late, and were



STOOL OF UREGGA.



SPOONS OF UREGGA.

killed. Master, out of that great number of people that left Nyangwé—Arabs, Wangwana, and our slaves—only thirty returned alive, and I am one of them."

"What is your name, my friend?" I demanded.

"Bwana Abedi," he replied.

"And you follow Tippu-Tib now, do you, or Mtagamoyo?"

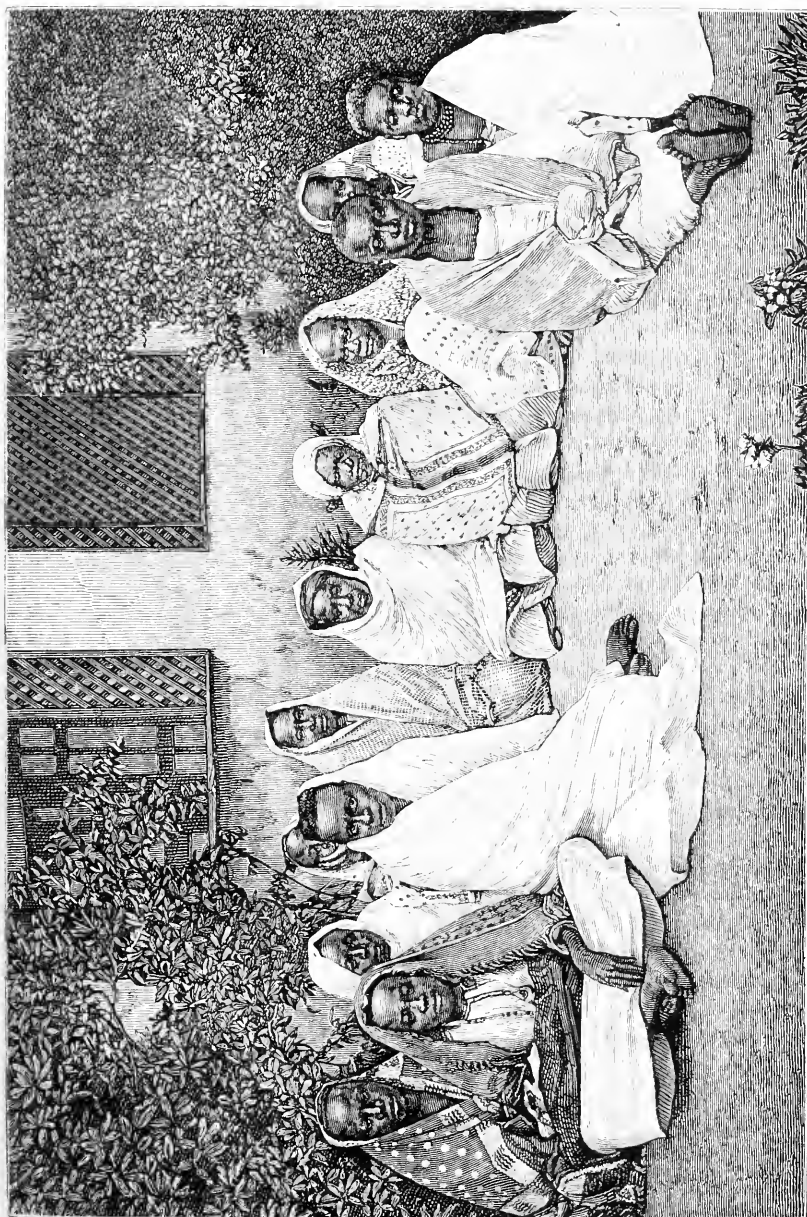
"I follow Tippu-Tib," he answered.

"Ah! good. Did you see anything else very wonderful on your journey?"

"Oh, yes! There are monstrous large boa-constrictors in the forest of Uregga, suspended by their tails to the branches, waiting for the passer-by or for a stray antelope. The ants in that forest are not to be despised. You cannot travel without your body being covered with them, when they sting you like wasps. The leopards are so numerous that you cannot go very far without seeing one. Almost every native wears a leopard-skin cap. The Sokos (gorillas) are in the woods, and woe befall the man or woman met alone by them; for they run up to you and seize your hands, and bite the fingers off one by one, and as fast as they bite one off, they spit it out. The Wasongora Meno and Waregga are cannibals, and unless the force is very strong, they never let strangers pass. It is nothing but constant fighting. Only two years ago a party armed with three hundred guns started north of Usongora Meno; they only brought sixty guns back, and no ivory. If one tries to go by the river, there are falls after falls, which carry the people over and drown them. A party of thirty men, in three canoes, went down the river half a day's journey from Nyangwé, when the old white man was living there. They were all drowned, and that was the reason he did not go on. Had he done so, he would have been eaten, for what could he have done? Ah, no! Master, the country is bad, and the Arabs have given it up beyond Uregga. They will not try the journey into that country again, after trying it three times and losing nearly five hundred men altogether."

"Your story is very interesting, Abedi," said I. "Some of it, I think, is true, for the old white man said the same thing to me when I was at Ujiji some four years ago. However, I want to hear Tippu-Tib speak."

During all the time that Abedi had related his wonderful experiences, the other Arabs had been listening, profoundly interested; but when I turned inquiringly



to Tippu-Tib, he motioned all to leave the room, except his cousin Mōhammed bin Sayid.

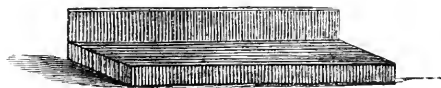
When we were alone, Tippu-Tib informed me that he had been consulting with his friends and relatives, and that they were opposed to his adventuring upon such a



UREGGA SPEAR.

terrible journey ; but that, as he did not wish to see me disappointed in my prospects, he had resolved to accompany me a distance of sixty camps, each camp to be four hours' march from the other, for the sum of 5000 dollars, on the following conditions :—

1. That the journey should commence from Nyangwé in any direction I choose, and on any day I mentioned.



CANE SETTEE.

2. That the journey should not occupy more time than three months from the first day it was commenced.

3. That the rate of travel should be two marches to one halt.

4. That if he accompanied me sixty marches—each march of four hours' duration—I should at the end of that distance return



BENCH.

with him back again to Nyangwé, for mutual protection and support, unless we met traders from the

west coast, whom I might accompany to the western sea, provided I permitted two-thirds of my force to return with him to Nyangwé.

5. That, exclusive of the 5000 dollars, I should provision 140 men during their absence from Mwana Mamba—going and returning.

6. That if, after experience of the countries and the natives, I found it was impracticable to continue the

journey, and decided upon returning before the sixty marches were completed, I should not hold him responsible, but pay him the sum of 5000 dollars without any deduction.

These terms I thought reasonable—all except article 4; but though I endeavoured to modify the article, in order to ensure full liberty to continue the journey alone if I thought fit, Tippu-Tib said he would not undertake the journey alone, from a distance of sixty camps to Mwana Mamba, even though 50,000 dollars were promised him, because he was assured he would never return to enjoy the money. He would much prefer continuing with me down to the sea, for a couple of thousand dollars more, to returning alone with his 140 men for 50,000 dollars. He agreed, however, after a little remonstrance, to permit the addition of article 7, which was to the effect that if he, Tippu-Tib, abandoned the journey through faint-heartedness, before the full complement of the marches had been completed, he was to forfeit the whole sum of 5000 dollars, and the return escort.

“There is no hurry about it,” said I. “You may change your mind, and I may change mine. We will both take twenty-four hours to consider it. To-morrow night the agreement shall be drawn up ready for our seals, or else you will be told that I am unable to agree to your conditions.”

The truth was that I had opened negotiations without having consulted my people; and as our conversation had been private, it remained for me to ascertain the opinion of Frank before my next encounter with Tippu-Tib.

At 6 p.m., a couple of saucers, filled with palm-oil and fixed with cotton-wick, were lit. It was my after-dinner hour, the time for pipes and coffee, which Frank was always invited to share.

When he came in, the coffee-pot was boiling, and little Mabruki was in waiting to pour out. The tobacco-pouch, filled with the choicest production of Africa, that of Masansi near Uvira, was ready. Mabruki poured out the coffee, and retired, leaving us together.

"Now Frank, my son," I said, "sit down. I am about to have a long and serious chat with you. Life and death—yours as well as mine, and those of all the Expedition—hang on the decision I make to-night."

And then I reminded him of his friends at home, and also of the dangers before him; of the sorrow his death would cause, and also of the honours that would greet his success; of the facility of returning to Zanzibar, and also of the perilous obstacles in the way of advance—thus carefully alternating the *pro* with the *con.*, so as not to betray my own inclinations. I reminded him of the hideous scenes we had already been compelled to witness and to act in, pointing out that other wicked tribes, no doubt, lay before us; but also recalling to his memory how treachery, cunning, and savage courage had been baulked by patience and promptitude; and how we still possessed the power to punish those who threatened us or murdered our friends. And I ended with words something like these:—



FEZ OF LEOPARD SKIN.

"There is no doubt some truth in what the Arabs say about the ferocity of these natives before us. Livingstone, after fifteen thousand miles of travel, and a lifetime of experience among Africans, would not have yielded the brave struggle without strong reasons; Cameron, with his forty-five Snider rifles, would never have turned away from such a brilliant field if he had not sincerely thought that they were insufficient to resist the persistent attacks of countless thousands of wild men. But while we grant that there may be a modicum of truth in what the Arabs say, it is in their ignorant superstitious nature to exaggerate what they have seen. A score of times have we proved them wrong. Yet their reports have already made a strong impression on the minds of the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi. They are already trembling with fear, because

they suspect that I am about to attempt the cannibal lands beyond Nyangwé. On the day that we propose to begin our journey, we shall have no Expedition.

“On the other hand, I am confident that, if I am able to leave Nyangwé with the Expedition intact, and to place a breadth of wild country between our party and the Arab depôt, I shall be able to make men of them. There are good stuff, heroic qualities, in them ; but we must get free from the Arabs, or they will be very soon demoralized. It is for this purpose I am negotiating with Tippu-Tib. If I can arrange with him and leave Nyangwé without the dreadful loss we experienced at Ujiji, I feel sure that I can inspire my men to dare anything with me.

“The difficulty of transport, again, is enormous. We cannot obtain canoes at Nyangwé. Livingstone could not. Cameron failed. No doubt I shall fail. I shall not try to obtain any. But we might buy up all the axes that we can see between here and Nyangwé, and travelling overland on this side the Lualaba, we might, before Tippu-Tib’s contract is at an end, come across a tribe which would sell their canoes. We have sufficient stores to last a long time, and I shall purchase more at Nyangwé. If the natives will not sell, we can make our own canoes, if we possess a sufficient number of axes to set all hands at work.

“Now, what I wish you to tell me, Frank, is your opinion as to what we ought to do.”

Frank’s answer was ready.

“I say, ‘Go on, sir.’”

“Think well, my dear fellow ; don’t be hasty ; life and death hang on our decision. Don’t you think we could explore to the east of Cameron’s road ?”

“But there is nothing like this great river, sir.”

“What do you say to Lake Lincoln, Lake Kamolondo, Lake Bemba, and all that part, down to the Zambezi ?”

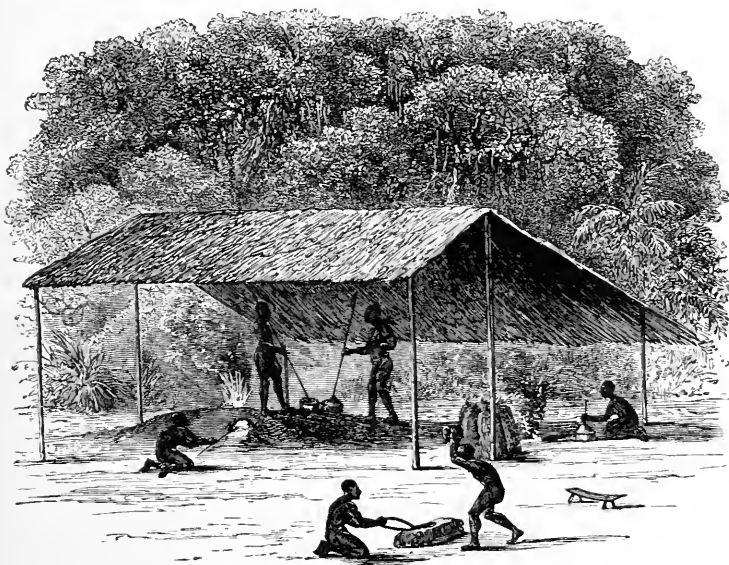
“Ah ! that is a fine field, sir, and perhaps the natives would not be so ferocious. Would they ?”

“Yet, as you said just now, it would be nothing to the great river, which for all these thousands of years

has been flowing steadily to the north through hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles, of which no one has ever heard a word !”

“ Let us follow the river, sir.”

“ Yet, my friend, think yet again. Look at all these faithful fellows whose lives depend on our word ; think of our own, for we are yet young, and strong, and active. Why should we throw them away for a barren honour, or if we succeed have every word we said doubted, and



FORGE AND SMITHS.

carped at, and our motives misconstrued by malicious minds, who distort everything to our injury ?”

“ Ah, true, sir ! I was one of those who doubted that you had ever found Livingstone. I don't mind telling you now. Until I came to Zanzibar, and saw your people, I did not believe it, and there are hundreds in Rochester who shared my opinion.”

“ And do you believe, Frank, that you are in Man-yema now ?”

“ I am obliged to, sir.”

"Are you not afraid, should you return to England, that when men say you have never been to Africa, as no doubt they will, you will come to disbelieve it yourself?"

"Ah, no, sir!" he replied. "I can never forget Ituru; the death of my brother in that wild land; the deaths of so many Wangwana there; the great Lake; Uganda; our march to Muta Nzigé; Rumanika; my life in Ujiji; the Tanganika; and our march here."

"But what do you think, Frank? Had we not better explore north-east of here, until we reach Muta Nzigé, circumnavigate that lake, and strike across to Uganda again, and return to Zanzibar by way of Kagehyi?"

"That would be a fine job, sir, if we could do it."

"Yet, if you think of it, Frank, this great river which Livingstone first saw, and which broke his heart almost to turn away from and leave a mystery, is a noble field too. Fancy, by-and-by, after buying or building canoes, our floating down the river day by day, either to the Nile or to some vast lake in the far north, or to the Congo and the Atlantic Ocean! Think what a benefit our journey will be to Africa. Steamers from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Bemba, and to all the great rivers which run into it!"

"I say, sir, let us toss up; best two out of three to decide it."

"Toss away. Here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north and the Lualaba; tails for the south and Katanga."

Frank stood up, his face beaming. He tossed the rupee high up. The coin dropped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Tails, sir!" said Frank, with a face expressive of strong disapproval.

"Toss again."

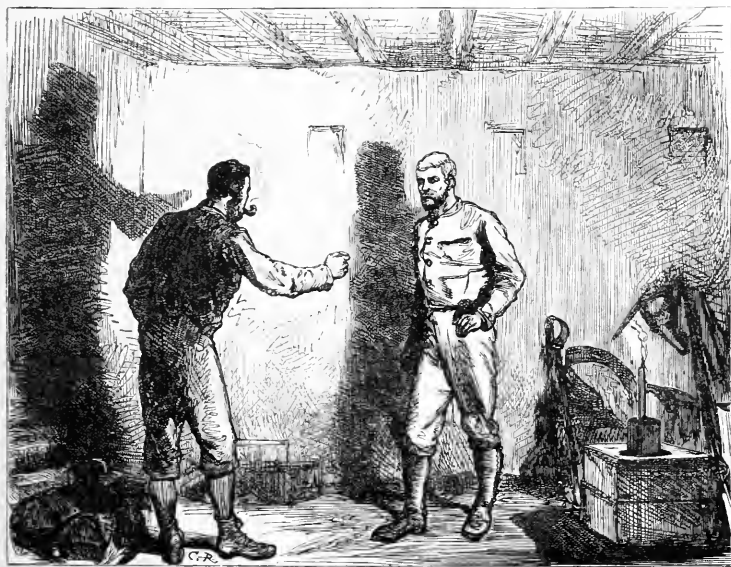
He tossed again, and "tails" was again announced—and six times running "tails" won.

We then tried straws—the short straws for the south, the long straws for the river Lualaba—and again we were disappointed, for Frank persisted in drawing out

the short straws, and in leaving the long straws in my hands.

"It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the rupee and straws. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

"Mr. Stanley, have no fear of me. I shall stand by you. The last words of my dear old father were, 'Stick by your master.' And there is my hand, sir; you shall never have cause to doubt me."



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA; TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND THE KATANGA."

"Good, I shall go on then. I will finish this contract with Tippu-Tib, for the Wangwana, on seeing him accompany us, will perhaps be willing to follow me. We may also recruit others at Nyangwé. And then, if the natives will allow peaceful passage through their countries, so much the better. If not, our duty says, 'Go on.'"

The next night Tippu-Tib and his friends visited me again. The contract was written, and signed by the respective parties and their witnesses. The Wangwana

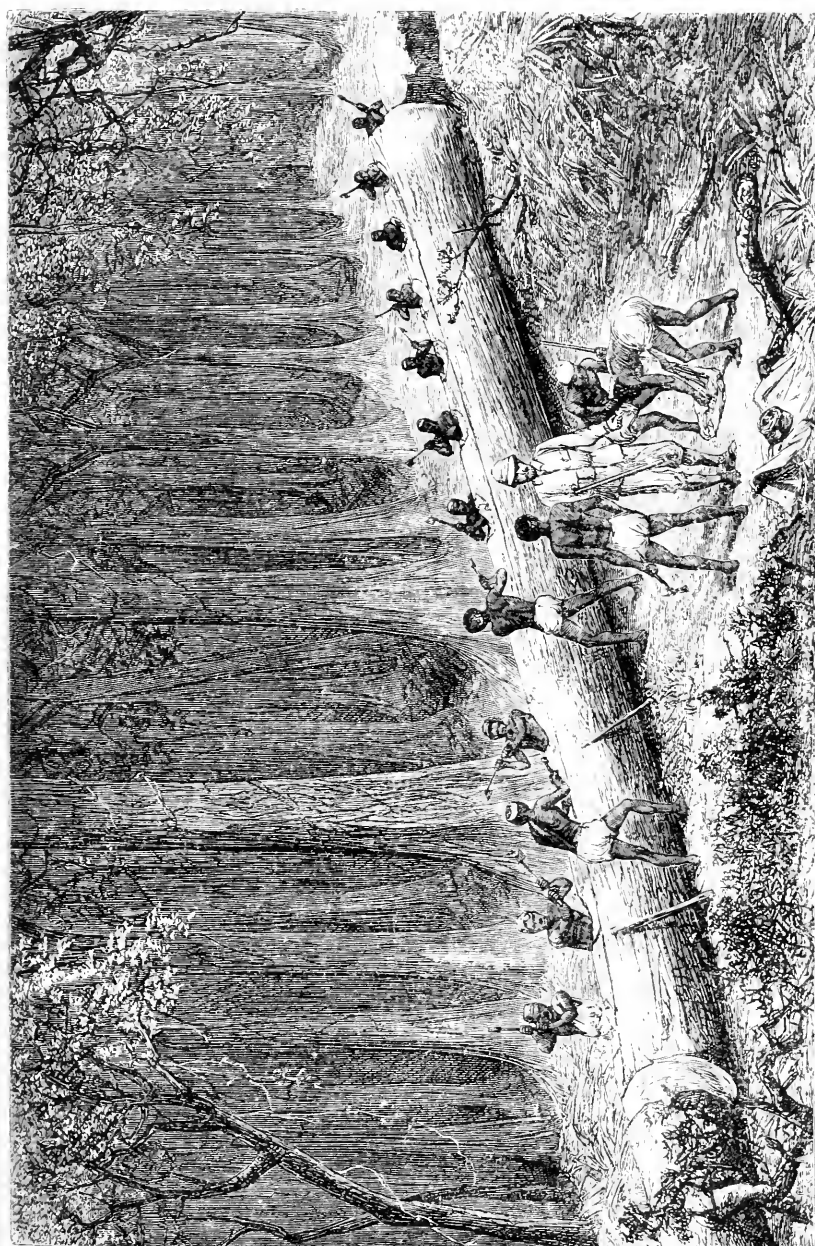
chiefs were then called, and it was announced to them that Tippu-Tib, with 140 guns and seventy Wanyamwezi spearmen, would escort us a distance of sixty camps, when, if we found the countries hostile to us, and no hopes of meeting other traders, we should return with him to Nyangwé. If we met Portuguese or Turkish traders, a portion of us would continue the journey with them, and the remainder would return with Tippu-Tib to Nyangwé. This announcement was received with satisfaction, and the chiefs said that, owing to Tippu-Tib's presence, no Arab at Nyangwé would dare to harbour a runaway from the Expedition.

Cowries and beads were then counted out and given that evening to Tippu-Tib, as ration money for ten days from the day of his departure from Mwana Mamba.

The next morning, being the 24th of October, the Expedition left Mwana Mamba in high spirits. The good effect of the contract with Tippu-Tib had already brought us recruits, for on the road I observed several strange faces of men who, on our arrival at the first came, Marimbu, eleven miles north-west from Mwana Mamba, appeared before my tent, and craved to be permitted to follow us. They received an advance in cloth, and their names were entered on the muster-list of the Expedition at the same rate of pay as the other Wanyamwezi and Wangwana.

Through a fine rolling country, but depopulated, with every mile marked by ruined villages, we marched in a north-westerly direction, thirteen miles to Benangongo, from Marimbu, and, on the 25th, arrived at Kankumba, after a journey of twelve miles, crossing the Mshama stream by the way.

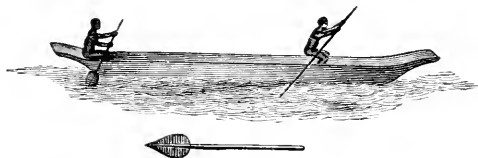
From our camp at Kankumba we were pointed out Nyangwé, and, as it was only five miles distant, some of the people pretended to be able to see it. About one mile from us was the marshy valley of the Kunda river, another tributary of the Lualaba, which rises in Uzimba; to the east-north-east of us, about eight miles off, rose some hilly cones, spurs of the Manyema hills; on the



west stretched a rolling grassy land extending to the Lualaba.

The grass (genus *Panicum*) of Manyema is like other things in this prolific land, of gigantic proportions, and denser than the richest field of corn. The stalks are an inch in diameter, and about eight feet high. In fact, what I have called "grassy land" is more like a waving country planted with young bamboo.

Young Kalulu, who, since his recapture at the Uguha port on Lake Tanganika, had been well-behaved, and was in high favour again, met with a serious and very remarkable accident at Kankumba. A chief, called Mabruki the elder, had retained a cartridge in his Snider, contrary to orders, and, leaving it carelessly on the stacked goods, a hurrying Mgwana kicked it down with his foot, which caused it to explode. Kalulu, who



A WAGENYA FISHERMAN'S CANOE.

was reclining on his mat near a fire, was wounded in no fewer than *eight* places, the bullet passing through the outer part of his lower leg, the upper part of his thigh, and, glancing over his right ribs, through the muscles of his left arm. Though the accident had caused severe wounds, there was no danger, and, by applying a little arnica, lint, and bandages, we soon restored him to a hopeful view of his case.

On the morning of the 27th we descended from our camp at Kankumba to the banks of the Kunda, a river about forty yards wide, and ten feet deep at the ferry. The canoe-men were Wagenya or Wenya fishermen under the protection of Sheikh Abed bin Salim, alias "Tanganika."

A rapid march of four miles brought us to the outskirts of Nyangwé, where we were met by Abed bin

Salim, an old man of sixty-five years of age, Mohammed bin Sayid, a young Arab with a remarkably long nose and small eyes, Sheikh Abed's fundis or elephant hunters, and several Wangwana, all dressed in spotless white shirts, crimson fezzes, and sandals.

Sheikh Abed was pleased to monopolize me, by offering me a house in his neighbourhood.

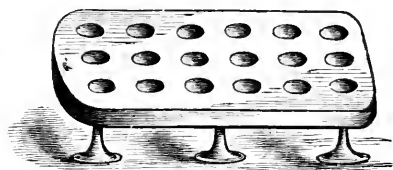
The manner that we entered Nyangwé appeared, from subsequent conversation, to have struck Sheikh Abed, who, from his long residence there, had witnessed the arrival and departure of very many caravans. There was none of the usual firing of guns and wild shouting and frenzied action; and the order and steadiness of veterans, the close files of a column which tolerably well understood by this time the difference between discipline and lawlessness with its stragglers and slovenly laggards, made a marked impression upon the old Arab. Ever since the murder of Kaif Halleck in Ituru, our sick had never been permitted to crawl to camp unaided and unprotected. The asses, four in number, and supernumeraries were always at hand to convey those unable to travel, while those only slightly indisposed were formed into a separate company under Frank and six chiefs.

Another thing that surprised the Arab was the rapidity of the journey from the Tanganika—338 miles in forty-three days, inclusive of all halts. He said that the usual period occupied by Arabs was between three and four months. Yet the members of the Expedition were in admirable condition. They had never enjoyed better health, and we had not one sick person; the only one incapacitated from work was Kalulu, and he had been accidentally wounded only the very night before. Between the Tanganika and the Arab depôt of Nyangwé neither Frank nor I had suffered the slightest indisposition.

Nyangwé is the extreme westernmost locality inhabited by the Arab traders from Zanzibar. It stands in east longitude $26^{\circ} 16'$, south latitude $4^{\circ} 15'$, on the right or eastern side of the Lualaba, on the verge of a

high and reddish bank rising some forty feet above the river, with clear open country north along the river for a distance of three miles, east some ten miles, south over seventy miles, or as far as the confluence of the Luama with the Lualaba. The town called Nyangwé is divided into two sections. The northern section has for its centre the quarters of Muini Dugumbi, the first Arab arrival here (in 1868); and around his house are the commodious quarters of his friends, their families and slaves—in all, perhaps, 300 houses. The southern section is separated from its neighbour by a broad hollow, cultivated and sown with rice for the Arabs. When the Lualaba rises to its full amplitude, this hollow is flooded. The chief house of the southern half of Nyangwé is the large and well-built clay *banda* of Sheikh Abed bin Salim. In close neighbourhood to

this are the houses and huts of those Arab Wangwana who prefer the company of Abed bin Salim to Muini Dugumbi. Abed showed me his spacious courtyard, wherein he



BACKGAMMON TRAY.

jealously guards his harem of thirty fine, comely, large-eyed women. He possesses two English hens which came from India, and several chickens of mixed breed, two dozen tame pigeons, and some guinea-fowls; in his store-room were about sixty or seventy tusks, large and small.

Between the two foreign chiefs of Nyangwé there is great jealousy. Each endeavours to be recognized by the natives as being the most powerful. Dugumbi is an east coast trader of Sa'adani, a half-caste, a vulgar, coarse-minded old man of probably seventy years of age, with a negroid nose and a negroid mind. Sheikh Abed is a tall, thin old man, white-bearded, patriarchal in aspect, narrow-minded, rather peevish and quick to take offence, a thorough believer in witchcraft, and a fervid Muslim.

Close to Abed's elbows of late years has been the long-nosed young Arab Mohammed bin Sayid, superstitious beyond measure, of enormous cunning and subtlety, a pertinacious beggar, of keen trading instincts, but in all matters outside trade as simple as a child. He offered, for a consideration and on condition that I would read the Arabic Koran, to take me up and convey me to any part of Africa within a day. By such unblushing falsehoods he has acquired considerable influence over the mind of Sheikh Abed. The latter told me that he was half afraid of him, and that he believed Mohammed was an extraordinary man. I asked the silly old Sheikh if he had lent him any ivory. No; but he was constantly being asked for the loan of ten Frasilah (350 lbs.) of ivory, for which he was promised fifteen Frasilah, or 525 lbs., within six months.

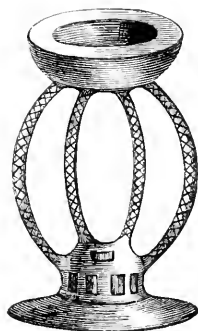
Mohammed, during the very first day of my arrival, sent one of his favourite slaves to ask first for a little writing-paper, then for needles and thread, and, a couple of hours afterwards, for white pepper and a bar of soap; in the evening, for a pound or two of sugar and a little tea, and, if I could spare it, he would be much obliged for some coffee. The next day petitions, each very prettily worded—for Mohammed is an accomplished reader of the Koran—came, first for medicine, then for a couple of yards of red cloth, then for a few yards of fine white sheeting, &c. I became quite interested in him—for was he not a lovable, genial character, as he sat there chewing betel-nut and tobacco to excess, twinkling his little eyes with such malicious humour in them that, while talking with him, I could not withdraw mine from watching their quick flashes of cunning, and surveying the long, thin nose with its impenetrable mystery and classic lines? I fear Mohammed did not love me, but my admiration was excessive for Mohammed.

"La il Allah—il Allah!" he was heard to say to Sheikh Abed, "that old white man Daoud never gave much to any man; this white man gives *nothing*." Certainly not, Mohammed. My admiration is great for thee, my friend; but thou liest so that I am disgusted

with thee, and thou hast such a sweet, plausible, villainous look in thy face, I could punch thee heartily.

The next morning Muini (Lord) Dugumbi and following came—a gang of veritable freebooters, chiefest of whom was the famous Mtagamoyo—the butcher of women and fusillader of children. Tippu-Tib, when I asked him a few weeks after what he thought of Mtagamoyo, turned up his nose and said, “He is brave, no doubt, but he is a man whose heart is as big as the end of my little finger. He has no feeling, he kills a native as though he were a serpent—it matters not of what sex.”

This man is about forty-four years of age, of middle



WAR HATCHET AND STOOL.

stature and swarthy complexion, with a broad face, black beard just greying, and thin-lipped. He spoke but little, and that little courteously. He did not appear very formidable, but he might be deadly nevertheless. The Arabs of Nyangwé regard him as their best fighter.

Dugumbi the patriarch, or, as he is called by the natives, Molemba-Lemba, had the rollicking look of a prosperous and coarse-minded old man, who was perfectly satisfied with the material aspect of his condition. He deals in humour of the coarsest kind—a vain, frivolous old fellow, ignorant of everything but the art of collecting ivory; who has contrived to attach to himself a

host of nameless half-castes of inordinate pride, savage spirit, and immeasurable greed.

The Arabs of Nyangwé, when they first heard of the arrival of Tippu-Tib at Imbarri from the south, were anxious to count him as their fellow-settler; but Tippu-Tib had no ambition to become the chief citizen of a place which could boast of no better settlers than vain old Dugumbi, the butcher Mtagamoyo, and silly Sheikh Abed; he therefore proceeded to Mwana Mamba's, where he found better society with Mohammed bin Sayid, Sayid bin Sultan, Msé Ani, and Sayid bin Mohammed el Mezrui. Sayid bin Sultan, in features, is a rough copy of Abdul Aziz, late Sultan of Turkey.

One of the principal institutions at Nyangwé is the Kituka, or the market, with the first of which I made acquaintance in 1871, in Ujiji and Urundi. One day it is held in the open plaza in front of Sheikh Abed's house; on the next day in Dugumbi's section, half a mile from the other; and on the third at the confluence of the Kunda and the Lualaba; and so on in turn.

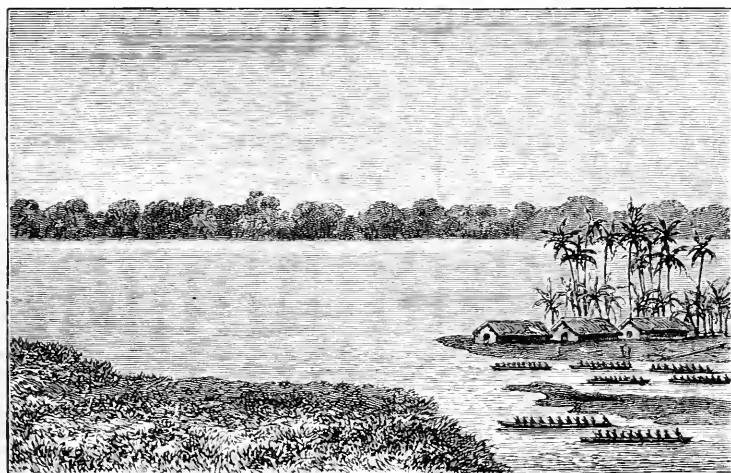
In this market everything becomes vendible and purchasable, from an ordinary earthenware pot to a fine handsome girl from Samba, Marera, or Ukusu. From one thousand to three thousand natives of both sexes and of all ages gather here from across the Lualaba and from the Kunda banks, from the islands up the river and from the villages of the Mitamba or forest. Nearly all are clad in the fabrics of Manyema, fine grass cloths, which are beautifully coloured and very durable. The articles sold here for cowries, beads, copper and iron wire, and lambas, or squares of palm cloth,* represent the productions of Manyema. I went round the market and made out the following list:—

Sweet potatoes.	Melons.	Wild fruit.
Yams.	Cassava.	Palm-butter.
Maize.	Ground-nuts.	Oil-palm nuts.
Sesamum.	Bananas.	Pine-apples.
Millet.	Sugar-cane.	Honey.
Beans.	Pepper (in berries).	Eggs.
Cucumbers.	Vegetables for broths.	Fowls.

* Made from the fibre of the *Raphia vinifera* palm.

Black pigs.	White ants.	Spears.
Goats.	Grasshoppers.	Bows and arrows.
Sheep.	Tobacco (dried leaf).	Hatchets.
Parrots.	Pipes.	Rattan-cane staves.
Palm-wine (Malofu).	Fishing-nets.	Stools.
Pombé (beer).	Basket-work.	Crockery.
Mussels and oysters	Cassava bread.	Powdered camwood.
from the river.	Cassava flour.	Grass cloths.
Fresh fish.	Copper bracelets.	Grass mats.
Dried fish.	Iron wire.	Fuel.
Whitebait.	Iron knobs.	Ivory.
Snails (dried).	Hoes.	Slaves.
Salt.		

From this it will be perceived that the wants of Nyangwé are very tolerably supplied. And how like



A RIVER ISLAND.

any other market-place it was! with its noise and murmur of human voices. The same rivalry in extolling their wares, the eager quick action, the emphatic gesture, the inquisitive look, the facial expressions of scorn and triumph, anxiety, joy, plausibility, were all there. I discovered, too, the surprising fact that the aborigines of Manyema possess just the same inordinate ideas in respect to their wares as London, Paris, and New York shopkeepers. Perhaps the Manyema people are not so voluble, but they compensate for lack of language by gesture and action, which are unspeakably eloquent.

During this month of the year the Lualaba reached its lowest level. Our boat, the *Lady Alice*, after almost being re-built, was launched in the river, and with sounding-line and sextant on board, my crew and I, eager to test the boat on the grey-brown waters of the Great River, pushed off at 11 A.M. and rowed for an island opposite, 800 yards distant, taking soundings as we went.

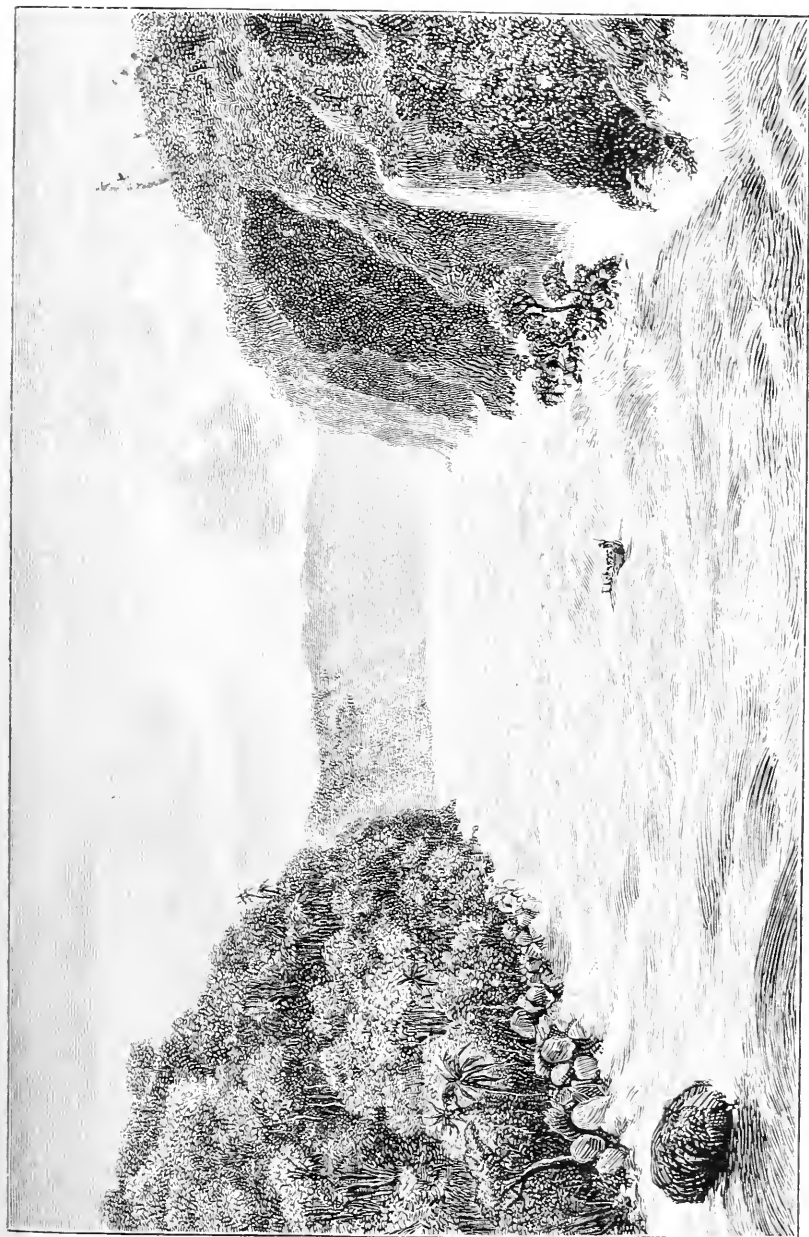
The following are the figures, noted down after each trial with the lead, beginning thirty yards from shore, and ending at the low brush-covered island opposite Nyangwé:—

18	23	24	15
19	24	24½	15
18	25	22	15½
18½	24½	23	14
20	25	22	13
20½	26	21	12
19	27	19	9
21	27½	17	9½
		16	8

—the total of which gives a mean of 18 feet 9 inches.

The easternmost island in mid-river is about 100 yards across at its widest part, and between it and another island is a distance of from 250 to 300 yards. From the second island to the low shore opposite Nyangwé is about 250 yards, and these channels have a slightly swifter flow than the main river. The mean depth of the central channel was 12½ feet, the westernmost 11 feet, and the entire width of clear water flow was about 1300 yards. During the months of April, May, and June, and the early part of July, the Lualaba is full, and overspreads the low lands westwards for nearly a mile and a half. The Lualaba then may be said to be from 4000 to 5000 yards wide opposite Nyangwé.

The Arabs, wherever they settle throughout Africa, endeavour to introduce the seeds of the vegetables and fruit-trees which grow in their beloved island of Zanzibar.



VOL. II.

"LADY ALICE" IN THE RAPIDS.

To face p. 424.

At Unyamembé, therefore, they have planted papaws, sweet limes, mangoes, lemons, custard-apples, pomegranates, and have sown wheat and rice in abundance. At Ujiji also they have papaws, sweet limes, pomegranates, lemons, wheat, rice, and onions. At Nyangwé their fruit consists of pine-apples, papaws, and pomegranates. They have succeeded admirably in their rice, both at Nyangwé, Kasongo's, and Mwana Mamba's. Onions are a failure, the Arabs say, because of a species of worm which destroys them. The banana (*Musa paradisaica*) and plantain (*Musa sapientum*) are indigenous.

The Waganya, as the Arabs call them, or Wenya—pronounced Wainya—as they style themselves, are a remarkable tribe of fishers, who inhabit both banks of the Lualaba, from the confluence of the Kamalondo on the left bank down to the sixth cataract of the Stanley Falls, and on the right bank from the confluence of the Luama down to Ubwiré or Usongora Meno.

The Wenya were the aborigines of Nyangwé, when the advanced party of Muini Dugumbi appeared on the scene, precursors of ruin, terror, and depopulation to the inhabitants of 700 square miles of Manyema. Considering that the fertile open tract of country between the Luama and Nyangwé was exceedingly populous, as the ruins of scores of villages testify, sixty inhabitants to the square mile would not be too great a proportion. The river border, then, of Manyema, from the Luama to Nyangwé, may be said to have had a population of 42,000 souls, of which there remain probably only 20,000. The others have been deported, or massacred, or have fled to the islands, or emigrated down the river.

The Arabs and Wangwana have murdered also the word Lualaba, or Lualowa. They have given us instead Ugalowa, Ugarowa, which must be rejected, as I never heard a single native west of the Tanganika use the term. It originated, no doubt, from some slave of Uhiyau, or Nyassa, Bisa, Unyamwezi, or other parts. Had an intelligent Arab heard the name first, we should most probably have received something nearer the correct word.

Manyema is variously pronounced as Mani-yema, Manu-ema, Mani-wema, but the first is the most popular.

For the spelling of the name Tanga-nika, I still maintain that that is the most correct, and that it is purer African than Tanga-ny-ika. Neither Arab, Mgwana, nor aborigine of the interior ever approached such a sound. It is pronounced the same as Amerika, Afrika, Angel-ica, Fréder-ica. I have only heard one name throughout Africa resembling that which I reject, and that was Ny-ika, King of Gambaragara, pronounced Nye-ika.

Tippu-Tib arrived at Nyangwé on the 2nd of November, with a much larger force than I anticipated, for he had nearly 700 people with him. However, he explained that he was about to send some 300 of them to a country called Tata, which lies to the east of Usongora Meno.

On the 4th of November the members of the Expedition were mustered, and we ascertained that they numbered 146,* and that we possessed the following arms—Sniders, 29 ; percussion-lock muskets, 32 ; Winchester, 2 ; double-barrelled guns, 2 ; revolvers, 10 ; axes, 68. Out of this number of sixty-four guns, only forty were borne by trustworthy men ; the others were mere pagazis, who would prefer becoming slaves to fighting for their freedom and lives. At the same time they were valuable as porters, and faithful to their allotted duties and their contract when not enticed away by outside influences or fear. The enormous force that Tippu-Tib brought to Nyangwé quite encouraged them, and when I asked them if they were ready to make good their promise to me at Zanzibar and Muta Nzigé lake, they replied unanimously in the affirmative.

“Then to-night, my friends,” said I, “you will pack up your goods, and to-morrow morning at the first hour let me see you in line before my house ready to start.”

* This number was finally increased by the addition of six stout young fellows from Nyangwé, which made our total number of men, women, and children (sons of the Wangwana, from Zanzibar), 154.

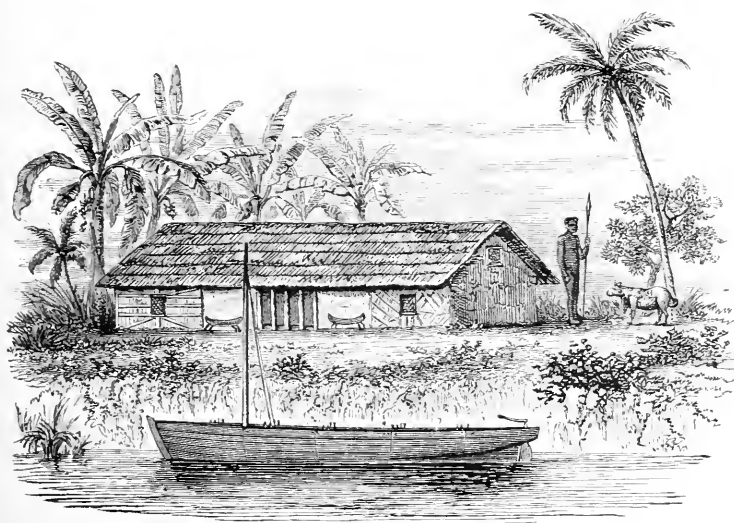


This is a detailed historical map of the Congo River basin, showing the river's course from the south to the north, where it empties into the Atlantic Ocean. The map includes numerous tributaries such as the Zaire, Kasai, and Kongo rivers. Major cities and towns are marked, including Kinshasa, Léopoldville, and Brazzaville. The map also shows the surrounding geographical features, including the Congo Desert and the Atlantic Ocean. The map is oriented with North at the top, and the Atlantic Ocean is labeled 'OCEAN ATLANTIQUE'.

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN THE CONGO TO THE ATLANTIC.

TIPPU-TIB, the notorious Arab slaver, had agreed to accompany Mr. Stanley down the Lualaba, which the determined explorer had resolved to follow wherever it went. But after going a certain distance Tippu drew



PANICUM GRASS HUT.

back. All sorts of horrors were conjured up as to the terrors of the forests, through which no white man, and at that time no Arab, had ever penetrated. After about 200 miles, on December 22, 1876, Tippu and his men said they would go no farther. Mr. Stanley goes on:—

In the afternoon, Tippu-Tib, Sheikh Abdallah, and Muini Ibrahim declared their intention of returning to Nyangwé by another route, and with such firmness of

tone that I renounced the idea of attempting to persuade them to change their decision. Indeed, the awful condition of the sick, the high daily mortality, the constant attacks on us during each journey, and the last terrible struggle with Vinya-Njara, had produced such dismal impressions on the minds of the escort that no amount of money would have bribed the undisciplined people of Tippu-Tib to have entertained for a moment the idea of continuing the journey.

Though eight marches were still wanting to complete the twenty camps from Wané-Kirumbu, in Uregga, I felt that their courage was exhausted. I therefore consented to release Tippu-Tib from his engagement, on condition that he used his influence with the people of the Expedition to follow me. He consented to do so, and, in consideration for his services thus far and the calamities that his people had undergone, I distributed the following gifts:—

To Tippu-Tib, a draft for 2600 dollars, one riding-ass, one trunk, one gold chain, thirty doti of fine cloth, 150 lbs. of beads, 16,300 shells, one revolver, 200 rounds of ammunition, 50 lbs. of brass wire.

To Sheikh Abdallah, 20 doti of cloth.

„ Muini Ibrahim, 10 doti of cloth.

„ Bwana Abed, the guide, 10 doti of cloth.

„ „ Hamadi, 5 doti of cloth.

„ „ Cheché, 5 doti of cloth.

„ „ Khamis, 5 doti of cloth.

„ 50 of his principal men, 2 doti of cloth.

„ 90 of his escort, 1 doti of cloth.

„ each of the Wangwana chiefs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ doti of cloth.

„ each of the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana of the Expedition, $1\frac{1}{2}$ doti of cloth.

„ each woman and boy, 1 doti of cloth.

It was then announced that—inasmuch as my duty compelled me to endeavour to do my utmost to trace the great river to the sea, and as the chiefs and the principal men of the Expedition were resolved to follow me wherever I should lead them—on the fifth day from then we should strike our camp, and form a new and separate

camp. and that on the sixth day we should embark, and begin our journey down the river to the ocean—or to death.

Said I: “Into whichever sea this great river empties, there shall we follow it. You have seen that I have saved ~~you~~ a score of times, when everything looked black and dismal for us. That care of you to which you owe your safety hitherto, I shall maintain, until I have seen you safe and sound in your own homes, and under your own palm-trees. All I ask of you is, perfect trust in whatever I say. On your lives depends my own; if I risk yours, I risk mine. As a father looks after his children, I will look after you. It is true we are not so strong as when the Wanyaturu attacked us, or when we marched through Unyoro to Muta Nzigé, but we are of the same band of men, and we are still of the same spirit. Many of our party have already died, but death is the



MONSTER CANOE.

end of all; and if they died earlier than we, it was the will of God, and who shall rebel against His will? It may be, we shall meet a hundred wild tribes yet, who, for the sake of eating us, will rush to meet and fight us. We have no wish to molest them. We have moneys with us, and are, therefore, not poor. If they fight us, we must accept it as an evil, like disease, which we cannot help. We shall continue to do our utmost to make friends, and the river is wide and deep. If we fight, we fight for our lives. It may be that we shall be distressed by famine and want. It may be that we shall meet with many more cataracts, or find ourselves before a great lake, whose wild waves we cannot cross with these canoes; but we are not children, we have heads and arms, and are we not always under the eye of God, who will do with us as He sees fit? Therefore, my children, make up your minds, as I have made up mine, that, as

we are now in the very middle of this continent, and it would be just as bad to return as to go on, we shall continue our journey, that we shall toil on, and on, by this river, and no other, to the salt sea.”*

A loud shout of applause greeted me as I concluded, and Manwa Sera followed it up, and in a few spirited words said that they were bound to let the Wanyamwezi see of what stuff the sea children were made, and, turning to the Arabs, he asked them to look at the black men who were about to perform what they dreaded. Uledi, the coxswain, on behalf of the boat-boys, said that I was their father, and though every one else should refuse to move farther, Frank and I might step into the boat, and he and his friends would dare the long journey that very day!

There was ample work for us all before setting out on our adventurous journey. Food had to be procured and prepared for at least twenty days. Several of the canoes required to be repaired, and all to be lashed in couples, to prevent them from capsizing; and special arrangements required to be made for the transport of three riding-asses, which we had resolved upon taking with us, as a precaution in the event of our being compelled to abandon the canoes and to journey along the banks.

Christmas Day we passed most pleasantly and happily,

* A poetical friend on hearing this address brought to my notice a remarkable coincidence. In one of Tennyson's poems, Ulysses addresses his followers thus:—

“ My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads: come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the happy isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

like men determined to enjoy life while it lasted. In the morning we mustered all the men, and appointed them to their respective canoes. Names taken from those British cruisers which had become familiar to the east coast people were also given to them by the Zanzibaris, amid loud laughter, except to half-a-dozen which Frank and I reserved to bear such names as we selected for them.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. The exploring boat,
Lady Alice. | 12. Glasgow (flag-ship
commanded by Man-
wa Sera). |
| 2. Ocean, commanded by
Frank. | 13. London Town. |
| 3. Livingstone. | 14. America. |
| 4. Stanley. | 15. Hart. |
| 5. Telegraph. | 16. Daphne. |
| 6. Herald. | 17. Lynx. |
| 7. Jason. | 18. Nymph. |
| 8. Argo. | 19. Vulture. |
| 9. Penguin. | 20. Shark. |
| 10. Wolverine. | 21. Arab. |
| 11. Fawn. | 22. Mirambo. |
| | 23. Mtesa. |

Canoe races were afterwards instituted between the various vessels, and to the crews who excelled were awarded gifts of cloth. The afternoon was celebrated by foot-races, in which, for the sake of the prizes offered, the Arabs joined, occasioning much amusement to the people. The great event was the race between the famous Tippu-Tib and Francis Pocock. The Arab prepared himself with unusual determination to compete for the prize, a richly chased silver goblet and cup, one of the presents bestowed on me before leaving England. The course was 300 yards, from end to end of the village street. Though Frank exerted himself to the utmost, the sinews of the muscular Arab carried him to the front at the finish by fifteen yards. Then the little boys of the Expedition competed with the little boys of the escort; and finally ten young women were induced to attempt to compete for a prize, and their presence on the racecourse convulsed the hundreds assembled to witness

the unusual scene. Some were very ungainly and elephantine in their movements, especially Muscati, the wife of the chief Safeni, but others were most graceful of body and lithe of limb, and raced with the swiftness of Atalanta. But the girl Khamisi of Zanzibar was declared the winner.

A dance, by a hundred Wanyamwezi, adorned in all the feathered glory and terror of war, with sounding drums and melodious blasts from ivory horns, terminated the extraordinary festivities.

On the 26th, Tippu-Tib gave a banquet of rice and roasted sheep to the Expedition, and malofu, or palm-wine, from Mpika Island, assisted to maintain the high spirits and sanguine prospects of success, with which these cheery proceedings, festivities, and sports inspired us.

The next day at dawn we embarked all the men, women, and children, 149 souls in all, and the riding-asses of the Expedition, and, telling Tippu-Tib we should on the morrow pull up stream and descend the river close to the village of Vinya-Njara for a last farewell, we pulled across to the islet near the bank, where we constructed a rude camp for the only night we should remain.

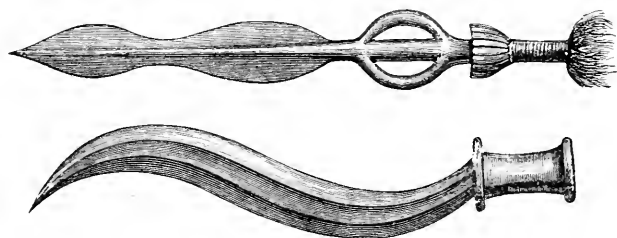
When I ascertained, after arrival, that every soul connected with the Expedition was present, my heart was filled with a sense of confidence and trust such as I had not enjoyed since leaving Zanzibar.

In the evening, while sleep had fallen upon all save the watchful sentries in charge of the boat and canoes, Frank and I spent a serious time.

Frank was at heart as sanguine as I that we should finally emerge somewhere; but, on account of the persistent course of the great river towards the north, a little uneasiness was evident in his remarks.

"Before we finally depart, sir," said he, "do you really believe, in your inmost soul, that we shall succeed? I ask this because there are such odds against us—not that I for a moment think it would be best to return, having proceeded so far."

“ Believe ! Yes. I do believe that we shall all emerge into light again some time. It is true that our prospects are as dark as this night. Even the Mississippi presented no such obstacles to De Soto as this river will necessarily present to us. Possibly its islands and its forests possessed much of the same aspect ; but here we are at an altitude of 1650 feet above the sea. What conclusions can we arrive at ? Either that this river penetrates a great distance north of the Equator, and, taking a mighty sweep round, descends into the Congo —this, by the way, would lessen the chances of there being many cataracts in the river ;—or that we shall shortly see it in the neighbourhood of the Equator take a direct cut towards the Congo, and precipitate itself, like our Colorado river, through a deep cañon, or down great



KNIVES.

cataracts ; or that it is either the Niger or the Nile. I believe it will prove to be the Congo ; if the Congo then, there must be many cataracts. Let us only hope that the cataracts are all in a lump, close together.

“ Any way, whether the Congo, the Niger, or the Nile, I am prepared, otherwise I should not be so confident. Though I love life as much as you do, or any other man does, yet on the success of this effort I am about to stake my life, my all. To prevent its sacrifice foolishly, I have devised numerous expedients with which to defy wild men, wild nature, and unknown terrors. There is an enormous risk, but you know the adage, ‘ Nothing risked, nothing won.’

* * * * *

“ Now look at this, the latest chart which Europeans

have drawn of this region. It is a blank, perfectly white. We will draw two curves just to illustrate what I mean. One shows the river reaching the Equator and turning westward. Supposing there are no cataracts, we ought to reach 'Tuckey's Furthest' by the 15th of February; but if the river takes that wider sweep from 2° north of the Equator, we may hope to reach by the 15th of March, and, if we allow a month for cataracts or rapids, we have a right to think that we ought to see the ocean by either the middle or the end of April, 1877.

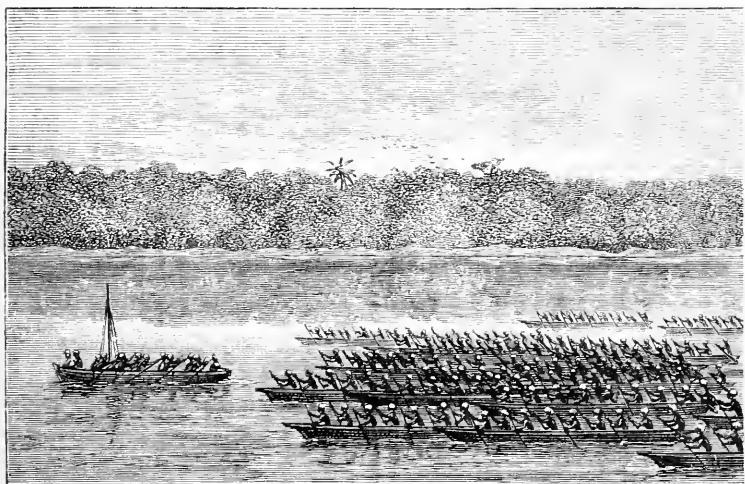
"I assure you, Frank, this enormous void is about to be filled up. Blank as it is, it has a singular fascination for me. Never has white paper possessed such a charm for me as this has, and I have already mentally peopled it, filled it with most wonderful pictures of towns, villages, rivers, countries, and tribes—all in the imagination—and I am burning to see whether I am correct or not. *Believe?* I see us gliding down by tower and town, and my mind will not permit a shadow of doubt. Good-night, my boy! Good-night! and may happy dreams of the sea, and ships, and pleasure, and comfort, and success attend you in your sleep! To-morrow, my lad, is the day we shall cry—'Victory or death!'"

The crisis drew nigh when the 28th of December dawned. A grey mist hung over the river, so dense that we could not see even the palmy banks on which Vinya-Njara was situated. It would have been suicidal to begin our journey on such a gloomy morning. The people appeared as cheerless and dismal as the foggy day. We cooked our breakfasts in order to see if, by the time we had fortified the soul by satisfying the cravings of the stomach, the river and its shores might not have resumed their usual beautiful outlines, and their striking contrasts of light and shadow.

Slowly the breeze wafted the dull and heavy mists away until the sun appeared, and bit by bit the luxuriantly wooded banks rose up solemn and sad. Finally the grey river was seen, and at 9 A.M. its face gleamed with the brightness of a mirror.

"Embark, my friends! Let us at once away! and a happy voyage to us."

The drum and trumpet proclaimed to Tippu-Tib's expectant ears that we were ascending the river. In half an hour we were pulling across to the left bank, and when we reached it a mile above Vinya-Njara we rested on our oars. The strong brown current soon bore us down within hearing of a deep and melodious diapason of musical voices chanting the farewell song. How beautiful it sounded to us as we approached them! The dense jungle and forests seemed to be penetrated with



TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN.

the vocal notes, and the river to bear them tenderly towards us. Louder the sad notes swelled on our ears, full of a pathetic and mournful meaning. With bated breath we listened to the rich music which spoke to us unmistakably of parting, of sundered friendship, a long, perhaps an eternal, farewell. We came in view of them, as ranged along the bank in picturesque costume the sons of Unyamwezi sang their last song. We waved our hands to them. Our hearts were so full of grief that we could not speak. Steadily the brown flood bore us by, and fainter and fainter came the notes down the

water, till finally they died away, leaving us all alone in our loneliness.

But, looking up, I saw the gleaming portal to the Unknown: wide open to us and away down, for miles and miles, the river lay stretched with all the fascination of its mystery. I stood up and looked at the people. How few they appeared to dare the region of fable and darkness! They were nearly all sobbing. They were leaning forward, bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts.

"Sons of Zanzibar," I shouted, "the Arabs and the Wanyamwezi are looking at you. They are now telling one another what brave fellows you are. Lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? All the world is smiling with joy. Here we are altogether like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our homes. See this river; it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? When did you journey along a path like this? Strike your paddles deep, cry out Bismillah! and let us forward."

Poor fellows! with what wan smiles they responded to my words! How feebly they paddled! But the strong flood was itself bearing us along, and the Vinya-Njara villages were fast receding into distance.

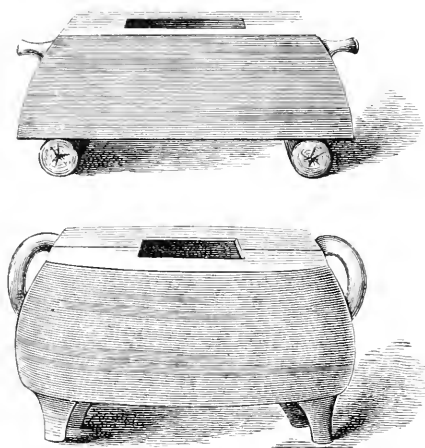
Then I urged my boat's crew, knowing that thus we should tempt the canoes to quicker pace. Three or four times Uledi, the coxswain, gallantly attempted to sing, in order to invite a cheery chorus, but his voice soon died into such piteous hoarseness that the very ludicrousness of the tones caused his young friends to smile even in the midst of their grief.

We knew that the Vinya-Njara district was populous from the numbers of natives that fought with us by land and water, but we had no conception that it was so thickly populated as the long row of villages we now saw indicated. I counted fourteen separate villages, each with its respective growth of elais palm and banana, and each separated from the other by thick bush.

Every three or four miles after passing Vinya-Njara, there were small villages visible on either bank, but

we met with no disturbance, fortunately. At 5 P.M. we made for a small village called Kali-Karero, and camped there, the natives having retired peacefully. In half an hour they returned, and the ceremony of brotherhood was entered upon, which insured a peaceful night. The inhabitants of Rukura, opposite us, also approached us with confidence, and an interchange of small gifts served us as a healthy augury for the future.

On the morning of the 29th, accompanied by a couple of natives in a small fishing-canoe, we descended the river along the left bank, and, after about four miles,



WAR DRUMS OF THE TRIBES OF THE UPPER LIVINGSTONE.

arrived at the confluence of the Kasuku, a dark-water stream of a hundred yards' width at the mouth. Opposite the mouth, at the southern end of Kaimba—a long wooded island on the right bank, and a little above the confluence—stands the important village of Kisanga-Sanga.

Below Kaimba Island and its neighbour, the Livingstone assumes a breadth of 1800 yards. The banks are very populous: the villages of the left bank comprise the district of Luavala. We thought for some time we should be permitted to pass by quietly, but soon the great wooden drums, hollowed out of huge trees,

thundered the signal along the river that there were strangers. In order to lessen all chances of a rupture between us, we sheered off to the middle of the river, and quietly lay on our paddles. But from both banks at once, in fierce concert, the natives, with their heads gaily feathered, and armed with broad black wooden shields and long spears, dashed out towards us.

Tippu-Tib before our departure had hired to me two young men of Ukusu—cannibals—as interpreters. These were now instructed to cry out the word “Sennenneh !” (“Peace !”), and to say that we were friends.

But they would not reply to our greeting, and in a bold peremptory manner told us to return.

“But we are doing no harm, friends. It is the river that takes us down, and the river will not stop, or go back.”

“This is our river.”

“Good. Tell it to take us back, and we will go.”

“If you do not go back, we will fight you.”

“No, don’t ; we are friends.”

“We don’t want you for our friends : we will eat you.”

But we persisted in talking to them, and as their curiosity was so great they persisted in listening, and the consequence was that the current conveyed us near to the right bank : and in such near neighbourhood to another district, that our discourteous escort had to think of themselves, and began to skurry hastily up river, leaving us unattacked.

The villages on the right bank also maintained a tremendous drumming and blowing of war-horns, and their wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp-prowed canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying-fish. Unlike the Luavala villagers they did not wait to be addressed, but as soon as they came within fifty or sixty yards they shot out their spears, crying out, “Meat ! meat ! Ah ! ha ! We shall have plenty of meat ! Bo-bo-bo-bo, Bo-bo-bo-bo-o-o !”

Undoubtedly these must be relatives of the terrible

“Bo-bo-bo’s” above, we thought, as with one mind we rose to respond to this rabid man-eating tribe. Anger we had none for them. It seemed to me so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon one only as an epicure would regard a fat capon. Sometimes also a faint suspicion came to my mind that this was all but a part of a hideous dream. Why was it that I should be haunted with the idea that there were human beings who regarded me and my friends only in the light of meat! Meat! *We?* Heavens! what an atrocious idea!



KING OF CHUMBIRI.

“Meat! Ah! we shall have meat to-day. Meat! meat! meat!”

There was a fat-bodied wretch in a canoe, whom I allowed to crawl within spear-throw of me: who, while he swayed the spear with a vigour far from assuring to one who stood within reach of it, leered with such a clever hideousness of feature that I felt, if only within arm's length of him, I could have bestowed upon him a hearty thump on the back, and cried out applaudingly, “Bravo, old boy! You do it capitally!”

Here we were camped in a low jungle. How could the most capacious, or the most cruel, of men find any cause or heart to blame us for resting on this utterly uninhabitable spot? Yet the savages of Vina-Kya did. Our interpreters were urged to be eloquent. And indeed they were, if I may judge by the gestures, which was the only language that was comprehensible to me. I was affected with a strange, envious admiration for those two young fellows, cannibals, it is true, but endowed, none the less, with a talent for making even senseless limbs speak—and they appeared to have affected the savages of Vina-Kya also. At any rate, the wild natures relented for that day; but they promised to decapitate us early in the morning, for the sake of a horrid barbecue they intended to hold. We resolved not to wait for the entertainment.

At dawn we embarked, and descended about two miles, close to the right bank, when, lo! the broad mouth of the magnificent Lowwa, or Rowwa river burst upon the view. It was over a thousand yards



A QUEEN OF CHUMBIRI.

wide, and its course by compass was from the south-east, or east-south-east true. A sudden rain-storm compelled us to camp on the north bank, and here we found ourselves under the shadows of the primeval forest.

Judging from the height and size of these trees, I doubt whether the right bank of the Livingstone at the mouth of the Lowwa river was ever at any time inhabited. An impenetrable undergrowth consisting of a heterogeneous variety of ferns, young palms, date, doum, *Raphia rinifera*, and the *Mucuna pruriens*—the dread of the naked native for the tenacity with which its stinging sharp-pointed bristles attach themselves to the skin—masses of the capsicum plant, a hundred

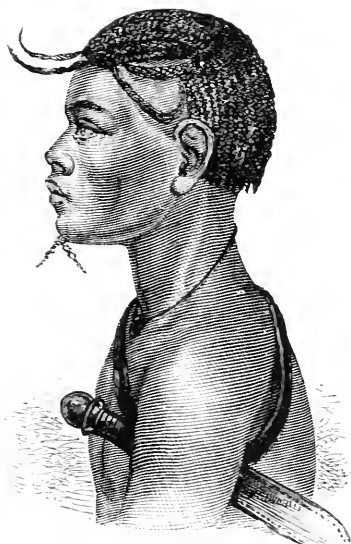
species of clambering vines, caoutchouc creepers, lianes, and endless lengths of rattan-cane intermeshed and entangled, was jealously sheltered from sunlight by high, over-arching, and interlacing branches of fine grey-stemmed Rubiaceæ, camwood and bombax, teak, elais palms, ficus, with thick fleshy leaves, and tall gum-trees. Such is the home of the elephants, which through this undergrowth have trodden the only paths available. In the forks of trees were seen large lumps, a spongy excrescence which fosters orchids and tender ferns, and from many of the branches depended the *Usneæ* moss in graceful and delicate fringes. Along the brown clayey shores, wherever there is the slightest indentation in the banks and still water, were to be found the Cyperaceæ sedge, and in deeper recesses and shallow water the papyrus.

In such cool, damp localities as the low banks near the confluence of these two important streams, entomologists might revel. The Myriapedes, with their lengthy sinuous bodies of bright shiny chocolate or deep black colour, are always one of the first species to attract one's attention. Next come the crowded lines of brown, black, or yellow ants, and the termites, which, with an insatiable appetite for destruction, are ever nibbling, gnawing, and prowling. If the mantis does not arrest the eye next, it most assuredly will be an unctuous earth caterpillar, with its polished and flexible armour, suggestive of slime and nausea. The mantis among insects is like the python among serpents. Its strange figure, trance-like attitudes, and mysterious ways have in all countries appealed to the imagination of the people. Though sometimes five inches in length, its waist is only about the thickness of its leg. Gaunt, weird, and mysterious in its action, it is as much a wonder among insects as a mastodon would be in a farmyard. The ladybird attracts the careless eye, as it slowly wanders about, by its brilliant red, spotted with black—but if I were to enter into details of the insect life I saw within the area of a square foot, an entire chapter might readily be filled. But to write upon the natural wonders of the

tropics seems nowadays almost superfluous : it is so well understood that in these humid shades the earth seethes with life, that in these undrained recesses the primitive laboratory of nature is located, for disturbing which the unacclimatized will have to pay the bitter penalty of malarial fever.

One hears much about "the silence of the forest"—but the tropical forest is not silent to the keen observer. The hum and murmur of hundreds of busy insect tribes make populous the twilight shadows that reign under the primeval growth. I

hear the grinding of millions of mandibles, the furious hiss of a tribe just alarmed or about to rush to battle, millions of tiny wings rustling through the nether air, the march of an insect tribe under the leaves, the startling leap of an awakened mantis, the chirp of some eager and garrulous cricket, the buzz of an ant-lion, the roar of a bull-frog. Add to these the crackle of twigs, the fall of leaves, the dropping of nut and



A PRINCE OF CHUMBIRI.

berry, the occasional crash of a branch, or the constant creaking and swaying of the forest tops as the strong wind brushes them or the gentle breezes awake them to whispers. Though one were blind and alone in the midst of a real tropical forest, one's sense of hearing would be painfully alive to the fact that an incredible number of minute industries, whose number one could never hope to estimate, were active in the shades. Silence is impossible in a tropical forest.

About ten o'clock, as we cowered in most miserable condition under the rude, leafy shelters we had hastily

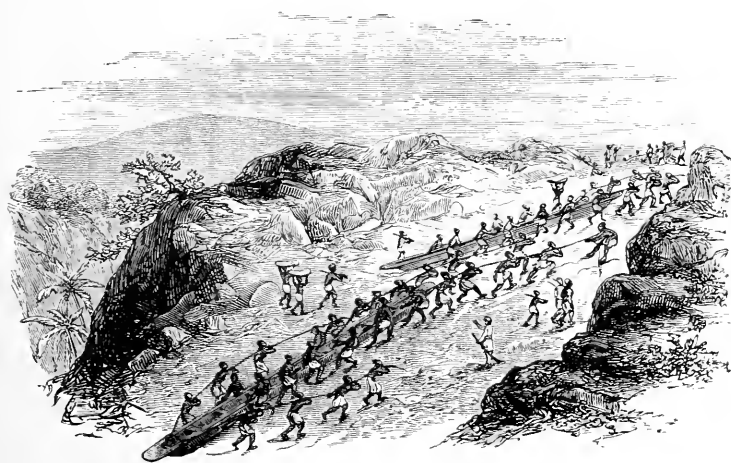
thrown up, the people of the wooded bluffs of Iryamba, opposite the Lowwa confluence, came over to see what strange beings were those who had preferred the secrecy of the uninhabited grove to their own loud roystering society. Stock still we sat cowering in our leafy coverts, but the mild reproachful voice of Katembo, our cannibal interpreter, was heard labouring in the interests of peace, brotherhood and goodwill. The rain pattered so incessantly that I could from my position only faintly hear Katembo's voice pleading, earnestly, yet mildly, with his unsophisticated brothers of Iryamba, but I felt convinced from the angelic tones that they would act as a sedative on any living creature except a rhinoceros or a crocodile. The long-drawn bleating sound of the word "Sen-nen-neh," which I heard frequently uttered by Katembo, I studied until I became quite as proficient in it as he himself.

Peace was finally made between Katembo on the one hand and the canoemen of Iryamba on the other, and they drew near to gaze at their leisure at one of the sallow white men, who with great hollow eyes peered, from under the vizor of his cap, on the well-fed bronze-skinned aborigines.

After selling us ten gigantic plantains, thirteen inches long and three inches in diameter, they informed us that we had halted on the shore of Luru, or Lulu, in the uninhabited portion of the territory of Wanpuma, a tribe which lived inland; that the Lowwa came from the east, and was formed of two rivers, called the Lulu from the north-east, and the Lowwa from the south-east; that about a day's journey up the Lowwa river was a great cataract, which was "very loud."

The Livingstone, from the base of Iryamba bluffs on the left bank to our camp on the right bank, a mile below the confluence, was about two thousand yards in width. By dead reckoning we ascertained the latitude to be south $1^{\circ} 28'$, or twenty-four miles north of the Urindi affluent of the Livingstone, ninety-five miles north of the Lira, and 199 geographical miles north of the mouth of the Luama affluent.

The relative rank of these four great tributaries may be estimated by their width, at or near the confluence. The Luama was 400 yards wide; the Lira 300 yards, but deep; the Urindi, 500 yards; the Lowwa, 1000 yards. The parallel of latitude in which the Lowwa mouth is situated is fifty miles north of the extreme north end of Lake Tanganika. From all I could gather by a comparison of names and the relative authenticity of my informants, I am inclined to believe that the sources of this last great river may be placed near the south-west corner of Lake Muta-Nzigé; also, that the



TO AVOID A CATARACT.

Urindi's head streams must approach the sources of the Luanda, which joins the Rusizi, and flows into Lake Tanganika, and that the Lira must drain the country west of Uvira.

The length of the Urindi river, which empties into the Livingstone only fifteen miles south of the Lowwa, may be estimated by a glance at the course of the Luama, which I followed from its source to its confluence with the Lualaba. In the same manner, the Lira's course and length may be judged.

The growing importance and volume of the tributaries as we proceed north also proves a northern prolongation

of the mountain chain, which shuts in Tanganika on the west, and probably a slight deflection to the eastward. It will be observed also that while the Luama, the Lulindi, the Kunda, the Kariba, the Rumuna, the Kipembwé, the Lira, Urindi, and Lowwa rivers all issue from the country east, within a length of about two hundred miles of the Livingstone, we have only discovered two comparatively small rivers, the Ruiki and the Kasuku, issuing from the west side during the same course. The nature of the eastern country may be judged after a study of the chapter descriptive of our journey from Lake Tanganika to the mouth of the Luama.

At 2 p.m. we left our camp in the forest of Luru, and pulled across to the Iryamba side of the Livingstone. But as soon as the rain had ceased, a strong breeze had risen, which, when we were in mid-river, increased to a tempest from the north, and created great heavy waves, which caused the foundering of two of our canoes, the drowning of two of our men, Farjalla Baraka and Nasib, and the loss of four muskets and one sack of beads. Half-a-dozen other canoes were in great danger for a time, but no more fatal accidents occurred.

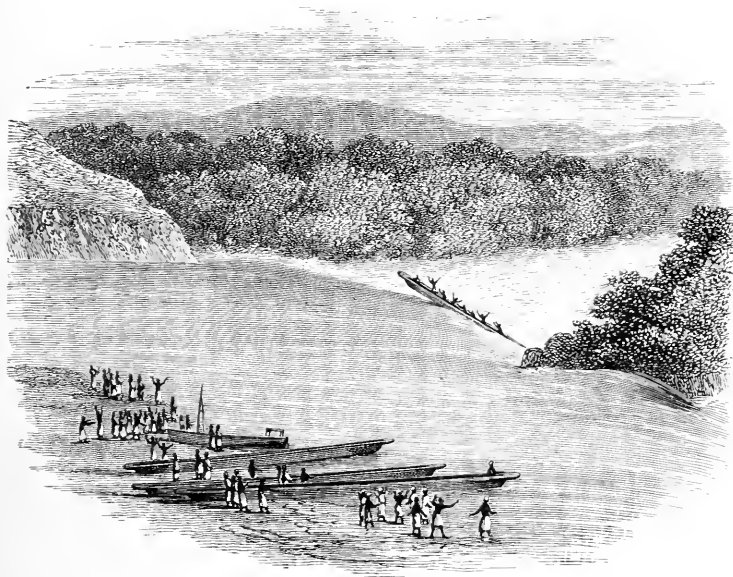
I feared lest this disaster might cause the people to rebel and compel me to return, for it had shocked them greatly; but I was cheered to hear them remark that the sudden loss of their comrades had been ordained by fate, and that no precautions would have availed to save them. But though omens and auguries were delivered by the pessimists among us, not one hazarded aloud the belief that we ought to relinquish our projects; yet they were all evidently cowed by our sudden misfortune.

On the 31st, the last day of the year 1876, we resumed our voyage. The morning was beautiful, the sky blue and clear, the tall forest still and dark, the river flowed without a ripple, like a solid mass of polished silver. Everything promised fair. But from the island below, the confluence of the Lowwa and the Livingstone, the warning drum sounded loudly

over the river, and other drums soon echoed the dull boom.

"Keep together, my men," I cried: "there may be hot work for us below."

We resolved to keep in mid-stream, because both the island and the left bank appeared to be extremely populous, and to paddle slowly and steadily down river. The canoes of the natives darted from either shore, and there seemed to be every disposition made for a furious



LOSS OF CANOE AND CREW.

attack; but as we drew near, we shouted out to them, "Friends, Sennenneh! Keep away from us. We shall not hurt you; but don't lift your spears, or we'll fight."

There was a moment's hesitation, wherein spears were clashed against shields, and some fierce words uttered, but finally the canoes drew back, and as we continued to paddle, the river with its stiff current soon bore us down rapidly past the populous district and island.

Before we finally passed by the latter, we came to

another island, which was uninhabited, and, after descending by a narrow channel, we crossed the mouth of a stream about twenty-five yards wide, flowing from the west side, in which were several small canoes and some dozen fishermen, lifting their nets from among the sedge.

At noon of this day we came to the southern end of an uninhabited low and sandy island, where I ascertained the latitude to be south $1^{\circ} 20' 3''$. The altitude, above sea-level, of the river at this place is 1729 feet.

South of this position we struck across to the right bank again and discovered a small river forty yards wide at the mouth, nearly opposite which, about mid-stream, are five low and bush-covered islets. After descending some five miles we formed our camp in the woods on the right bank.

The beginning of the new year, 1877, commenced, the first three hours after sunrise, with a delicious journey past an uninhabited tract, when my mind, wearied with daily solicitude, found repose in dwelling musingly upon the deep slumber of Nature. Outwardly the forest was all beauty, solemn peace, and soft dreamy rest, tempting one to sentiment and mild melancholy. Though it was vain to endeavour to penetrate with our eyes into the dense wall of forest—black and impervious to the sunlight which almost seemed to burn up the river—what could restrain the imagination? These were my calm hours, periods when my heart, oblivious of the dark and evil days we had passed, resolutely closed itself against all dismal forebodings, and revelled in the exquisite stillness of the uninhabited wilderness.

But soon after nine o'clock we discovered we were approaching settlements, both on islands and on the banks, and again the hoarse war-drums awaked the echoes of the forest, boomed along the river, and quickened our pulses.

We descend in close order as before, and steadily pursue our way. But, heading us off, about ten long canoes dart out from the shadow of palmy banks, and the wild crews begin to chant their war-songs, and now

and then, in attitudes of bravado and defiance, raise spears, and shields aloft and bring them downward with sounding clash.

As we approached them, we shouted out "Sen-nen-nen"—our Sesame and Shibboleth, our watchword and comprehension. But they would not respond.

Hitherto they had called us Wasambye; we were now called Wajiwa (people of the sun!); our guns were called Katadzi, while before they were styled Kibongeh, or lightning. Katembo was implored to be eloquent, mild of voice, pacific in gesture.

They replied, "We shall eat Wajiwa meat to-day. Oho, we shall eat Wajiwa meat!" and then an old chief gave some word of command, and at once 100 paddles beat the water into foam, and the canoes darted at us. But the contest was short, and we were permitted to pursue our voyage.

The river, beyond these islands, expanded to a breadth of 3000 yards; the left bank being high, and the right low. At noon we were in south latitude $1^{\circ} 10'$.

Five miles below, the river narrowed to about 2800 yards, and then we floated down past an uninhabited stretch, the interval affording us rest, until, reaching the southern end of a large island, we camped, lest we might be plunged into hostilities once more.

The 2nd of January was a lively day. We first ran the gauntlet past Kirembuka, an exciting affair, and next we were challenged by Mwana-Mara's fierce sons, who were soon joined by Mwana Vibondo's people, and about 10.30 A.M. we had to repulse an attack made by the natives of Lombo a Kiriro. We had fought for three hours almost without a pause, for the Kewanjawa and Watomba tribe from the left bank had joined in the savage mêlée, and had assisted the tribes of the right bank. Then for an hour we had rest; but after that we came to islands, which we afterwards discovered were called Kibombo, and, finding the tribe of Amu Nyam preparing for battle with animation, we took advantage of one of the group to see if we could not

negotiate a peaceful passage before risking another fight. The latitude of this island was south $0^{\circ} 52' 0''$.

Katembo, our interpreter, and his friend were despatched in a canoe manned by eight men, halfway to the shore, to speak fair and sweet words of peace to the Amu Nyam. No verbal answer was given to them, but they had to retreat in a desperate hurry before a rapidly advancing crowd of canoes. The Amu Nyams had evidently not had time to be undeceived by their friends above, for they came up with a dauntless bearing, as though accustomed to victory. Yet we held out copper armlets and long strings of shells to them, vociferously shouting out "Sen-nen-neh," with appropriate and plausible gestures. They laughed at us; and one fellow, who had a mighty door-like shield painted black with soot, using his long spear as an index finger, asked us—if Katembo spoke correctly—if we thought we could disappoint them of so much meat by the presents of a few shells and a little copper.

Our canoes were lying broadside along the reedy island, and as soon as the first spears were thrown, the Wangwana received orders to reply to them with brass slugs, which created such a panic that a couple of shots from each man sufficed to drive them back in confusion. After a while they recovered, and from a distance began to fly their poisoned arrows; but the Sniders responded to them so effectually that they finally desisted, and we were again free from our meat-loving antagonists.

About 2 P.M. we dropped down river again a few miles, and at 4.30 P.M. halted to camp at an old clearing on the right bank. Had we dared, we might have continued our journey by night, but prudence forbade the attempt, as cataracts might have been more disastrous than cannibals.

Near sunset we were once more alarmed by finding arrows dropping into the camp. Of course there was a general rush to the guns; but, upon noting the direction whence the arrows came, I ordered the people simply to go on about their duties as though nothing had occurred, while I sent twenty men in two canoes

down the river with instructions to advance upon the enemy from behind, but by no means to fire unless they were overwhelmed in numbers.

Just at dark our canoes came back with three prisoners bound hand and foot. Except the poor dwarf at Ikondu^{up} river, I had not seen any human creatures so



WATERFALL ON THE LIVINGSTONE.

unlovable to look at. There was no one feature about them that even extravagant charity could indicate as elevating them into the category of noble savages. I do not think I was prejudiced: I examined their faces with eyes that up to that time had gazed into the eyes of over five hundred thousand black men. They were intolerably ugly. I would not disturb them, however.

that evening, but releasing their feet, and relaxing the bonds on their arms, appointed Katembo and his friend to keep them company and feed them, and Wadi Rehani to stimulate the keepers to be hospitable.

By the morning they were sociable, and replied readily to our questions. They were of the Wanongi—an inland tribe—but they had a small fishing village about an hour's journey below our camp called Katumbi. A powerful tribe called the Mwana Ntaba occupied a country below Katumbi, near some falls, which they warned us would be our destruction. On the left side of the river, opposite the Mwana Ntaba, were the Wavinza, south of a large river called the Rumami, or Lumani. The great river on which we had voyaged was known to them as the Lowwa.

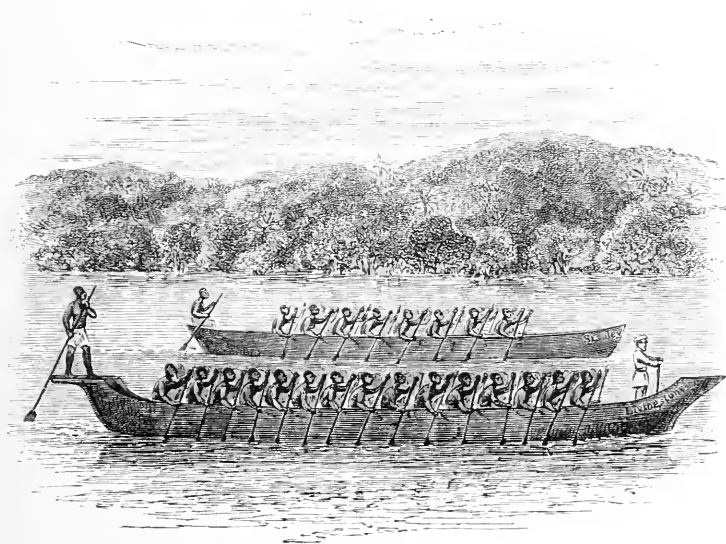
As we stepped into our canoes we cut their bonds and permitted the unlovable and unsympathetic creatures to depart, a permission of which they availed themselves gladly.

The banks were from ten to thirty feet high, of a grey-brown clay, and steep with old clearings, which were frequent at this part until below Katumbi. Half an hour afterwards we arrived at a channel which flowed in a sudden bend to the north-east, and, following it, we found ourselves abreast of a most populous shore, close to which we glided. Presently several large canoes appeared from behind an island to our right, and seemed to be hesitating as to whether they should retreat or advance.

The "Open Sesame"—"Sen-nen-neh!"—was loudly uttered by Katembo, with his usual pathetic, bleating accent, and to our joy the word was repeated by over a hundred voices. "Sen-nen-neh! Sennenneh! Sennen-neh!"—each voice apparently vying with the other in loudness. The river bore us down, and as they would not shorten the distance, we thought it better to keep this condition of things, lest the movement might be misconstrued, and we might be precipitated into hostilities.

For half an hour we glided down in this manner,

keeping up a constant fire of smiling compliments and pathetic *Sennen-nehs*. Indeed, we were discovering that there was much virtue in a protracted and sentimental pronunciation of *Sen-nen-neh*! The men of the Expedition, who had previously ridiculed with mocking *Ba-a-a-a-s*, the absurd moan and plaintive accents of *Sen-nen-neh*, which Katembo had employed, now admired him for his tact. The good natives with whom we were now exchanging these suave, bleating courtesies proved to us that the true shibboleth of peace



LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY CANOES.

was to prolong each word with a quavering moan and melancholic plaint.

We came to a banana grove of a delicious and luxuriant greenness, which the shadowy black green of the antique forest behind it only made more agreeable and pleasant. Beyond this grove, the bank was lined by hundreds of men and women, standing or sitting down, their eyes directed towards our approaching flotilla.

"*Sen-nen-neh*!" was delivered with happy effect by

one of the boat-boys. A chorus of *Sen-nen-nehs*, long-drawn, loud, and harmonious, quickly following the notes of the last syllable, burst from the large assembly, until both banks of the great river re-echoed it with all its indescribable and ludicrous pathos.

The accents were peaceful, the bearing of the people and the presence of the women were unmistakably pacific, so the word was given to drop anchor.

The natives in the canoes, who had hitherto preceded us, were invited to draw near, but they shrugged their shoulders, and declined the responsibility of beginning any intercourse with the strangers. We appealed to the concourse on the banks, for we were not a hundred feet from them. They burst out into a loud laughter, yet with nothing of scorn or contempt in it, for we had been so long accustomed to the subtle differences of passion that we were by this time adepts in discovering the nicest shades of feeling which wild humanity is capable of expressing. We held out our hands to them with palms upturned, heads sentimentally leaning on one side, and, with a captivating earnestness of manner, begged them to regard us as friends, strangers far from their homes, who had lost their way, but were endeavouring to find it by going down the river.

The effect is manifest. A kind of convulsion of tenderness appears to animate the entire host. Expressions of pity break from them, and there is a quick interchange of sympathetic opinions.

"Ah," thought I, "how delighted Livingstone would have been had he been here to regard this scene! Assuredly he would have been enraptured, and become more firmly impressed than ever with the innocence and guilelessness of true aborigines," and I am forced to admit it is exceedingly pleasant, but—I wait.

We hold up long necklaces of beads of various colours to view: blue, red, white, yellow, and black.

"Ah-h-h," sigh a great many, admiringly, and heads bend towards heads in praise and delight of them.

"Come, my friends, let us talk. Bring one canoe here. These to those who dare to approach us." There

is a short moment of hesitation. and then some forms disappear: and presently come out again bearing gourds, chickens, bananas, and vegetables, &c., which they place carefully in a small canoe. Two women step in and boldly paddle towards us, while a deathly silence prevails among my people as well as among the aborigines on the bank.

I observed one or two coquettish airs on the part of the two women, but though my arm was getting tired



VIEW FROM THE LIVINGSTONE TABLE-LAND.

with holding out so long in one position those necklaces of glorious beads, I dared not withdraw them, lest the fascination might be broken. I felt myself a martyr in the cause of public peace, and the sentiment made me bear up stoically.

"Boy," I muttered, in an undertone, to Mabruki, my gun-bearer, "when the canoe is alongside, seize it firmly and do not let it escape."

"Inshallah, my master."

Nearer the canoe came, and with its approach my

blandness increased, and further I projected my arm with those beads of tempting colours.

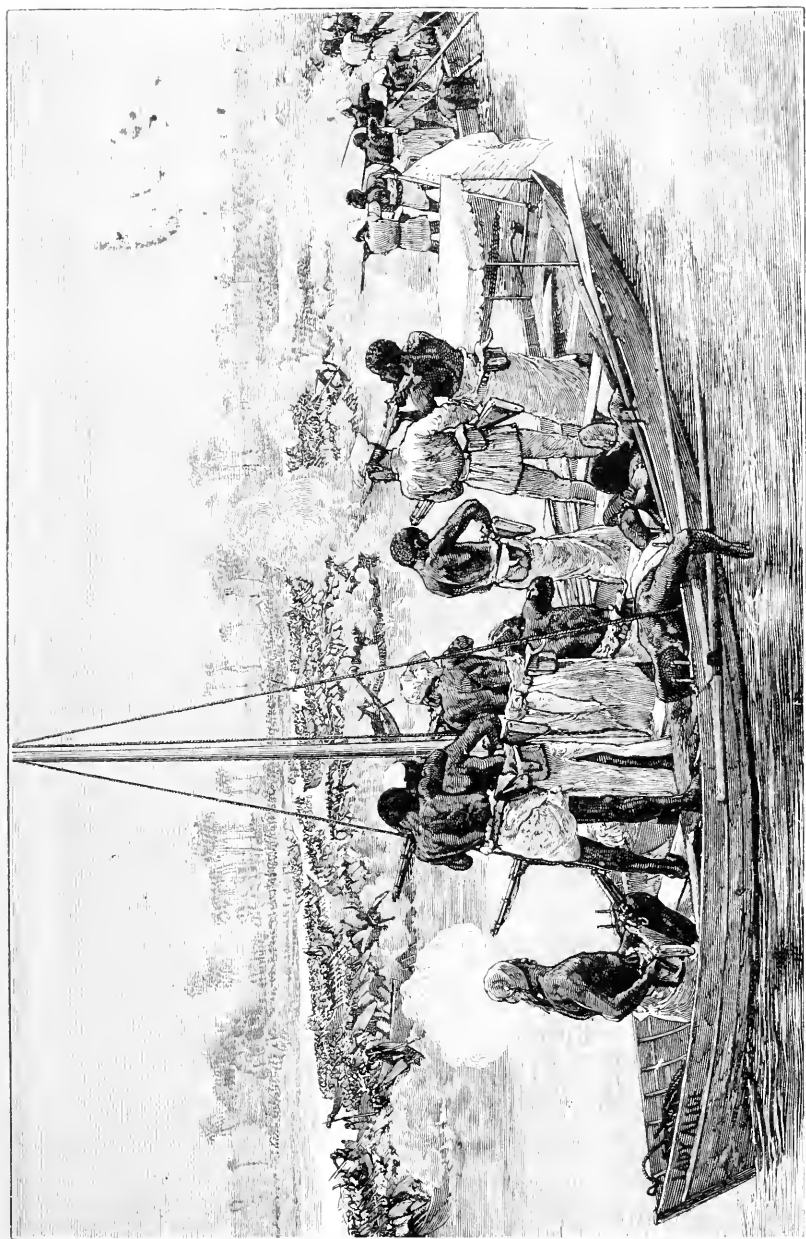
At last the canoe was paddled alongside. Mabruki quietly grasped it. I then divided the beads into sets, talking the while to Katembo—who translated for me—of the happiness I felt at the sight of two such beautiful women coming out to see the white chief, who was so good, and who loved to talk to beautiful women. “There! these are for you—and these are for you,” I said to the steerswoman and her mate.

They clapped their hands in glee, and each woman held out her presents in view of the shore people; and hearty hand-claps from all testified to their grateful feelings.

The women then presented me with the gourds of malofu—palm-wine—the chickens, bananas, potatoes, and cassava they had brought, which were received by the boat’s crew and the interested members of the Expedition with such a hearty clapping of hands that it sent the shore people into convulsions of laughter. Mabruki was told now to withdraw his hand, as the women were clinging to the boats themselves, and peace was assured. Presently the great native canoes drew near and alongside the boat, forming dense walls of strange humanity on either side.

“Tell us, friends,” we asked, “why it is you are so friendly, when those up the river are so wicked?”

Then a chief said, “Because yesterday some of our fishermen were up the river on some islets near Kibombo Island, opposite the Amu-Nyam villages; and when we heard the war-drums of the Amu-Nyam we looked up, and saw your canoes coming down. You stopped at Kibombo Island, and we heard you speak to them, saying you were friends. But the Amu-Nyam are bad; they eat people, we don’t. They fight with us frequently, and whomsoever they catch they eat. They fought with you, and while you were fighting our fishermen came down and told us that the Wajiwa” (we) “were coming; but they said that they heard the Wajiwa say that they came as friends, and that they did not want



to fight.' To-day we sent a canoe, with a woman and a boy up the river, with plenty of provisions in it. If you had been bad people, you would have taken that canoe. We were behind the bushes of that island watching you; but you said 'Sen-nen-neh' to them, and passed into the channel between the island and our villages. Had you seized that canoe, our drums would have sounded for war, and you would have had to fight us, as you fought the Amu-Nyam. We have left our spears on one of those islands. See, we have nothing."

It was true, as I had already seen, to my wonder and admiration. Here, then, I had opportunities for noting what thin barriers separated ferocity from amiability. Only a couple of leagues above lived the cannibals of Amu-Nyam, who had advanced towards us with evil and nauseous intentions: but next to them was a tribe which detested the unnatural custom of eating their own species, with whom we had readily formed a pact of peace and goodwill!

They said their country was called Kankoré, the chief of which was Sangarika, and that the village opposite to us was Maringa; and that three miles below was Simba-Simba; that their country was small, and only reached to the end of the islands; that after we had passed the islands we should come to the territory of the Mwana Ntaba, with whom we should have to fight; that the Mwana Ntaba people occupied the country as far as the falls; that below the falls were several islands inhabited by the Baswa, who were friends of the Mwana Ntaba. It would be impossible, they said, to go over the falls, as the river swept against a hill, and rolled over it, and tumbled down, down, down, with whirl and uproar, and we should inevitably get lost. It would be far better, they said, for us to return.

The strange disposition to rechristen the great river with the name of its last great affluent was here again exemplified, for the Kankoré tribe called the river at the falls the Rumami, or Lumami, and it became known no more as the Lowwa.

Other information we received was that the Watwa and Waringa tribes lived on the other side of the Lumami. The dwarfs, called Wakwanga, were said to be in a south-west direction. The Wavinza occupied the tract between the Lumami and the Lowwa opposite to us. The Bakutzi, or Wakuti, live west across the Lumami, which agrees with Abed the guide's story. On the right bank are situate Kankura, Mpassi, and Mburri; the chief of the last-mentioned country being Mungamba. There is also a tribe called the Ba-ama, whose chief, Subiri, trades in dogs and shells. Dogs are considered by the Ba-ama as greater delicacies than sheep and goats. But we were specially instructed to beware of the Bakumu, a powerful tribe of light-complexioned cannibals, who came originally from the north-east, and who, armed with bows and arrows, had conquered a considerable section of Uregga, and had even crossed the great river. They would undoubtedly, we were told, seek us out and massacre us all.

The Kankoré men were similar in dress and tattooing to the Waregga, through whose forests we had passed. The women wore bits of carved wood and necklaces of the *Achatina* fossil shell around their necks, while iron rings, brightly polished, were worn as armlets and leg ornaments.

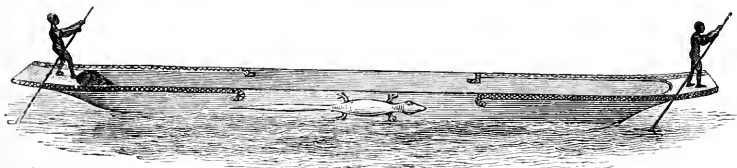
Having obtained so much information from the amiable Kankoré, we lifted our stone anchors and moved gently down stream. Before each village we passed groups of men and women seated on the banks, who gave a genial response to our peaceful greeting.

We were soon below the islands on our left, and from a course north by west the river gradually swerved to north by east, and the high banks on our right, which rose from 80 to 150 feet, towered above us, with grassy breaks here and there agreeably relieving the sombre foliage of groves.

About 2 P.M., as we were proceeding quietly and listening with all our ears for the terrible falls of which we had been warned, our vessels being only about thirty yards from the right bank, eight men with shields

darted into view from behind a bush-clump, and shouting their war-cries, launched their wooden spears. Some of them struck and dented the boat deeply, others flew over it. We shoved off instantly, and getting into mid-stream found that we had heedlessly exposed ourselves to the watchful tribe of Mwana Ntaba, who immediately sounded their great drums, and prepared their numerous canoes for battle.

Up to this time we had met with no canoes over fifty feet long, except that antique century-old vessel which we had repaired as a hospital for our small-pox patients; but those which now issued from the banks and the shelter of bends in the banks were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint, one-half of their bodies being daubed white, the other half red, with broad



MWANA NTABA CANOE (THE CROCODILE).

black bars, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. There was a crocodilian aspect about these lengthy vessels which was far from assuring, while the fighting men, standing up alternately with the paddlers, appeared to be animated with a most ferocious cat-o'-mountain spirit. Horn-blasts which reverberated from bank to bank, sonorous drums, and a chorus of loud yells, lent a fierce éclat to the fight in which we were now about to be engaged.

We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non-combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be eighty-five feet three inches in length, rashly made the mistake of singling out the boat for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within fifty feet of us, and after pouring a volley into the crew, charged the canoe with the boat,

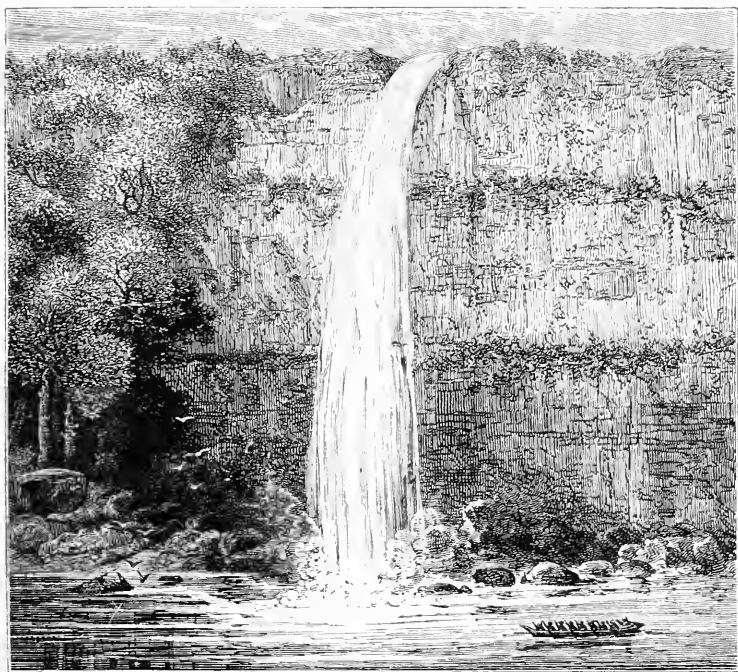
and the crew, unable to turn her round sufficiently soon to escape, precipitated themselves into the river and swam to their friends, while we made ourselves masters of the *Great Eastern* of the Livingstone. We soon exchanged two of our smaller canoes and manned the monster with thirty men, and resumed our journey in line, the boat in front acting as a guide. This early disaster to the Mwana Ntaba caused them to hurry down river, blowing their horns, and alarming with their drums both shores of the river, until about forty canoes were seen furiously dashing down stream, no doubt bent on mischief.

At 4 P.M. we came opposite a river about 200 yards wide, which I have called the Leopold River, in honour of his Majesty Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and which the natives called either the Kankora, Mikonju, or Munduku. Perhaps the natives were misleading me, or perhaps they really possessed a superfluity of names, but I think that whatever name they give it should be mentioned in connection with each stream.

Soon after passing by the confluence, the Livingstone, which above had been 2500 yards wide, perceptibly contracted, and turned sharply to the east-north-east, because of a hill which rose on the left bank about 300 feet above the river. Close to the elbow of the bend on the right bank we passed by some white granite rocks, from one to six feet above the water, and just below these we heard the roar of the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls series.

But louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaba from both sides of the great river. We now found ourselves confronted by the inevitable necessity of putting into practice the resolution which we had formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or die. What should we do? Shall we turn and face the fierce cannibals, who with hideous noise drown the solemn roar of the cataract, or shall we cry out “Mambu Kwa Mungu”—“Our fate is in the hands of God”—and risk the cataract with its terrors!

Meanwhile, we are sliding smoothly to our destruction, and a decision must therefore be arrived at instantly. God knows, I and my fellows would rather have it not to do, because possibly it is only a choice of deaths, by cruel knives or drowning. If we do not choose the knives, which are already sharpened for our throats, death by drowning is certain. So finding ourselves face to face with the inevitable, we turn to the right bank



EDWIN ARNOLD FALLS.

upon the savages, who are in the woods and on the water. We drop our anchors and begin the fight, but after fifteen minutes of it find that we cannot force them away. We then pull up anchors and ascend stream again, until, arriving at the elbow above mentioned, we strike across the river and divide our forces. Manwa Sera is to take four canoes and to continue up stream a little distance, and, while we occupy the atten-

tion of the savages in front, is to lead his men through the woods and set upon them in rear. At 5.30 P.M. we make the attempt, and keep them in play for a few minutes, and on hearing a shot in the woods dash at the shore, and under a shower of spears and arrows effect a landing. From tree to tree the fight is continued until sunset, when, having finally driven the enemy off, we have earned peace for the night.

Until about 10 P.M. we are busy constructing an impenetrable stockade or boma of brushwood, and then at length, we lay our sorely fatigued bodies down to rest, without comforts of any kind and without fires, but (I speak for myself only) with a feeling of gratitude to Him who had watched over us in our trouble, and a humble prayer that His protection may be extended to us, for the terrible days that may yet be to come.

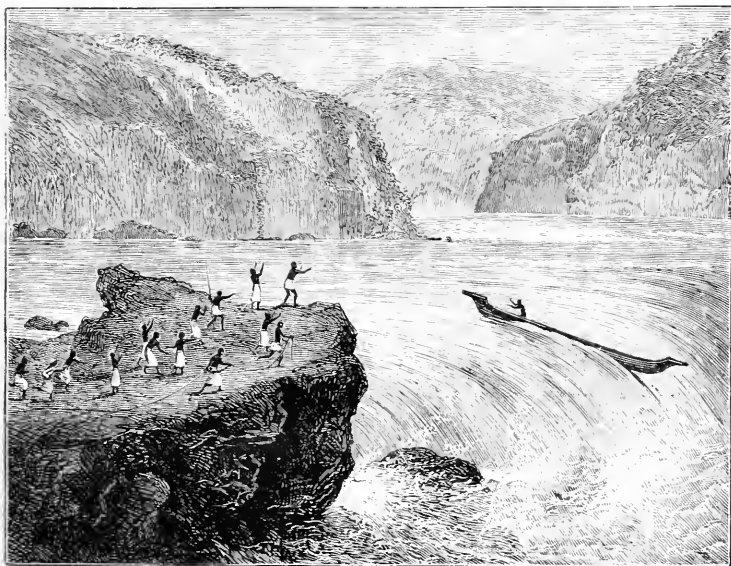


PADDLE OF THE ARUWIMI CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL RUNNING THE GAUNTLET ON THE RIVER.

AT 4 A.M. of the 5th of January we were awake, cooking betimes the food that was to strengthen us for the task that lay before us, while the screaming lemur and the



WE LOSE OUR CHIEF CARPENTER.

soko still alarmed the dark forest with their weird cries.

We were left undisturbed until 8 A.M., when the canoes of the Mwana Ntaba were observed to cross over to the left bank, and in response to their signals the forest behind our camp was soon alive with wild men. Frank distributed thirty rounds to each of the forty-

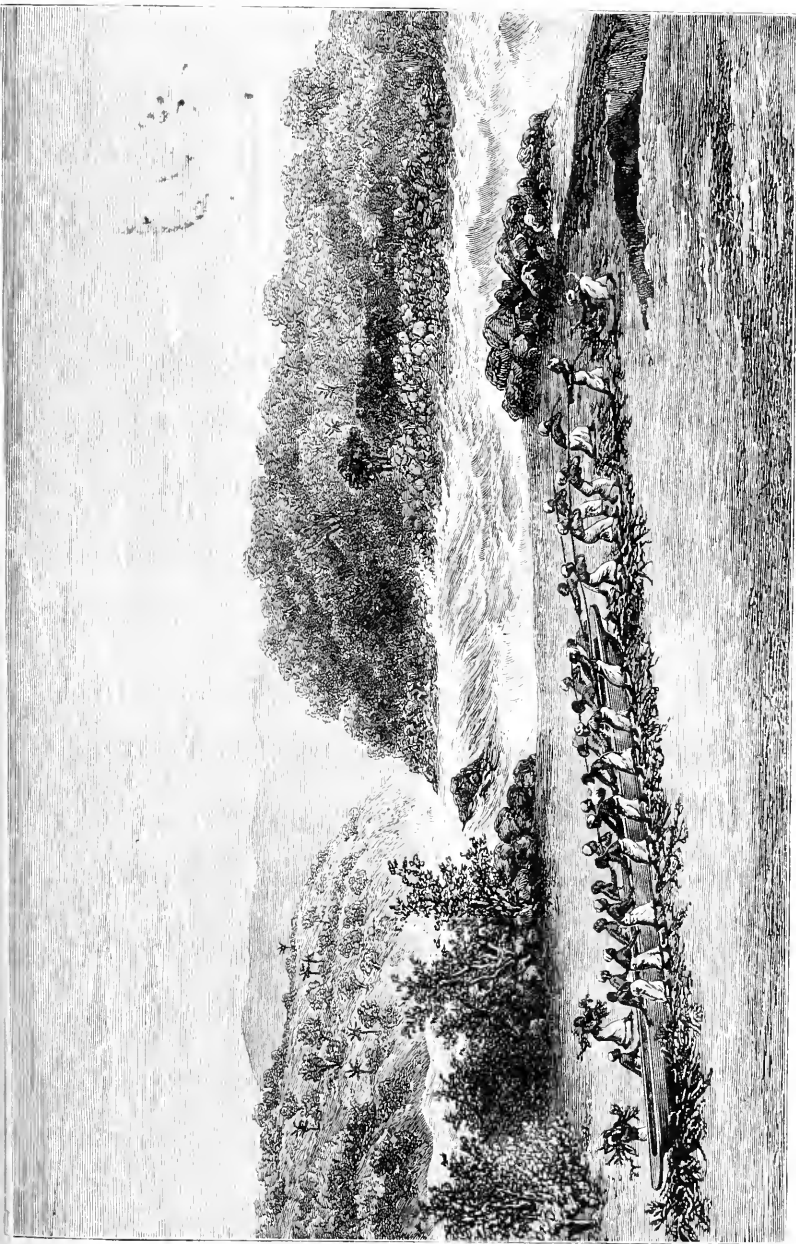
three guns which now remained to us. Including my own guns, we possessed only forty-eight altogether, as Manwa Sera had lost four Sniders in the Ukassa Rapid, and by the capsizing of the two canoes in the tempest, which struck us as we crossed the Livingstone below its confluence with the Lowwa, we had lost four muskets. But more terrible for our enemies than Sniders or muskets was the courage of despair that now nerved every heart and kept cool and resolute every head.

By river the cannibals had but little chance of success, and this the Mwana Ntaba after a very few rounds from our guns discovered; they therefore allied themselves with the Baswa tribe, which during the night had crossed over from its islands, below the first falls. Until 10 A.M. we held our own safely in the camp, but then breaking out of it, we charged on the foe, and until 3 P.M. were incessantly at work. Ten of our men received wounds, and two were killed. To prevent them becoming food for the cannibals, we consigned them to the swift brown flood of the Livingstone.

The Mwana Ntaba and the Baswas at length retired, and though we momentarily expected a visit from them each day, for the next two or three days we were unmolested.

Early on the morning of the 6th I began to explore the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls. I found a small stream about two hundred yards wide, separated by a lateral dyke of igneous rocks from the main stream, which took the boat safely down for a couple of miles. Then presently other dykes appeared, some mere low narrow ridges of rock and others, much larger and producing tall trees, inhabited by the Baswa tribe. Among these islets the left stream rushed down in cascades or foamy sheets, over low terraces, with a fall of from one foot to ten feet. The Baswas, no doubt, have recently fled to these islets to seek refuge from some powerful tribe situated inland west of the river.

The main stream, 900 yards wide, rushed towards the east-north-east, and, after a mile of rapids, tilted itself against a hilly ridge that lay north and south, the





crest of which was probably 300 feet above the river. With my glass, from the fork of a tree twenty feet above the ground, I saw at once that a descent by the right side was an impossibility, as the waves were enormous, and the slope so great that the river's face was all a foam; and that at the base of the hilly ridge which obstructed its course the river seemed piling itself into a watery bank, whence it escaped into a scene of indescribable confusion down to the horror of whirling pools, and a mad confluence of tumbling rushing waters. It was now quite easy to understand why our friends the Kankoré people, in attempting to illustrate the scene at the First Cataract, placed one hand overlapping the other—they meant to say that the water, driven with impetuosity against the hill, rose up and overlapped the constant flow from the steep slope.

I decided, therefore, to go down along the left stream, overland, and, to ascertain the best route, I took eight men with me, leaving five men to guard the boat. Within two hours we had explored the jungle, and “blazed” a path below the falls—a distance of two miles.

Then returning to camp I sent Frank off with a detachment of fifty men with axes, to clear the path, and a musket-armed guard of fifteen men, to be stationed in the woods parallel with the projected land route, and, leaving a guard of twenty men to protect the camp, I myself rowed up river along the left bank, a distance of three miles. Within a bend, a mile above our camp, I discovered a small black-water river, about forty yards wide, issuing from the south-west, which I named Black River, from the colour of its water. Two miles above this, the affluent Lumami, which Livingstone calls “Young’s River,” entered the great stream, by a mouth 600 yards wide, between low banks densely covered with trees. At noon I took an observation of the sun—the declination of which being south gave me a clear water horizon—and ascertained it to be south latitude $0^{\circ} 32' 0''$.

By noon of the 7th, having descended with the

canoes as near as prudence would permit to the first fall of the left stream, we were ready for hauling the canoes overland. A road, fifteen feet in width, had been cut through the tangle of rattan, palms, vines, creepers and brushwood, tolerably straight except where great forest monarchs stood untouched, and whatever brushwood had been cut from the jungle had been laid across the road in thick piles. A rude camp had also been constructed half-way on the river side of the road, into which everything was conveyed. By 8 P.M. we had hauled the canoes over one mile of ground.

The next day while the people were still fresh, we buckled on to the canoes, and by 3 P.M. of the 8th had passed the falls and rapids of the First Cataract, and were afloat in a calm creek between Baswa Island and the left bank !

Not wishing to stay in such a dangerous locality longer than was absolutely necessary, we re-embarked, and descending cautiously down the creek, came in a short time to the great river, with every prospect of a good stretch of serene water. But soon we heard the roar of another cataract, and had to hug the left bank closely. Then we entered other creeks, which wound lazily by jungle-covered islets, and after two miles of meanderings among most dismal islands and banks, emerged in view of the great river, with the cataract's roar sounding solemnly and terribly near. As it was near evening, and our position was extremely unpleasant, we resolved to encamp for the night at an island which lay in mid-stream. Meanwhile, we heard drums and war-horns sounding on the left bank, and though the islanders also responded to them, of the two evils it was preferable to risk an encounter with the people of the island rather than with those of the main, until we could discover our whereabouts. We had no time for consultation, or even thought—the current was swift, and the hoarse roar of the Second Cataract was more sonorous than that of the first, thundering into our affrighted ears that, if we were swept over, destruction, sudden and utter, awaited us.

The islanders were hostilely alert and ready, but, spurred on by our terror of the falls, we drove our vessels straight on to the bank, about 500 feet above the falling water. In fifteen minutes we had formed a rude camp, and enclosed it by a slight brushwood fence, while the islanders, deserting the island, crossed over to their howling, yelling friends on the left bank. In a small village close to our camp we found an old lady, of perhaps sixty-five years of age, who was troubled with a large ulcer in her foot, and had therefore been unable to escape. She was a very decent creature, and we carried her to our camp, where, by dressing her foot, and paying her kind attentions, we succeeded in making her very communicative. But Katembo could understand only very few words of her speech, which proved to me that we were rapidly approaching lands where no dialect that we knew would be available.

We managed to learn, however, that the name of the island was Cheandoah, or Kewandoah, of the Baswa tribe; that the howling savages on the left bank were the renowned Bakumu—cannibals, and most warlike; that the Bakumu used bows and arrows, and were the tribe that had driven the Baswa long ago to seek refuge on these islands. When we asked her the name of the river, she said Lumami was the name of the left branch, and the Lowwa of the right branch. She gave the word Kukeya as indicating the left bank, and Ngyeyeh for the right bank. Waki-biano, she said, was the name of the large island which we had passed when we saw the villages of the Baswa below the first cataract. The words Ubi, or Eybiteri, we understood her to employ for the Falls as being utterly impassable.

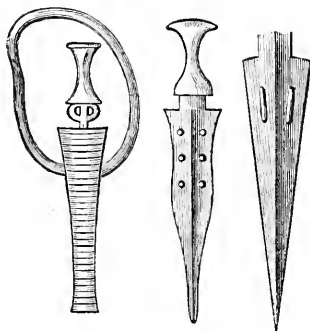
During the morning of the 9th we explored the island of Cheandoah, which was much longer than we at first supposed. It was extremely populous, and contained five villages. We discovered an abundance of spears here and ironware of all kinds used by the natives, such as knives, hammers, hatchets, tweezers, anvils of iron, or, in other words, inverted hammers, borers, hole-burners, fish-hooks, darts, iron rods; all the spears

possessed broad points, and were the first of this style I had seen. Almost all the knives, large and small, were encased in sheaths of wood covered with goat-skin, and ornamented with polished iron bands. They varied in size, from a butcher's cleaver to a lady's dirk,

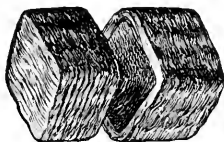


BASWA KNIFE.

from the shoulders. There were also seen here iron bells, like our cow and goat bells, curiously carved whistles, fetishes or idols of wood, uncouth and rudely cut figures of human beings, brightly painted in vermilion, alternating with black ; baskets made of palm



STYLE OF KNIVES.



BASWA BASKET AND COVER.

and belts of undressed goat-skin, of red buffalo or antelope hide, were attached to them for suspension

fibre, large wooden and dark clay pipes, iron rings for arms and legs, numerous treasures of necklaces of the *Achatina monentaria*, the black seeds of a species of plantain, and the crimson berries of the *Abrus precatorius* ; copper, iron, and wooden pellets. The houses were all of the gable-roofed pattern which we had first noticed on the summit of the hills on which Riba-Riba, Manyema, is situate ; the shields of the Baswa were also after the same type.

The vegetation of the island consisted of almost every variety of plant and tree found in this region, and the

banana, plantain, castor-oil, sugar-cane, cassava, and maize flourished ; nor must the oil-palm be forgotten, for there were great jars of its dark-red butter in many houses.

The grand problem now before me was how to steer

clear of the Bakumu savages of the left bank, whose shouts and fierce yells came pealing to our ears, and were heard even above the roar and tremendous crash of the cataract. As I travelled round the island, many desperate ideas suggested themselves to me, and if I had been followed by a hundred practised and daring men it might have been possible to have dragged the canoes the length of the island past the first terrace of the cataract, and, after dashing across to Ntunduru Island, to have dragged them through its jungle and risked the falls by Asama Island; but there were not thirty men in the entire Expedition capable of listening to orders and implicitly obeying instructions.

To the east of Cheandoah the right branch was again forked by another island, and the whole face of the river was wild beyond description, and the din of its furious waves stunning; while the western branch, such was its force, went rushing down a terrace, and then swept round in an extensive whirlpool with a central depression quite eighteen inches below the outer rim. We pushed a rotten and condemned canoe above the fall, watched it shoot down like an arrow, and circle round that terrible whirling pool, and the next instant saw it drawn in by that dreadful suction, and presently ejected stern foremost 30 yards below. Close to the bank were nooks and basin-like formations in the trap rocks, in which every now and again the water became strongly agitated, and receding about twelve inches, would heave upwards with a rushing and gurgling that was awful.

There was only one way to resolve the problem, and that was to meet the Bakumu and dare their worst, and then to drag the canoes through the dense forest on the left bank. Accordingly, we prepared for what we felt assured would be a stubborn contest. At early dawn of the 10th of January, with quick throbbing pulses, we stole up river for about a mile, and then with desperate haste dashed across to the shore, where we became immediately engaged. We floated down to the bend just above the cataract, and there secured our boats and canoes out of the influence of the stream. Leaving

Frank with eight musketeers and sixty axes to form a stockade, I led thirty-six men in a line through the bushes, and drove the united Baswa and Bakumu backward to their villages, the first of which were situated a mile from the river. Here a most determined stand was made by them, for they had piled up heaps of brushwood, and cut down great trees to form defences, leaving only a few men in front. We crept through the jungle on the south side and succeeded in forcing an entrance, and driving them out. We had thus won peace for this day, and retreated to our camp. We then divided the Expedition into two parties, or relays, one to work by night, the other by day, after which I took a picked body of pioneers with axes and guns and cut a narrow path three miles in length, which brought us opposite Ntunduru Island, blazing the trees as a guide, and forming rude camps at intervals of half a mile. Material—dried palm branches and bundles of cane smeared over with gum frankincense—was also brought from the village to form lights for the working parties at night: these were to be fastened at elevated positions on trees to illuminate the jungle.

We were not further disturbed during this day. In the evening Frank began his work with fifty axe-men, and ten men as scouts deployed in the bushes in front of the working parties. Before dawn we were all awakened, and, making a rush with the canoes, succeeded in safely reaching our first camp by 9 A.M. with all canoes and baggage. During the passage of the rearguard the Bakumu made their presence known to us by a startling and sudden outburst of cries; but the scouts immediately replied to them with their rifles, and maintained their position until they were supported by the other armed men, who were now led forward as on the day before. We chased the savages two miles inland, to other villages which we had not hitherto seen, and these also we compelled them to abandon.

In the evening, Frank, who had enjoyed but a short rest during the day, manfully set to work again, and by dawn had prepared another three-quarters of a mile of

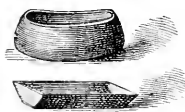
road. At 10 A.M. of the 12th, by another rush forward, we were in our second camp. During this day also there was a slight interchange of hostilities, but, being soon released from the savages, the day party was able to prepare half a mile of good road, which Frank during the night was able to extend to a mile and a quarter. By 5 P.M. of the 13th therefore we were safe in our third camp. Excepting Kachéché and a few men detailed as sentries, we all rested for this night, but in the morning, refreshed from our labours, made the fourth and final rush, and thus, after seventy-eight hours' terrific exertion, succeeded in reaching the welcome river and launching our canoes.

The Bakumu, utterly disheartened by their successive punishments and bad success, left us alone to try our hands at the river, which, though dangerous, promised greater progress than on land. The following two days' accounts of our journey are extracted from my journal:—

*“January 14.—*As soon as we reached the river we began to float the canoes down a two-mile stretch of rapids to a camp opposite the south end of Ntunduru Island. Six canoes were taken safely down by the gallant boat's crew. The seventh canoe was manned by Muscati, Uledi Muscati, and Zaidi, a chief. Muscati, the steersman, lost his presence of mind, and soon upset his canoe in a piece of bad water. Muscati and his friend Uledi swam down the furious stream to Ntunduru Island, whence they were saved by the eighth canoe, manned by stout-hearted Manwa Sera, and Uledi the coxswain of the Lady Alice; but poor Zaidi, the chief, paralysed by the roar of the stream, unfortunately thought his safety was assured by clinging to his canoe, which was soon swept past our new camp, in full view of those who had been deputed with Frank to form it, to what seemed inevitable death. But a kindly Providence (which he has since himself gratefully acknowledged) saved him even on the brink of eternity. The great fall at the north end of Ntunduru Island happens to be disparted by a single pointed rock, and on this the

canoe was driven, and, borne down by the weight of the waters, was soon split in two, one side of which got jammed below, and the other was tilted upward. To this the almost drowned man clung, while perched on the rocky point, with his ankles washed by the stream. To his left, as he faced up-stream, there was a stretch of 50 yards of falling water ; to his right were nearly fifty yards of leaping brown waves, while close behind him the water fell down sheer six to eight feet, through a gap 10 yards wide, between the rocky point on which he was perched and a rocky islet 30 yards long.

“When called to the scene by his weeping friends, from my labours up-river, I could scarcely believe my eyes, or realise the strange chance which placed him



CANOE SCOOPS.

there, and, certainly, a more critical position than the poor fellow was in cannot be imagined. The words ‘there is only a step between me and the grave’ would have been very appropriate coming from him. But the solitary man on that narrow-pointed rock, whose knees were sometimes washed by rising waves, was apparently calmer than any of us ; though we could approach him

within fifty yards he could not hear a word we said ; he could see us, and feel assured that we sympathised with him in his terrible position.

“We then, after collecting our faculties, began to prepare means to save him. After sending men to collect rattans, we formed a cable, by which we attempted to lower a small canoe, but the instant it seemed to reach him the force of the current hurrying to the fall was so great that the cable snapped like pack-thread, and the canoe swept by him like an arrow, and was engulfed, shattered, split, and pounded into fragments. Then we endeavoured to toss towards him poles tied to creepers, but the vagaries of the current and its convulsive heaving made it impossible to reach him with them, while the man dared not move a hand, but



sat silent; watching our futile efforts, while the conviction gradually settled on our minds that his doom, though protracted, was certain.

"Then, after anxious deliberation with myself, I called for another canoe, and lashed to the bow of it a cable—consisting of three one-inch rattans twisted together and strengthened by all the tent ropes. A similar cable was lashed to the side, and a third was fastened to the stern, each of these cables being ninety yards in length. A shorter cable, thirty yards long, was lashed to the stern of the canoe, which was to be guided within reach of him by a man in the canoe.

"Two volunteers were called for. No one would step forward. I offered rewards. Still no one would respond. But when I began to speak to them, asking them how they would like to be in such a position without a single friend offering to assist in saving them, Uledi, the coxswain, came forward and said, 'Enough, master, I will go. Mambu Kwa Mungu'—'My fate is in the hands of God'—and immediately began preparing himself, by binding his loin-cloth firmly about his waist. Then Marzouk, a boat-boy, said, 'Since Uledi goes, I will go too.' Other boat-boys, young Shumari and Saywa, offered their services, but I checked them, and said, 'You surely are not tired of me, are you, that you all wish to die? If all my brave boat-boys are lost, what shall we do?'

"Uledi and his friend Marzouk stepped into the canoe with the air of gladiators, and we applauded them heartily, but enjoined on them to be careful. Then I turned to the crowd on the shore who were manning the cables, and bade them beware of the least carelessness, as the lives of the three young men depended on their attention to the orders that would be given.

"The two young volunteers were requested to paddle across river, so that the stern might be guided by those on shore. The bow and side cables were slackened until the canoe was within twenty yards of the roaring falls, and Uledi endeavoured to guide the cable to Zaidi, but the convulsive heaving of the river swept

the canoe instantly to one side, where it hovered over the steep slope and brown waves of the left branch, from the swirl of which we were compelled to draw it. Five times the attempt was made, but at last, the sixth time, encouraged by the safety of the cables we lowered the canoe until it was within ten yards of Zaidi, and Uledi lifted the short cable and threw it over to him and struck his arm. He had just time to grasp it before he was carried over into the chasm below. For thirty seconds we saw nothing of him, and thought him lost, when his head rose above the edge of the falling waters. Instantly the word was given to 'haul away,' but at the first pull the bow and side cables parted, and the canoe began to glide down the left branch with my two boat-boys on board! The stern cable next parted, and, horrified at the result, we stood muttering 'La il Allah, il Allah,' watching the canoe severed from us drifting to certain destruction, when we suddenly observed it halted. Zaidi in the chasm clinging to his cable was acting as a kedge-anchor, which swept the canoe against the rocky islet. Uledi and Marzouk sprang out of the canoe, and leaning over assisted Zaidi out of the falls, and the three, working with desperate energy, succeeded in securing the canoe on the islet.

"But though we hurraed and were exceedingly rejoiced, their position was still but a short reprieve from death. There were fifty yards of wild waves, and a resistless rush of water, between them and safety, and to the right of them was a fall 300 yards in width, and below was a mile of falls and rapids, and great whirlpools, and waves rising like little hills in the middle of the terrible stream, and below these were the fell cannibals of Wane-Mukwa and Asama.

"How to reach the islet was a question which now perplexed me. We tied a stone to about a hundred yards of whipcord, and after the twentieth attempt they managed to catch it. To the end of the whipcord they tied the tent rope which had parted before, and drawing it to our side we tied the stout rattan creeper, which they drew across taut, and fastened to a rock, by which

we thought we had begun to bridge the stream. But night, drawing nigh, we said to them that we would defer further experiment until morning.

"Meantime the ninth canoe, whose steersman was a supernumerary of the boat, had likewise got upset, and he out of six men was drowned, to our great regret, but the canoe was saved. All other vessels were brought down safely, but so long as my poor faithful Uledi and his friends are on the islet, and still in the arms of death, the night finds us gloomy, sorrowing, and anxious.

"*January 15.*—My first duty this morning was to send greetings to the three brave lads on the islet, and to assure them that they should be saved before they were many hours older. Thirty men with guns were sent to protect thirty other men searching for rattans in the forest, and by nine o'clock we possessed over sixty strong canes, besides other long climbers, and as fast as we were able to twist them together they were



PALM-OIL JAR AND COOLER.

drawn across by Uledi and his friends. Besides, we sent light cables to be lashed round the waist of each man, after which we felt trebly assured that all accidents were guarded against. Then hailing them, I motioned to Uledi to begin, while ten men seized the cable, one end of which he had fastened round his waist. Uledi was seen to lift his hands up to heaven, and waving his hand to us he leapt into the wild flood, seizing the bridge cable as he fell into the depths. Soon he rose, hauling himself hand over hand, the waves brushing his face, and sometimes rising over his head, until it seemed as if he scarcely would be able to breathe, but by jerking his body occasionally upward with a desperate effort, he so managed to survive the waves and to

approach us, where a dozen willing hands were stretched out to snatch the half-smothered man. Zaidi next followed, but after the tremendous proofs he had given of his courage and tenacious hold we did not much fear for his safety, and he also landed, to be warmly congratulated for his double escape from death. Marzouk, the youngest, was the last, and we held our breaths while the gallant boy was struggling out of the fierce grasp of death. While yet midway the pressure of water was so great that he lost his hold of two cables, at which the men screamed in terror lest he should relax his hold altogether from despair, but I shouted harshly to him, 'Pull away, you fool. Be a man,' at which with three hauls he approached within reach of our willing hands, to be embraced and applauded by all. The cheers we gave were so loud and hearty that the cannibal Wane-Mukwa must have known, despite the roar of the waters, that we had passed through a great and thrilling scene."

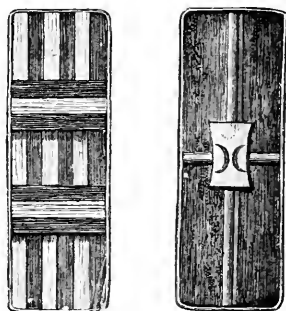
At the northern end of Ntunduru Island four separate branches rushing down from between Cheandoah and its neighbours unite, and their united waters tumble into one huge boiling, heaving cauldron, wherein mounds of water are sometimes lifted upward, and are hurled down several feet with tremendous uproar, along an island between Ntunduru and Asama. The distance is only about a mile and a half, and the breadth is but 500 yards, but it presents one of the wildest water scenes conceivable.

To avoid this terrific locality, it was now necessary to cut a road, nearly three miles in length, to the quiet creek flowing between Asama Island and the left bank. Spurs from inland, like "hogs' backs," which projected into that boiling gulf, compelled us to make detours, which, though they lengthened our toil, rendered the transport of our vessels overland much easier. Minute red ants covered every leaf of the shrubby *Asclepiadæ*, and attacked the pioneers so furiously that their backs were soon blistered, while my scalp smarted, as though wounded with a steel comb. A species of burr-bearing

and tall spear-grass, which covered what formerly must have been inhabited ground, also tormented us. The men, however, on approaching this ground, armed themselves with heavy sticks, and marched steadily in line, beat down the growth before them, thus forming a road, thirty feet in width. By night we were only a few hundred yards from the creek.

In order to prevent the cannibals of Asama Island and the Wané-Mukwa from being aware of our purpose, we returned to our camp opposite Ntunduru Island, and during the 16th and 17th of January were employed in dragging our canoes to the end of the road, perfectly screened from observation by the tall wild grass and shrubs. Though fearfully tired after this steady strain on our energies, an hour before dawn we rose, and, arming ourselves with poles, crushed through the remaining 300 yards of grass by sunrise.

The people of Asama Island soon roused one another with most heroic and stunning crashes on their huge drums, and launched their war-canoes, of which they had a great number, excellently built; but as our existence depended upon our dash, twenty men only were reserved to guard the road, while Frank and Manwa Sera, with the assistance of every other healthy man, woman, and child, hauled the canoes to the landing-place. Though the Asamas made but little resistance to our embarking, they attacked us as soon as we began to move with a frenzy which, had it not been so perilous to our poor hunted selves, I might have heartily applauded. I had recourse to a little strategy. Manwa Sera was told to loiter behind with one-half of the canoes and land his party on the island above, while I made a bold push at the savages and landed below. We in the advance at once charged on the war-canoes, shouting and drumming, and making



ITUKA SHIELDS.

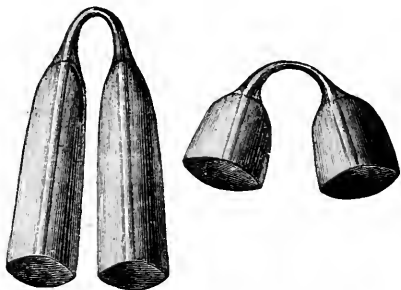
up in noise what we lacked in numbers, and having descended a mile, suddenly made for the island at a low landing-place, and while the savages were confused at this manœuvre I detached twenty men and sent them up to meet Manwa Sera and his party, and in a short time they had captured two villages, with all the non-combatant inhabitants, besides a large herd of goats and sheep. When these were brought to the landing-place where the war-canoes were still engaged with us, they were shown to the warriors, and out of sheer surprise hostilities ceased, and the war-canoes retired to the left bank of the stream to consider what they should do. Meantime Katembo was industrious in making himself understood by the women, and we made great progress in calming their fears, but we did not quite succeed until I opened a bag of shells, and distributed a few to each person with appropriate soothing tones. The Asamas opposite, though still sullen in their canoes, were not disinterested spectators of what was transpiring, and they were soon communicating with their relatives and children, asking what we were doing. While my people were busy surrounding the landing-place with a brushwood fence, the negotiations for peace and goodwill proceeded. At noon a canoe with two men cautiously approached us, and while it was still hesitating to comply with our request to come alongside, one of my boat-boys dexterously grasped it and brought it near, while the word "Sennenneh" was loudly repeated. Into this as a beginning we put six women, three children, and some goats, and shoved it off towards the cannibal warriors, who could scarcely believe their senses until the canoe was safe in their hands. Then it seemed as though their sullenness was conquered, for presently five men and a chief approached, who likewise, receiving presents of shells and a few pieces of cloth, entered zealously into the strangely formed compact of peace, and sealed it by permitting themselves to be inoculated with the blood of the Wangwana in small incisions made in the arms. Every captive, every goat and fowl was religiously sur-

rendered, while shouts of applause from both parties rent the air.

It could not be expected, of course, that they should feel at once like old friends after the fury of the early morning, but sunset found some dozens of men in our camp, without arms in their hands, responding as well as they were able to our numerous queries about the geography of the country. Our people also traversed the southern end of the island with perfect confidence, and neither side had cause to regret having become friends.

Human skulls ornamented the village streets of the island, while a great many thigh-bones and ribs and vertebræ lay piled at a garbage corner, bleached witnesses of their hideous carnivorous tastes.

Like the Waregga, the Asama wore caps of lemur, monkey, otter, goat, red buffalo and antelope skin, with long strips of fur or the tails dropped behind. Palms, bananas, cassava, red pepper, maize, and sugar-cane flour-



DOUBLE IRON BELLS USED IN URANGI.

ished; their houses were large, though not so neat as those at Vinya-Njara. Fish-nets and baskets lay scattered around in abundance, while great bundles of iron and wooden spears proved that the Asamas were as warlike as they were industrious.

The islanders were not ungrateful, for they supplied us, by order of the chief, with sufficient bananas to settle our canoes deeply in the water, which proved that, provided one were well able to defend oneself, and were his superior in force, even a cannibal could show that he was possessed of human qualities.

On the 19th we resumed our voyage, gliding down the stream that flowed between Asama Island and the left bank. The river's course had continued a (magnetic)

north-north-easterly course ever since we had left the confluence of the Leopold with the Livingstone, which caused serious doubts in my mind for a time as to whether my boiling-points might not be in error. It certainly caused me to believe that Livingstone's hypothesis is correct after all, though the great river itself, by its vast magnitude, breadth, and depth, was a decided protest against such a proposition.

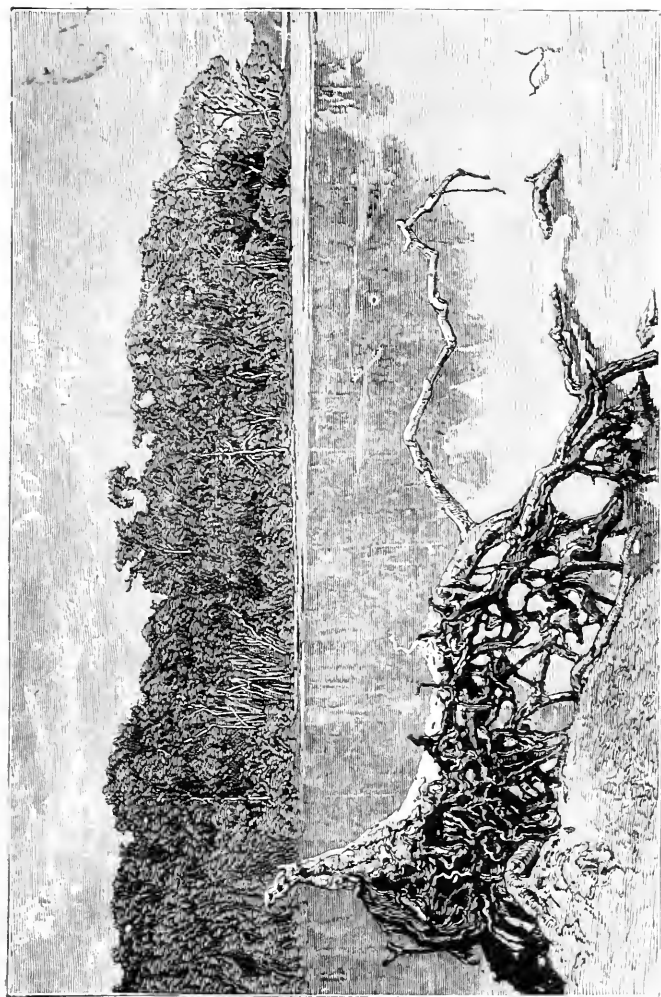
At the foot of the Fifth Cataract, which fell at the south end of Asama Island, the altitude of the river was about 1630 feet above the ocean—after Kew corrections—and we were in about south latitude $0^{\circ} 23' 0''$, just 270 geographical miles south of where the Nile was known to have an altitude of 1525 feet above the sea. The river, at a stage where I expected to see it at least incline to the west, ran due north-north-east.

Four soundings were obtained during the forenoon of the 19th, 33 feet, 40 feet, 47 feet, and 41 feet respectively, where the left branch flowed at the rate of about two knots an hour past Asama.

The left bank rose from the low swampy level to beautiful bluffs, 60, 80, and 100 feet high, garnished with a magnificent forest of tall trees, amid which were frequently seen the Elais, wild date, and Hyphene palms.

North of Asama the river widened to the stately breadth of 2000 yards. On the right were the Wané-Mpungu and the Wané-Kipanga tribes, but I was told by one of the Asama islanders that they were inland people of Uregga. I have been struck with the similarity of some of these names with those given me by Rumanika of Karagwé. For instance, one of the native names—Mikonju—of the Leopold River. Might not the man who gave us the information have intended it for a tribe called Wakonju—people of Ukonju—who, according to Rumanika, were cannibals, and occupied a country west of Muta-Nzigé? The "Wané-Mpungu" has a remarkable resemblance to the Mpundu, described by the same authority.

In about south latitude $14'$ we discovered a small





river forty yards wide at the mouth entering the Livingstone from the left bank, nearly opposite Kyya Kamba Island.

In the afternoon we passed several old settlements, which were probably abandoned because of the Wakumu, who are the great dread of this section on both banks. One of these old settlements is called Kyyo Kaba. Just below on the right bank, opposite Kanjebé Islands, is Aruko country, a district of Uregga, and on the left is Wandeiba, separated from Kyyo Kaba by a small sluggish creek twenty yards wide.

We camped on the night of the 19th on the right bank in what we believed to be a market-place. The green was inviting, the trees were patriarchal, the forest at the hour approaching sunset was lonely, and we flattered ourselves that before the next sun was sufficiently high to cause the natives to appear at the market-place, we should have departed. I also flattered myself that I was tolerably well acquainted with the arts of savages, but my astonishment was very great to find myself but a novice after all. for in the morning one of my people came to inform me, with a grave face, that we were netted.

"Netted!" I said. "What do you mean?"

"True, master; there is a tall high net round the camp from above to below, and the net is made of cord."

"Ah, if there is a net, there must be men behind waiting to spear the game."

I called Manwa Sera, and gave him thirty men, ordering him to pull up river half a mile or so, and after penetrating into the woods behind our camp, to lie in wait near some path which led to the market-place on which we were encamped. After waiting an hour to give the men time, we blew a loud blast on the horn as a signal, and sent four men with shields to cut the net, while ten men with guns, and thirty men with spears, stood by ready to observe what happened. While the net was being cut, four or five heavy spears came hurtling from the bushes. We fired at random

into the bushes, and made a rush forward, and saw several forms run swiftly away from the vicinity of the camp. Soon I heard a few of my men utter sharp screams, and saw them hop away, with blood streaming from their feet, while they cried, "Keep away from the path! Get away from the road."

Upon examining the paths we discovered that each bristled with sharp-pointed splinters of the *Pennisetum* reed-cane which had pierced the men's feet to the bone. However, the ambushade had been very successful, and had captured eight of the Wané-Mpungu without an accident or the firing of a shot. The savages were not unpleasant to look at, though the prejudices of our people made them declare that they smelled the flesh of dead men when they caught hold of their legs and upset them in the road! Each man's upper row of teeth was filed, and on their foreheads were two curved rows of tattoo-marks; the temples were also punctured.

Katambo questioned them, and they confessed that they lay in wait for man-meat. They informed us that the people inland were Waregga, but that the Wakumu, coming from the eastward, were constantly in the habit of fighting the Waregga; that the Waregga were black, like the Wané-Mpungu, but that the Bakumu were light-complexioned, like a light-coloured native of Zanzibar whom they pointed to. The captives also declared that their village was an hour's journey from the camp, that they ate old men and old women, as well as every stranger captured in the woods. Our three asses seemed to awe them greatly, and when one of them was led up to the asses he begged so imploringly that we would be merciful that we relented. We obtained considerable amusement from them; but at 9 A.M. we embarked them in our canoes to show us the falls, which they said we should meet after four hours' journey.

We struck across river to the left bank, which was high and steep. An hour afterwards we saw rounded hills on both banks approaching each other; but our guides said there was no danger at Kabombo, as they

were called. Still hugging the left bank, we presently came to a curious cavern in a smooth water-worn porphyry rock, which penetrated about a hundred feet within. At first I thought it to be the work of human hands, but examination of it proved that in old times there had extended a ledge of this porphyry rock nearly across river, and that this cavern had been formed by whirling eddies. At the farther end there are three modes of exit to the high ground above. Some natives had scrawled fantastic designs, squares and cones, on the smooth face of the rock, and, following their example, I printed as high as I could reach the title of our Expedition and date of discovery, which will no doubt be religiously preserved by the natives as a memento of the white man and his people who escaped being eaten while passing through their country.

Two miles below we came to some rocky straits and the ten islets of Kabombo. The current ran through these at the rate of about five knots an hour, but, excepting a few eddies, there was nothing to render the passage difficult. Down to this point the course of the great river had been north-east, north-north-east, and east-north-east, but below it sheered to north. On our right now began the large country of Koruru, and on our left Yambarri.*

We descended rapidly for two miles down the river, here about 2000 yards wide, after which the hoarse murmur of falls was again heard. Our cannibal guides warned us not to venture near the left bank, and, relying on their information, we approached the Sixth Cataract along the right bank, and camped not 400 yards from an island densely inhabited by a tribe of the Waregga called Wana-Rukura.

We here released our cannibal guides, and surrendered their weapons to them. They availed themselves of their liberty by instantly running along the river bank up the river. We were not long left unmolested in our

* Colonel Long, of the Egyptian army, on his way to the Nyam-Nyam country, in 1874, met with a tribe called the Yanbari, in about 5° north latitude.

jungle camp, for while we were still engaged in constructing a stockade, war-cries, horns, and drums announced the approach of the ever-fierce aborigines; and in a short time we were hotly engaged. In an hour we had driven them away. Following them up rapidly a little distance we came to a large village, where we discovered three or four women well advanced in years, and, in order to obtain information of the country and its inhabitants, conveyed them to camp, where we began to practise such arts of conciliation and kindness as calm and soothe the fears of excited captives, and which had been so successful up river.

We had hardly returned to camp before a larger force—the inhabitants of the islands—appeared in head-dresses of parrot-feathers, and skull-caps of civet, squirrel, goat, and “soko,” and with a bold confidence born of ignorance made a rush upon the stockade. The attack was promptly repelled, and in turn we attacked, driving the savages back step by step, and following them to a creek about fifty yards wide, into which they sprang to swim to their island. Two of the wounded warriors we caught and conveyed to our camp, where their wounds were dressed, and other attentions paid to them, which were much appreciated by them.

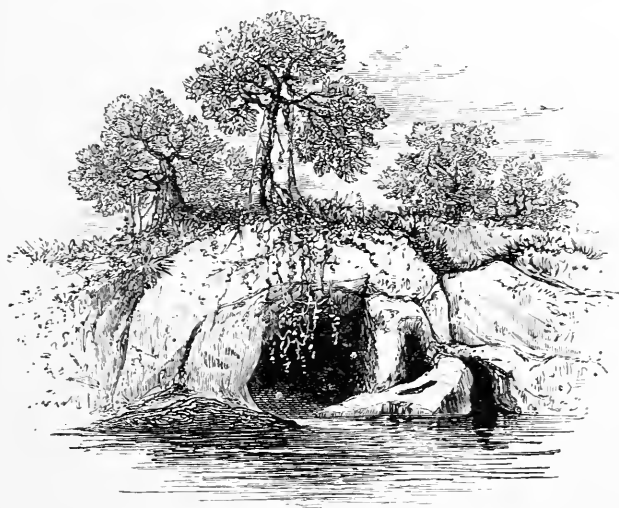
The pioneers were during the afternoon engaged in cutting a broad road to the creek past the first fall, and by sunset our canoes and boat were dragged out of the river into the stockade, ready for transport overland.

The morning of the 20th was occupied in hauling our vessels into the creek, which the flying Waregga islanders had first shown to us, and, by desperate labour, the whole Expedition was able to move from the right bank across the creek to the island.

During the night the Wana-Rukura had abandoned the large island at its northern end, and thus we were left happily undisturbed in our occupation of it to obtain a few hours' deserved rest.

The Sixth Cataract is caused by a broad dyke of greenish shale, projecting from the base of the tall bluffs on the left bank of the river. Being of many thin

strata, the current has succeeded in quarrying frequent gaps through it, one of which on the left side, where the current is greatest, and the scene of raging waters wildest, is very deep and wide. Nearer the right bank the cataract has more the aspect of furious rapids; and a narrow branch has been formed between the numerous Wana-Rukura islets and the right bank, which drops over a dozen low terraces from 6 inches to 2 feet, and a series of shallow rapids for a distance of six miles, when it has reached the level of the main river below the



CAVERN NEAR KABOMBO ISLANDS.

Sixth Cataract. By noon of the 23rd we had succeeded in clearing this cataract without loss of life or serious accident.

We were very patient with our captives, and succeeded in inducing them to be communicative, but unhappily we understood but little of what they so volubly imparted to us. But what we did learn was interesting.

They had heard of Ruanda, and indicated for it an east-north-east direction; and also of the Wakombeh, or Wabembé, cannibals, who occupy the country between

Goma and Uvira, and most certainly a large tract north-north-west from Tanganika. The Bakumu were the tribe that had first attacked us, of which the four middle-aged females from the village of Wati-Kytzya were representatives. They were much lighter-coloured than the Wana-Rukura islanders. I feel convinced that these Bakumu must be a branch of the Wanya-Ruanda, for they have a great many of those facial Ethiopic characteristics which elevate that great nation above the ordinary negroid type. Ukumu is said to extend very far to the east, and must therefore lie between Northern and Southern Uregga. The king is said to be called Sarindi, and his village was pointed out as being east. The negative "Nangu," which the women employed, is the same as that used by the natives of Ruanda, Unyoro, Usongora, Uzungora, Wanyambu, Watusi, and Wakerewé.

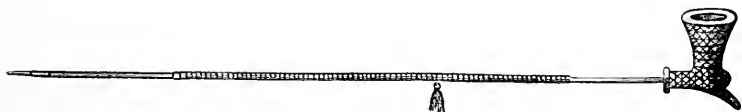
"Ubingi" signified rapid river with the Waregga, Bakumu, and Baswa tribes; and "Chare-reh" means the gentle flow of water. The word "Mavira" with the Waregga is used to denote rocks; while the Bakumu, Baswa, Southern Waregga, Wabwiré, and Wenya employ the word "Matari."

Two miles below the Sixth Cataract of the Stanley Falls we came to a bit of bad water; but, after successfully passing it, we halted an hour on the right bank to discharge the captives who belonged to the Wana-Rukura tribe and the Bakumu. The two wounded warriors had behaved very patiently during their four days' stay with us, and were progressing favourably. Meanwhile we had employed every leisure hour in endeavouring to master the rudiments of their language, and I had obtained a list of nearly two hundred words from them, with which, if the people below spoke it, we might be able to communicate a little with them.

At noon of January 20, we landed on the first island of the Wana-Rukura, and found the south latitude, by solar observation, $0^{\circ} 2' 0''$. Noon of the 23rd, having meanwhile passed the Sixth Cataract, we found ourselves four miles north of the Equator by observation.

Three miles below the rapids we passed a small river about thirty yards wide entering the Livingstone between high banks, and soon after the right and left bank, rising up to hills, approached each other within seven hundred yards, and there seemed every prospect of another cataract. As we rushed through the straits, I dropped the lead with twenty fathoms of line into the river, but found no bottom, but I could not repeat the experiment, as the rapidity of the current compelled me to be mindful of my course, and everybody in the canoes was trusting to my guidance.

At ten miles north of the Equator, below the straits, we crossed to the left bank, and occupied the village of Utikera, the sole inhabitant remaining being one very reserved old man. Utikera is situated opposite the three rocky islands of Mikuna. I suspect this settle-



THE KING'S GREAT PIPE.

ment was abandoned because of some war that had taken place between them and some more powerful tribes down river, for according to all appearance the people must have left several days previously. Indeed the old man as much as indicated this, though we were not certain that we understood him. The village was large, and constructed after the pattern of those up-river already described.

On the 24th we halted to repair the boat and canoes, and the next day resumed our journey. The course of the Livingstone from the Sixth Cataract to the straits near Utikera had been north-north-west; it now ran north-west by west, with a breadth of 2000 yards. We preferred the right bank again, and soon entered a deep branch between a long and exceedingly picturesque island and a low shore, edged with mangrove brushwood. When about halfway, we heard the hoarse

rumble of rapids on the left branch, but the right was undisturbed. The island we discovered to be about ten miles in length, and soon after passing three small islands the roar of the seventh and last cataract of the Stanley Falls burst upon our ears with a tremendous crash.

It was soon evident that the vicinity of the last fall was as thickly-peopled as any of the Stanley series, for the sonorous boom of the great war-drums was soon heard mustering every stray and loitering fisherman from the creeks, and every hunter from the woods that clothed the bank, to the war. While I wondered at the senseless hate and ferocity which appeared to animate these primitive aborigines, we were compelled to adopt speedy measures for defence and security; for these people, if confident in numbers, do not require much time to snatch up their spears and shields and rush to the fight. Accordingly, dropping down as near to the first line of broken water as prudence would permit me, we seized upon a position in the dense forest, and, posting the riflemen in a crescent form in our front, busied ourselves as usual with axes in heaping up a high and dense wall of brushwood for our protection. By the time this had been completed, the Wenya were on us with a determined impetuosity that would have been fatal to us had we been taken unprepared. Again and again they tried to break through the concealed musketeers, but they were utterly unable to pierce within view of our camp. The loud notes of their war-horns, of which they seemed to possess an unusual number, rang through the forest with wailing notes, and the great drums at the numerous villages which commanded the narrows through which the great river precipitated itself, responded with energy to the signals transmitted to them.

At sunset they abandoned the unavailing assault, and, to guard against any nocturnal surprise, we piled up more brushwood, and drew the boat and canoes out of the water on land. I resolved to make a bold stroke early next morning, and by appearing in front of their

villages before cockcrow, to occupy some place near the falls which would enable Frank and a few of the chiefs to begin transporting the vessels overland, and to continue the work even though we might be actively engaged by the Wenya.

At 5 A.M. I led thirty-five men from the camp, and after a desperate struggle through the tangled jungle emerged near the place where the right bank swept round to the straits, over and above which a large number of villages were situated. A shallow branch, 40 yards wide, supplied by thin streams of water that poured down a dyke of loose rocks 20 feet high from the great river, separated the right bank from the point occupied by the settlements. During the wet months it was evident that this dyke must be washed by a furious cataract, and that the right branch is then almost impassable, and it is for this reason probably that the locality was chosen by the Wenya. At this season, however, we crossed over to the inhabited island without trouble, and resolved to guard the approach to this branch. From our camp to this point there was not the slightest danger to fear from the river; and Ulèdi and his boat-mates were therefore signalled to bring the boat and canoes near to the dyke.

After waiting until 9 A.M. for the islanders to begin their attack, I sent a few scouts through the brushwood to ascertain what the Wenya were doing, and within an hour they returned to say that nothing could be heard of them. Moving forwards by the path, we discovered to our good fortune that the people had abandoned the island apparently. The extent of the villages proved them to be a populous community, and the manner in which they were arranged gave them an appearance resembling a town on the Upper Nile. Each village, however, was distinct from the next, though only short distances separated them, and each possessed four or five streets 30 feet wide, running in parallel lines, with cross alleys leading from one side of the village to the other. The entire population of this town or cluster of villages might be moderately estimated at 6000. On the oppo-

site side was another large community, whose inhabitants manned every rock to gaze at us in perfect security, for, since they could not hurt us, we certainly entertained no designs against them.

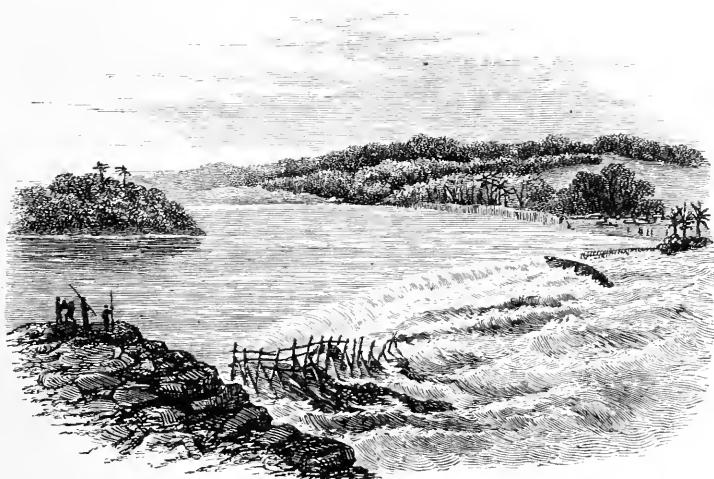
The Livingstone from the right bank across the island to the left bank is about 1300 yards broad, of which width 40 yards is occupied by the right branch, 760 yards by the island of the Wenya, 500 yards by the great river. Contracted to this narrow space, between the rocky and perpendicular bluffs of the island and the steep banks opposite, the uproar, as may be imagined, is very great. As the calm river, which is 1300 yards wide one mile above the falls, becomes narrowed, the current quickens, and rushes with resistless speed for a few hundred yards, and then falls about 10 feet into a boiling and tumultuous gulf, wherein are lines of brown waves 6 feet high leaping with terrific bounds, and hurling themselves against each other in dreadful fury.

Until I realized the extent of the volume that was here precipitated, I could hardly believe that it was indeed a vast river that was passing before me through this narrowed channel. I have seen many waterfalls during my travels in various parts of the world, but here was a stupendous river flung in full volume over a waterfall only 500 yards across. The river at the last cataract of the Stanley Falls does not merely *fall*: it is precipitated downwards. The Ripon Falls at the Victoria Lake outlet, compared to this swift descent and furious on-rush, were languid. The Victoria Nile, as it swept down the steep declivity of its bed towards Unyoro, is very pretty, picturesque, even a sufficiently exciting scene; but the Livingstone, with over ten times the volume of the Victoria Nile, though only occupying the same breadth of bed, conveys to the sense the character of irresistible force, and unites great depth with a tumultuous rush.

A solar observation taken opposite the last of the Stanley Falls proved the latitude to be north $0^{\circ} 15' 0''$, or seventeen miles north of the first broken water of the Sixth Cataract; and a few miles below the falls, on the

28th of January, we obtained north latitude $0^{\circ} 20' 0''$. By boiling point I ascertained that the declination was nearly 120 feet in these twenty-two miles, the altitude above sea at the Seventh Cataract being 1511 feet. As there are only seven miles really occupied by the Sixth and Seventh Cataracts, the intermediate fifteen miles being calm flowing water, we may not be far wrong in giving the slope of the river at the two falls a declination of seventeen feet to the mile.

The rocky point of the left bank was formerly connected with the rocky island of the Wenya by a ridge,



SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

which appears to have fallen southward, judging from the diagonal strata, but since that period the river has worn down this obstruction, and the cataract is now about three hundred yards south-east of the straits, pounding away at the ledge with the whole of its force.

A glance at the sketch of the Seventh Cataract of the Stanley Falls shows a line of tall poles planted below the falls, which assist us not only to form some estimate of the depth of the water, but also of the industry of the Wenya. A space of about 300 yards, in the middle of the falls, is unapproachable, but to a distance of 100

yards on each side, by taking advantage of the rocks, the natives have been enabled to fix upright heavy poles, six inches in diameter, to each of which they attach enormous fish-baskets by means of rattan-cane cables. There are probably sixty or seventy baskets laid in the river on each side, every day; and though some may be brought up empty, in general they seem to be tolerably successful, for out of half-a-dozen baskets that my boatmen brought up next day for examination, twenty-eight large fish were collected, one of which—a pike—was forty inches long, twenty-four inches round the body, and weighed seventeen pounds.

Higher up the river we had also been accustomed to see piles of oysters and mussel-shells along the banks, especially while passing the lands of the Upper Wenya, between Rukombeh's landing near Ukusu and the First Cataract of Stanley Falls. These, in some instances, might be taken as the only remaining traces of departed generations of Wenya, settled here when, through internecine troubles, they had been ejected from some more favoured locality.

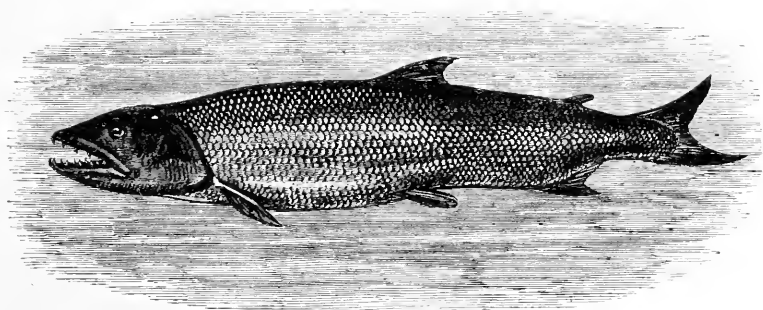
The Wenya of the Seventh Cataract struck me as being not only more industrious than the aboriginal Baswas, but also more inventive than any we had yet seen, for in their villages we discovered square wooden chests, as large as an ordinary portmanteau, wherein their treasures of beads and berries, large oyster and mussel-shells, were preserved. The paddles were beautiful specimens, made out of wood very much resembling mahogany; a vast quantity of half-inch cord made out of Hyphene palm and banana-fibre was also discovered. In almost every house, also, there were one or more ten-gallon earthenware jars filled with palm-butter, while ivory seemed to be a drug, for we found three large tusks entirely rotten and useless, besides numbers of ivory war-horns, and ivory pestles for pounding cassava into flour.

After building another camp above the creek-like branch near the right bank, we availed ourselves of some of the numerous piles of poles which the Wenya had

cut for sinking in the river to lay a roadway over the rocks, from the level of the great river down to the lower level of the creek, and by night the boat and canoes were in the water and out of danger.

The next day, while descending this creek, we were attacked both from front and rear, and almost the whole of the afternoon we were occupied in defending a rude camp we had hastily thrown up, while our non-combatants lay sheltered by a high bank and our canoes. Towards sunset the savages retired.

On the morning of the 28th we resumed our labours



PIKE, STANLEY FALLS.

with greater energy, and by 10 A.M. we were clear of the last of the Stanley Falls, thus closing a series of desperate labours, which had occupied us from the 6th of January, a period of twenty-two days, during the nights and days of which we had been beset by the perverse cannibals and insensate savages who had made the islands amid the cataracts their fastnesses, and now—

“Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o’ertake;
For hope is but the dream of those that wake.
But looking back we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which, were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again.”

CHAPTER XVII.

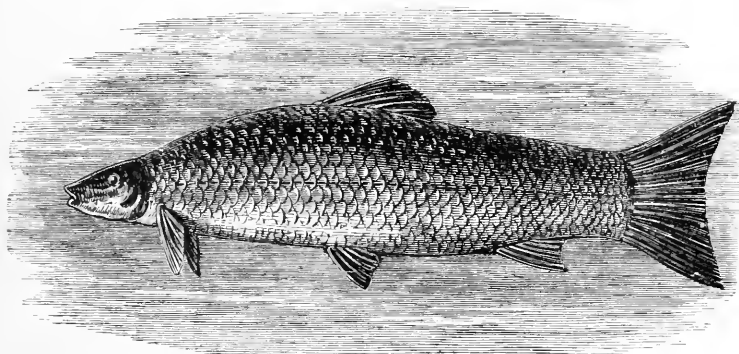
-DEATH OF FRANK POCKOCK.

THE momentous voyage went on, amid fighting and starvation, though now and again friendly tribes were met with. By this time, of Stanley's three white companions only Frank Pocock was left. The great bend of the middle river had been passed, and the famous Stanley Pool navigated. The Expedition had got among the cataracts of the lower river in June, 1877.

The fatal 3rd of June found us refreshed after our halt of seven days, and prepared to leave Mowa to proceed to Zinga, there to establish a new camp above its great cataract, while the canoes should be leisurely taken down with such caution as circumstances demanded. Kachéché and Wadi Rehani, the store-keeper, who, in the absence of Frank, were deputed to look after the land party, mustered their following at break of day, which consisted of such invalids as were able to travel by land, the women and children, and sixty men carrying the stores, tents, and equipments of the Expedition.

Meanwhile, it was my duty to endeavour to reach Zinga—only two miles off by river, while the circuitous route by land was fully three miles—in advance of the land party, in order to prepare the aborigines for the reception of the Expedition. As I set out from Mowa Cove, Frank crawled on hands and knees to a rock overlooking the river to watch us depart, and the same feeling attracted Manwa Sera and the natives to the spot. Clinging close to the rock-lined shore, we rowed out of the cove, in full view of the river and all its terrors. For three-fourths of a mile to our left the river stormed down with long lines of brown billows. Arriving at Massessé Point, or the neck of the walled channel which

separates Pocock Basin below from Mowa Basin. the river relaxed its downward current, and discharged fully a sixth of its volume to the right, which, flowing against the sharp edges and projections of the Mowa cliffs, raised many a line of low waves, and rolling towards us obliged us to hug the cliffs and take to our cables. But the base of the cliffs in many places afforded no means of foothold, and, after a long and patient attempt at passing those sharp angles, we were compelled to abandon it and endeavour to breast the strong current of the eddy with our oars. While, however, there was a strong current running against the base of the Mowa cliffs and washing



FISH, SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

28 inches long ; 16 inches round body ; round snout ; no teeth ; broad tail ; large scales ; colour, pale brown.

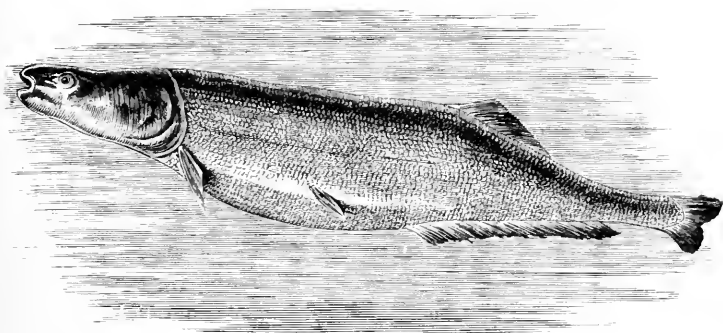
its boulders, there was also a slope towards the vicinity of the giant billows discharged from the cataract ; and though we strenuously strove to keep midway between the cliffs and the torrent-like career of the stream to the left, it became evident to us that we were perceptibly approaching it. Then a wild thought flashed across my mind that it would be better to edge along with it than to contend against the eddy with our heavy, leaky boat, and we permitted ourselves to be carried near its vicinity with that intention ; but on nearing the rushing stream we observed in time that this was madness, for a line of whirlpools constantly plays between the

eddy and the down stream, caused by the shock of the opposing currents. The down stream is raised like a ridge, its crest marked by ever-leaping waves, shedding a great volume over its flanks, which comes rushing to meet that which is ejected by the eddy. The meeting of these two forces causes one to overlap the other, and in the conflict one advances or recedes continually, and the baffled volumes create vortices, around which are wheeling bodies of water of great velocity, until the cavities are filled, when the whole becomes replaced by watery masses rising like mounds. Every minute in endless and rapid succession these scenes transpire. Such a one commenced before our terrified eyes. A whirlpool had ceased revolving for a brief moment, and in its place there rose one of those mounds whose rising volumes and horrid noise inspired the desire to flee the scene. Fearing we should be unable to escape, I doffed coat, shoes, and belt, and motioning to Uledi to keep off, I shouted to the boat's crew to do their best or die. Even had my actions not been sufficiently significant of our dangerous position, the stunning uproar would have informed them that we had been rash to approach the terrible scene. Therefore, following the upheaved and ejected waters, we retreated from the aqueous mound, for in its sudden subsidence lay danger, but were halted on the verge of the fatal pit which had now begun to replace the mound, and which angrily yawned behind the stern of our boat. Desperately we rowed, happily maintaining our position until a second convulsion occurred, by the efflux of which we finally escaped.

The boat was by this time half full of water. Our repairs were found to have been utterly insufficient, and we resolved therefore upon returning to camp to renew the attempt in the new *Jason*, as its swiftness would enable us to force our way against the current of the eddy, and reach Massassa. When we returned to Mowa it was ten o'clock, and the boat-boys were fatigued with their desperate exertions, and, probably unwilling to risk the terrors of the river without fortifying themselves, had scattered to search for food. But unable to control my

anxiety about the reception of the Expedition by the Zinga chiefs, I concluded that, in the absence of Frank, it would be unwise to delay appearing at the new camp and secure their goodwill while we should be engaged with the passage of the several falls.

I accordingly delivered my instructions to Manwa Sera, who had always shown himself a trustworthy man, saying, "When the boat's crew have returned, give them that best light canoe—the *Jason*; tie ropes along the sides, with strong cables at each end. Tell them to keep close to the Mowa side, and pick their way carefully down river, until they come to Massassa. On arriving there



FISH, STANLEY FALLS.

Fine scales; weight, 23 lbs.; thick broad snout; 26 small teeth in upper jaw, 23 teeth in lower jaw; broad tongue; head, 11 inches long.

Uledi will be able to judge whether it can be passed in a canoe, or whether we shall have to take the canoes over the rocks. Above all things tell him to be careful, and not to play with the river."

Turning to Frank, I told him I should hurry to Zinga, and after arranging with the chiefs would send him his breakfast and hammock; and if I found the men still there I would detail six to carry him: if the men were not there he might, upon the arrival of the hammock, take the first men he saw, and follow me overland.

It was high noon when I arrived at our new camp, which was constructed on Zinga Point, about a hundred feet above the great cataract. There were four kings

present, and hundreds of natives, all curious to view the Mundelé. Though somewhat noisy in their greetings, we were soon on an amicable footing, especially when a young fellow named Lazala began to ask me if I were "Ingiliz, Francees, Dytche, or Portigase." Lazala further named many seaport towns he had visited, and discharged his knowledge of the manners and customs of the whites by the sea with a refreshing volubility. The great waves along the sea-beach he described in a characteristic manner as being "Mputu, putu-putu, just like the big waves of Zinga!" Whereupon a fast and sure friendship was soon established, which was never broken.

At 1 P.M., breakfast was despatched to Frank, through Majwara, Benni, and Kassim, and men were sent with a net-hammock.

The Zinga kings and most of their people had ascended to their homes above, on the plateau; and in my camp there were about fourteen able-bodied men besides the sick and women. And about three o'clock I took my seat on a high rock above the falls, to watch for Uledi, as from the Zinga Point with a field-glass I was enabled to view the river across Bolo-bolo basin, both Massassa Falls and Massessé Rapids, and nearly up to the Upper Mowa Falls. I was not long in my position before I observed something long and dark rolling and tumbling about in the fierce waves of Massassa. It was a capsized canoe, and I detected the forms of several men clinging to it.

I instantly despatched Kachéché, Wadi Rehani, and ten men, with cane-ropes, to take position in the bight in Bolo-bolo, near which I knew, by the direction of the waves, the current would carry them before sweeping them down towards Zinga. Meanwhile I watched the wrecked men as they floated through the basin. I saw them struggling to right the canoe. I saw them lift themselves on the keel, and paddling for dear life towards shore, to avoid the terrible cataract of Zinga. Finally, as they approached the land, I saw them leap from the wreck into the river, and swim ashore, and presently the unfortunate *Jason*, which they had but a moment before abandoned, swept by me with the speed of an arrow, and

over the cataract, into the great waves and the soundless depths of whirlpools, and so away out of sight.

Bad news travels fast. Kachéché, breathless with haste and livid with horror, announced that out of the eleven men who had embarked in the canoe at Mowa, eight only were saved.

“Three are lost!—and—one of them is the little master!”

“The little master, Kachéché?” I gasped. “Surely not the little master?”

“Yes, he is lost, master!”

“But how came he in the canoe?” I asked, turning to Uledi and his dripping comrades, who had now come up, and were still brown-faced with their late terrors. “Speak, Uledi, how came he—a cripple—to venture into the canoe?”

In response to many and searching questions, I obtained the following account.

As Uledi and his comrades were about to push off, Frank had crawled up near the river, and bade them stop and place him in. Uledi expostulated with him, upon the ground that I had not mentioned anything about taking him, and Manwa Sera, in charge of the canoes, hurried up and coaxingly tried to persuade him not to venture, as the river was bad; but he repelled them with all a sick man's impatience, and compelled the crew to lift him into the canoe. The *Jason*, being swift and well-manned, was propelled against the eddy with ease, and in half an hour it was racing over the small rapids of Massessé down river. As they approached Massassa, which was only a mile below Massessé, the booming of the cataract made Uledi anxious not to venture too near, until he had viewed the falls, and for that purpose, with Frank's permission, he skirted the intermediate cliffs, until they came to a little cove just above the Massassa, where the crew held on to the rocks. Uledi soon climbed upward, and proceeded to the rocks overhanging the fall, where he was enabled to view the extent of the danger at a glance. After only a few minutes' absence, he returned to Frank, who was still

seated in the bottom of the canoe, and addressing him, said :—

“ Little master, it is impossible to shoot the falls ; no canoe or boat can do it and live.”

“ Bah !” said Frank contemptuously. “ did I not see as we came down a strip of calm water on the left which by striking across river we could easily reach ?”

“ But, master, this fall is not directly across river, it is almost up and down (diagonally) ; the lower part on the left being much further than that which is on the right, and which begins to break close by here. I tell you the truth,” rejoined Uledi, as Frank shook his head sceptically ; “ little master, I have looked at all the fall, and I can see no way by water ; it will be death to make the trial.”

“ Well,” said Frank. “ what shall we do ?”

“ We must send to the master,” replied Uledi, “ and tell him that we have brought our canoe to Massassa. Meantime we can tie up our canoe here until he comes.”

“ And what is to become of me ?” asked Frank.

“ We will not be long before we are back with a kitanda ” (hammock), “ and you will reach camp by night.”

“ What, carry me about the country like a worthless Gooe-Gooe,” he replied, “ for all the natives to stare at me ? No, indeed ! Anyhow, I must wait here all day without food, eh ?”

“ It will not be long, master ; in a quarter of an hour I can reach camp, and in another half I can be back, bringing food and hammock.”

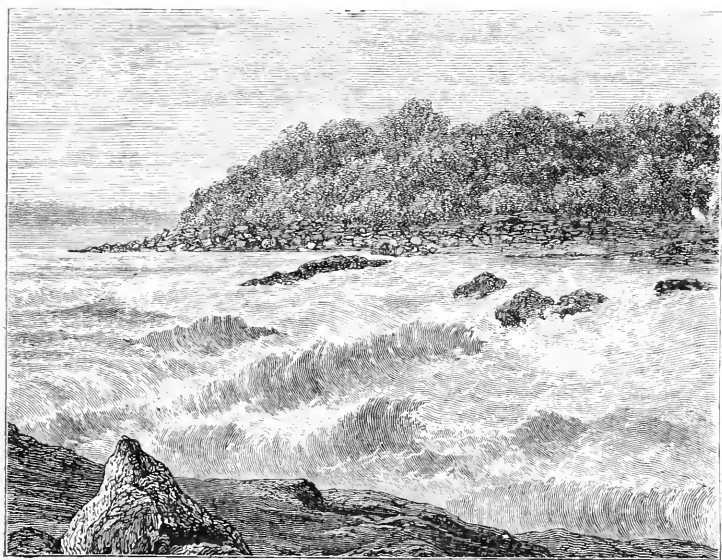
“ Oh, it’s all mighty fine,” replied Frank, his temper rising at the idea of being carried, which he supposed would cause him to be made a laughing-stock to everybody. “ I don’t believe this fall is as bad as you say it is. The noise is not like that of the fall which we have passed, and I feel sure if I went to look at it myself I would soon find a way.”

“ Well, if you doubt me, send Mpwapwa and Shumari and Marzouk to see, and if they say there is a road I will try it if you command me.”

Then Frank despatched two of them to examine, and after a few moments they returned, saying it was impassable by water.

Frank laughed bitterly, and said, "I knew what you would say.. The Wangwana are always cowardly in the water: the least little ripple has before this been magnified into a great wave. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

Frank referred, no doubt, to his companions on the



LIVINGSTONE FALLS.

Medway or Thames, as by profession he was a bargeman or waterman, and being a capital swimmer had many a time exhibited to the admiring people, especially at Nzabi Creek, his skill in the art of swimming and diving. At the death of Kalulu he expressed great surprise that not one of the five then lost had been saved, and declared his conviction that Kalulu Falls would never have drowned him, upon which I had described a whirlpool to him, and when, with an apparent instinct for the water, he sought occasions to exhibit his dexterity, I had cau-

tioned him against being too venturesome, and kept him to his land duties. The success of Nubi, who was also a good swimmer, at the whirlpool of the Lady Alice Rapids, confirmed him in his idea that a perfect swimmer ran no danger from them. At this moment he forgot all my caution, and probably his high spirit had secretly despised it. But he was also goading brave men to their and his own destruction. His infirmity manifested itself in jeering at the men for whom with me he had not sufficient adjectives at command to describe their sterling worth; for he, as well as I, was well aware of Uledi's daring, and of his heroic exploit at the Fifth Cataract of the Stanley Falls he was himself a witness. Poor Frank, had some good angel but warned me of this scene, how easily he had been saved!

"Little master," said the coxswain gravely, stung to the quick, "neither white men nor black men can go down this river alive, and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. How then can you say, master, I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, the others do," retorted Frank.

"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death—and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go, and we want your promise that if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' that you will bear the blame."

"No, I will not order you. I will have nothing to do with it. You are the chief in this canoe. If you like to go—go, and I will say you are men, and not afraid of the water. If not, stay, and I shall know it is because you are afraid. It appears to me easy enough, and I can advise you. I don't see what could happen."

Thus challenging the people to show their mettle, poor Frank steadily hastened his fate.

Uledi then turned to the crew, and said, "Boys, our

little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract, but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once." "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God!" were the various answers he received.

"Enough, take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank, delighted at the idea of soon reaching camp.

"Bismillah" ("In the name of God"). "let go the rocks, and shove off!" cried the coxswain.

"Bismillah!" echoed the crew, and they pushed away from the friendly cove.

In a few seconds they had entered the river; and, in obedience to Frank, Uledi steered his craft for the left side of the river. But it soon became clear that they could not reach it. There was a greasy slipperiness about the water that was delusive, and it was irresistibly bearing them broadside over the falls; and observing this, Uledi turned the prow and boldly bore down for the centre. Roused from his seat by the increasing thunder of the fearful waters, Frank rose to his feet, and looked over the heads of those in front, and now the full danger of his situation seemed to burst on him. But too late! They had reached the fall, and plunged headlong amid the waves and spray. The angry waters rose and leaped into their vessel, spun them round as though on a pivot, and so down over the curling, dancing, leaping crests, they were borne to the whirlpools which yawned below. Ah! then came the moment of anguish, regret and terror.

"Hold on to the canoe, my men; seize a rope each one," said he, while tearing his flannel shirt away. Before he could prepare himself, the canoe was drawn down into the abyss, and the whirling, flying waters closed over all. When the vacuum was filled, a great body of water was belched upwards, and the canoe was disgorged into the bright sunlight, with several gasping men clinging to it. When they had drifted a little dis-

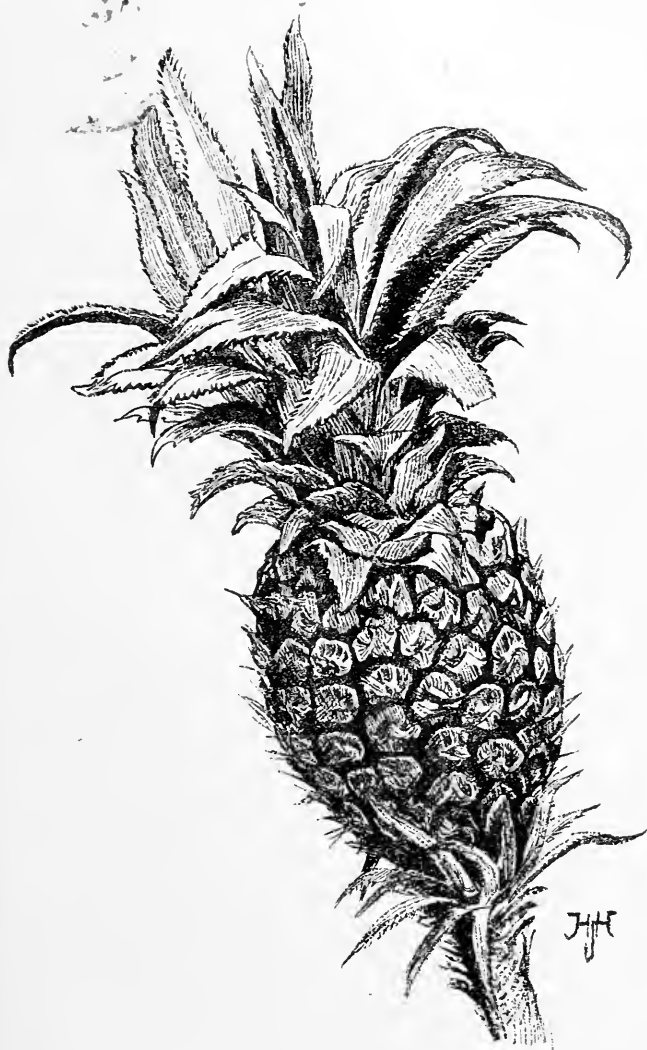
tance away from the scene, and had collected their faculties, they found there were only eight of them alive; and, alas for us who were left to bewail his sudden doom! there was no white face among them. But presently, close to them, another commotion, another heave and belching of waters, and out of them the insensible form of the "little master" appeared, and they heard a loud moan from him. Then Uledi, forgetting his late escape from the whirling pit, flung out his arms, and struck gallantly towards him, but another pool sucked them both in, and the waves closed over them before he could reach him; and for the second time the brave coxswain emerged, faint and weary—but Frank Pocock was seen no more.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank, have you left me so? Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," replied he, sadly and wearily.

Various were the opinions ventured upon the cause which occasioned the loss of such an expert swimmer. Baraka, with some reason, suggested that Frank's instinctive impulse would have been to swim upward, and that during his frantic struggle towards the air he might have struck his head against the canoe. Shumari was inclined to think that the bandages on his feet might have impeded him; while Saywa thought it must have been his heavy clothes which prevented the full play of the limbs required in such a desperate situation.

All over Zinga, Mbelo, and Mowa the dismal tidings spread rapidly. "The brother of the Mundelé is lost—lost at Massassa," they cried; and, inspired by pure sympathy, they descended to Zinga, to hear how the fatal accident occurred. Good, kindly Ndala—who came accompanied by his wives, and with a true delicacy of feeling would not permit the natives to throng about me, but drove them outside the camp, where they might wonder and gossip without disturbing us—old Monango,

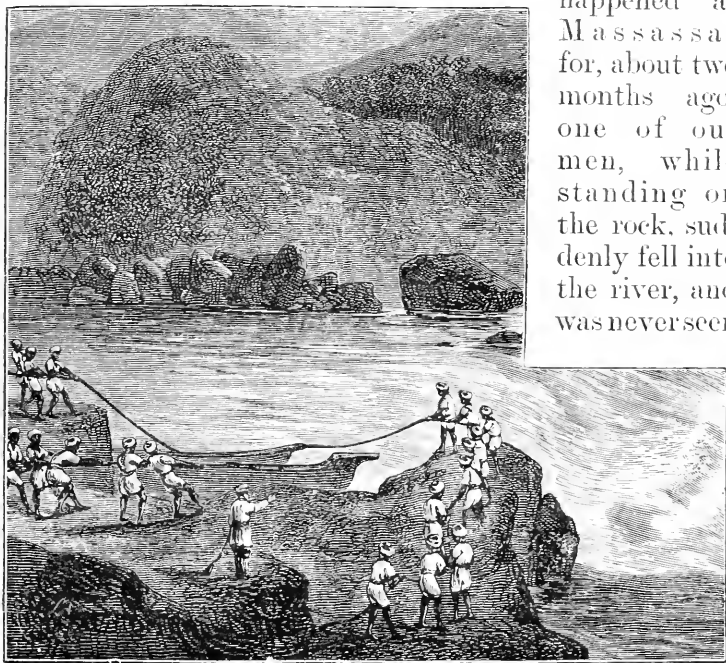




Kapata, and tall, good-natured Itumba, and a few of the principal men, were alone admitted.

After hearing the facts, Ndala informed me there was no doubt that it was the "bad fetish" of Massassa people, and he proposed that the four kings of Zinga and the three kings of Mbelo should unite and completely destroy the Massassa people for their diabolical act. Said they, "It is not the first time an accident has

happened at Massassa; for, about two months ago, one of our men, while standing on the rock, suddenly fell into the river, and was never seen



PASSING THE FALLS.

again; and one of Mowa's people has also been lost there in the same way."

The suggestion that it was the fetish of Massassa which had caused this sudden and sharp calamity was natural to the superstitious and awed natives; but in a few words I informed them that I blamed no man for it.

"Say, Mundelé," asked Ndala suddenly, "where has your white brother gone to?"

"Home."

"Shall you not see him again?"

"I hope to."

"Where?"

"Above, I hope."

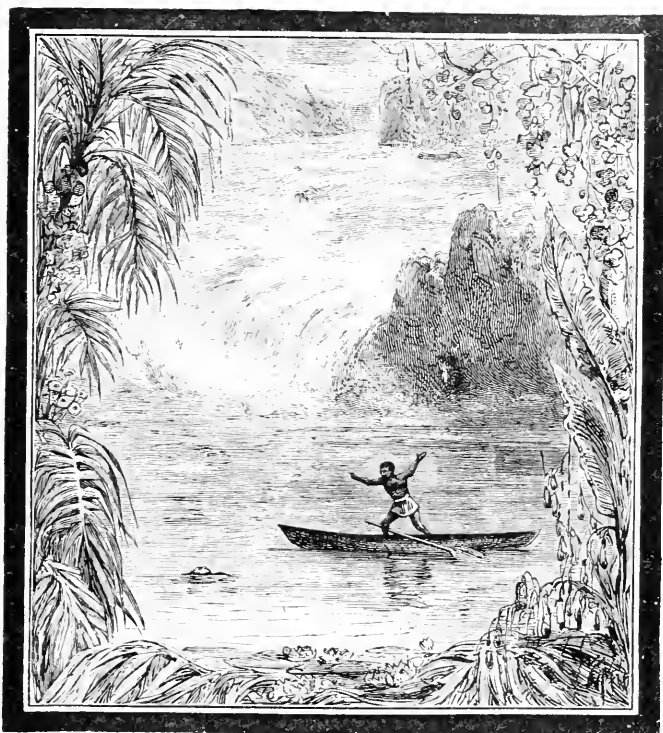
"Ah! we have heard that the white people by the sea came from above. Should you see him again, tell him that Ndala is sorry, and that he is angry with Massassa for taking him from you. We have heard from Mowa that he was a good, kind man, and all Zinga shall mourn for him. Drink the wine of our palms, Mundelé, and forget it. The Zinga palms are known throughout the lands of the Babwendé, and our markets are thronged with buyers. The Zinga wine will comfort you, and you will not be troubled with your sorrow."

Sympathy, real and pure sympathy, was here offered after their lights, which, though rude, was not unkind. The large crowds without spoke together in low subdued tones, the women gazed upon me with mild eyes, and their hands upon their lips, as though sincerely affected by the tragic fate of my companion.

The effect on the Wangwana was different. It had stupefied them, benumbing their faculties of feeling, of hope, and of action. From this date began that exhibition of apathetic sullenness and lack of feeling for themselves, and for their comrades, which distinguished their after-life in the cataracts. The slightest illness would cause them to lean against a rock, or crouch by the fire in the posture of despair. They never opened their lips to request help or medicine, and as they were inaccessible to solicitude for themselves, they had none to bestow on others. After this fatal day I could scarcely get a reply to my questions when anxious to know what their ailments were. Familiarity with many forms of disease, violent and painful deaths, and severe accidents had finally deadened, almost obliterated, that lively fear of death which they had formerly shown.

As I looked at the empty tent and the dejected, woe-stricken servants, a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly recalled

the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship: it dwelt upon the pleasure of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and cheerful trust in our success with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered only served to intensify my sorrow for his



IN MEMORIAM.

loss, and to suffuse my heart with pity and regret, that after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities and such long faithful service he should depart this life so abruptly, and without reward.

When curtailed about by anxieties, and the gloom created by the almost insurmountable obstacles we encountered, his voice had ever made music in my soul.

When grieving for the hapless lives that were lost, he consoled me. But now my friendly comforter and true-hearted friend was gone ! Ah, had some one but relieved me from my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their Zanjian homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and, crying out, "Who dies earliest dies best," have embarked in my boat and dropped calmly over the cataracts into eternity.

The moon rose high above the southern wall of the chasm. Its white funereal light revealed in ghostly motion the scene of death to which I owed the sundering of a long fellowship and a firm-knit unity. Over the great Zinga Fall I sat for hours upon a warm boulder, looking up river towards the hateful Massassa, deluding myself with the vain hope that by some chance he might have escaped out of the dreadful whirlpool, picturing the horrible scene which an intense and morbid imagination called up with such reality, that I half fancied that the scene was being enacted, while I was helpless to relieve.

How awful sounded the thunders of the many falls in the silent and calm night ! Between distant Mowa's torrent-rush, down to Ingulufi below, the Massessé, Massassa, and Zinga filled the walled channel with their fury, while the latter, only thirty yards from me, hissed and tore along with restless plunge and gurgle, and roaring plunged, glistening white, into a sea of billows.

Alas ! alas ! we never saw Frank more. Vain was the hope that by some miracle he might have escaped, for eight days afterwards a native arrived at Zinga from Kilanga, with the statement that a fisherman, while skinning Kilanga basin for whitebait, had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and, paddling his canoe towards it, had been horrified to find it to be the upturned face of a white man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC.

THE Expedition was reaching its goal ; there could now be no doubt that the Lualaba of Livingstone was the upper course of the mighty Congo, one of the greatest rivers on the globe. But the Expedition was in a terrible state.

Strongly impressed with the knowledge that nothing but a persevering, persistent, even impetuous advance towards the sea could now save us from the pangs of famine, we only halted two days at Kilanga. Therefore on the 6th July the goods were transported to a distance of two miles to Kinzoré, beyond the district Suki, or "Hair." Having ascertained that no rapids of a dangerous nature, during the quick recession of the flood, troubled the narrow and tortuous gap, Uledi was directed to lead the canoes past Kinzoré and camp to Mpakambendi, which enabled us to move forward next morning to join them without delay or accident.

Mpakambendi terminates the narrow, walled chasm which we had followed since leaving the Kalulu Falls, and in which we had spent 117 days—that is, from 29th March to 6th July. The distance from Mpakambendi to Ntamo along the course of the river is only ninety-five geographical miles, and we were 131 days effecting this journey ! At Mpakambendi the defile through which the river rushes opens to a greater width, and the mountains slope away from it with a more rounded contour, and only at intervals do they drop down abrupt in cliffs. Consequently the river expands, and, being less tortured by bouldery projections and cliffy narrows, assumes somewhat of a milder aspect. This is due to the change in the character of the rocks. Above, we

had horizontally stratified gneiss and sandstone with an irregular coping of granite masses, and here and there a protrusion of the darker trappean rocks. Below Mpa-kambendi, the river is disturbed by many protruded ledges of the softer greenish shales, which have been so pounded and battered by the river that we have merely rapids without whirlpools and leaping waves to interrupt our descent. Every other mile or so of the river shows symptoms of interruption, and its surface is here marked by thin lines of low waves, and there by foamy stretches.

From Mpa-kambendi to the rounded mount-shoulder on which Nsenga is situate stretches about a mile and a half of calm river, deep and majestic, and a long strip of land along the right side affords admirable camping-places or sites for fishing-stations.

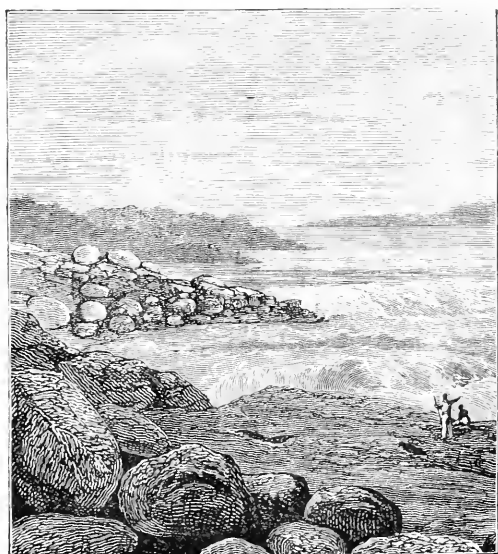
The Wangwana still persisted in robbing the natives. Two were here apprehended by them for stealing the fowls and maltreating the women, and of course I had either to redeem them or leave them in the hands of those whom they had injured. We consented to redeem them, and paid so largely that it left us nearly beggared and bankrupt. Again a warning was given to them that such a course must end in my abandoning them to their fate, for they must never expect me to use force to release them from the hands of the natives, or to adopt any retaliatory measures on behalf of thieves.

Two poor souls succumbed to life's trials and weariness here—one of them from mortification supervening on ulcers; the other of chronic dysentery. This latter disease worried many of the people, and scant and poor food had reduced us all to hideous bony frames.

The Western Babwendé, from Mpa-kambendi to the lands of the Basundi are wilder in appearance than those farther east, and many adopt the mop head, and bore the lobes of their ears, like the Wasagara and Wagogo on the east side of the continent. Some Bakongo and Bazombo natives of Congo and Zombo were seen here as they were about to set off east for a short trading trip. It appeared to me on regarding their large eyes and

russet-brown complexions that they were results of miscegenation, probably descendants of the old Portuguese and aborigines ; at least, such was my impression, but if it is an erroneous one, the Bakongo and Bazombo are worthy of particular study for their good looks and clear brown complexions. They are of lower stature than the negro Babwendé, Basessé, and Bateké.

They did not seem to relish the idea of a white Mundelé in a country which had hitherto been their market, and they shook their heads most solemnly, saying that



VIEW NEAR LIVINGSTONE FALLS.

the country was about to be ruined, and that they had never known a country but was injured by the presence of a white man. Poor aboriginal conservatives ! But where is the white or the black, the yellow or the red man who does not think himself happier with his old customs than with new ? The history of mankind proves how strong is the repugnance to innovations. I quenched an old growler who was rapidly beginning to win sympathizers among my Babwendé friends by asking him in their presence where he obtained his gun.

"From the Mputu" (coast), said he.

"Where did you obtain that fine cloth you wear?"

"From the Mputu."

"And those beads, which certainly make you look handsome?"

He smiled. "From the Mputu."

"And that fine brass wire by which you have succeeded in showing the beauty of your clear brown skin?"

He was still more delighted. "From the Mputu; we get everything from the Mputu."

"And wine too?"

"Yes."

"And rum?"

"Yes."

"Have the white men been kind to you?"

"Ah, yes."

"Now," said I, turning to my Babwendé friends, "you see this man has been made happy with a gun, and cloth, and beads, wire, wine, and rum, and he says the white men treat him well. Why should not the Babwendé be happier by knowing the white men? Do you know why he talks so? He wants to sell those fine things to the Babwendé himself, for about double what he paid for them. Don't you see? You are wise men."

The absurd aboriginal protectionist and conservative lost his influence immediately, and it appeared as though the Babwendé would start a caravan instantly for the coast. But the immediate result of my commercial talk with them was an invitation to join them in consuming a great gourdful of fresh palm-wine.

On the 10th of July we embarked the goods, and descended two miles below Mpakambendi, and reached the foot of the Nsenga Mount. The next day we descended in like manner two miles to the lofty mountain bluff of Nsoroka, being frequently interrupted by the jagged shaly dykes which rose here and there above the stream, and caused rapids.

Two miles below Nsoroka we came to Lukalu, which



is a point projecting from the right bank just above the Mansau Falls and Matunda Rapids, which we passed by a side-stream without danger on the 13th. Between Matunda Rapids and Mansau Falls, we were abreast of Kakongô, that warlike district of which we had heard. But though they crossed the river in great numbers, the men of Kakongô became fast friends with us, and I was so successful with them that five men volunteered to accompany me as far as the "Njali Ntombo Mataka Falls," of which we had heard as being absolutely the "last fall." "Tuckey's Cataract," no doubt, I thought, for it was surely time that, if there was such a fall, it ought to be seen.

Below Matunda Falls, in the district of Ngoyo, are a still more amiable people than the Upper Babwendé, who share the prevalent taste for boring their ears and noses. We held a grand market at Ngoyo, at which bananas, pine-apples, guavas, limes, onions, fish, cassava bread, ground-nuts, palm-butter, earthenware pots, baskets, and nets were exchanged for cloth, beads, wire, guns, powder, and crockery.

On the 16th, accompanied by our volunteer guides, we embarked all hands, and raced down the rapid river a distance of three miles to the great cataract, which on the right side is called Ntombo Mataka, and on the left Ngombi Falls, or Njali Ngombi. On the right side the fall is about fifteen feet, over terraces of lava and igneous rocks; on the left it is a swift rush, as at Mowa, Ntamo, Zinga, Inkisi, with a succession of leaping waves below it.

There was a large concourse of natives present, and all were exceedingly well-behaved and gentle. Three chiefs, after we had camped, advanced and offered their services, which were at once engaged, and the next morning 409 natives conveyed the canoes and boat below the fall in admirable style, though one small canoe was wrecked. They expressed as much concern about the accident as though they had been the authors of it, but I paid them even more liberally than I had contracted for, and the utmost good-feeling prevailed.

Indeed, the chiefs were so grateful that they offered to take the canoes themselves a distance of three miles to the sand-beaches on the right bank opposite Kinzalé Kigwala—and the offer was gladly accepted.

The Ntombo Mataka people I regarded as the politest people I had encountered in Africa, and they certainly distinguished themselves by a nobility of character that was as rare as it was agreeable.

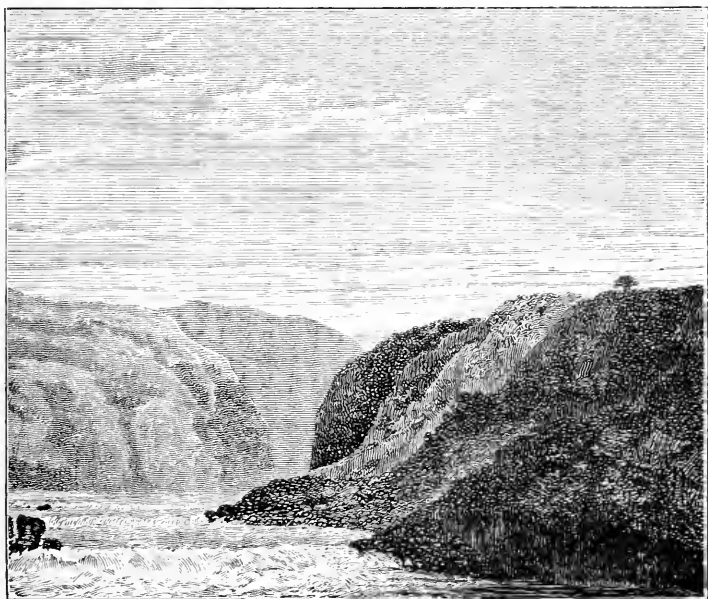
Arrived at the beautiful camping-place below the falls, I proceeded in a canoe to a cluster of low rocky islets, to view the cataract which we had so agreeably and pleasantly passed, and it struck me at the time that this was the great cataract described by Tuckey as being above that "Farthest" which has been printed on so many charts. The cataract has a formidable appearance from the centre of the river as one looks upward, and during the rainy season the whole of the rocky dyke is covered with water, which would then give a direct fall of twenty feet. The natives of Ntombo Mataka were not aware of any more obstructions below of any importance. About five miles north-north-east of this point is the large and popular market-place of Manyanga, where the natives of Ngoyo, Kakongo, Ntombo Mataka, Ngombi, Ilemba, Kingoma, Kilanga, Kinzoré, Suki, Nguru, Mbelo, Zinga, Mowa, and Nzabi, up river, meet the natives of Ndunga, Mbu, Bakongo, and Bassessé.

On 19th of July we cautiously descended three miles to Mpangu, on the right bank. From the slope of the table-land there is projected a line of lower hills, tawny with sere and seedling grass, and gently sloping sides, smooth shores marked by extensive lengths of sand-banks, and here and there on the lower levels a cassava garden. But though the river is much wider, the rapids are frequent, rocky projections from the schistose rocks on the right breaking the river's surface, while along the centre sweeps the mighty stream fiercely and hoarsely.

The schistose dykes which thus interrupt the river are from a few hundred yards to a mile apart, and between

them, in the intermediate spaces, lie calm basins. Nor is the left bank free from them, though all the force of the river has been for ages mainly directed against it.

We descended on the 20th to Mata river, on both sides of which the natives were sulky, and disposed to resent our approach, but no outbreak occurred to mar our peaceful progress to the sea. They would not, however, part with food except at extravagant prices. They are devoted to whitebait or minnow-catching,



MASSASSA FALLS.

which they dry on the rocks for sale in the markets, and here, all day long, we found them, crouched behind the shelter of large rocky fragments with their enormous hand-nets resting close by them, whistling to the minnows. As soon as the shoal advanced about them, they swam out in a body forming a line with their nets laid diagonally across in front of them to meet the shoal; and then, returning to the shore, would empty their "finds" on a large slab-like rock, amid boasts, and jests, and rude excitement. At the same time the

canoes would be employed skirmishing in the deeper portions, and the crews, with the handle of their hand-nets laid under their legs, paddling up and down with long silent strokes, would thus secure large hauls.

By a daring rush down river we passed the rapids of Ungufu-inchi, and, proceeding six miles along low sandy shores, and alluvial folds between low hills, we came to the rapids between Kilemba and Rubata, and were halted abreast of the Rubata Cauldron, near the village of Kibonda, which occupies the summit of a bluff opposite Elwala river on the left bank.

The natives here are given up to the cultivation of ground-nuts and cassava, and minnow catching. Food was therefore so scarce, and so unsuitable for the preservation of working men's strength, that our sick-list was alarmingly increased. The Basundi are a most wretched, suspicious, and degraded race, quarrelsome, and intensely disposed to be affronted. I was unable to purchase anything more than a few ground-nuts, because it involved such serious controversy and chaffer as sickened the hungry stomach. The Wangwana were surprised, after their recent experiences, to meet people more extortionate than any they had yet seen, and who abated nothing of the high demands they made. One of them, unable to obtain food, proceeded to the cassava gardens and coolly began to dig up a large stock of tubers, and when warned off behaved very violently. The natives, indisposed to brook this, closed round him, and, binding him hand and foot, carried him to their village.

On hearing of it I despatched men to ascertain the truth, and they brought the chief and some of his elders to camp to obtain the price of his freedom. Unfortunately the price was so large—being four times the total value of all our store—that, despite all our attempts to induce them to lower their demands, we saw that the captive was doomed. One of my chiefs suggested that we should lay hands on the chief of Kibonda, and retain him until Hamadi, the captive, was released; but this suggestion I positively refused

to entertain for one moment. We were too poor to buy his freedom, and it would have been an injustice to employ violence. He was therefore left in captivity.

I hoped this would have stopped the Wangwana from venturing to appropriate the property of such determined aborigines; but on the 24th, after descending $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Kalubu, another man was arrested for theft of fowls and cloth. The case was submitted to the captains and members of the Expedition, and it was explained to them, that if the man's liberty could be purchased, half of the goods were at their disposal; but that if they determined to fight for his release, they must give me warning, so that I might move down river with those who preferred to be guided by me. The captains unanimously condemned him to captivity, and their decision was gravely delivered in presence of all.

Just above Kalubu, on the right side of the river, a lofty reddish cliff stands, which, upon examination, presents many traces of igneous eruptions. From the elbow below it are visible the remains of an old cataract, and lava is so abundant that it gives quite a volcanic appearance to the scene. A lofty ridge south of Kalubu strikes towards the north-north-east, and formed a notable feature as we descended from Mata river.

Four miles further down brought us, on the 25th, to a little cove above Itunzima Falls, where was another furious display of the river, and a most dangerous cataract. Crossing over to the left bank, we succeeded next day in passing it, after a laborious toil of eight hours, and camped in a beautiful bend below.

At this camp we first met natives who were acquainted with the name Yellala, but they informed us that there were several great rapids below Itunzima, upon which I finally abandoned the search for "Tuckey's Cataract," and instead of it strove to ascertain if any were acquainted with the name of "Sangalla." None of them had ever heard of it; but they knew "Isangila," which we were informed was about five days' journey by

water; but that no native journeyed by river, it being too dangerous.

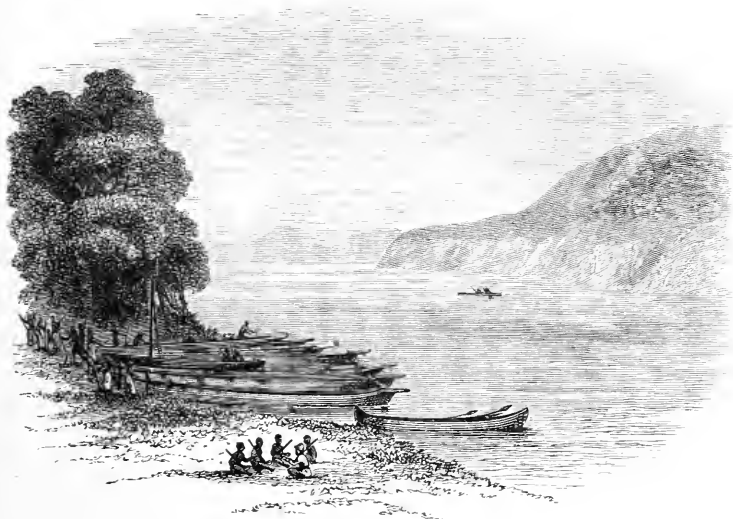
The Wangwana, weakened by scant fare and suffering from pining vitals, were intensely affected when I announced to them that we were not far from the sea. Indeed one poor fellow—distinguished in the first volume as the coxswain of the *Lady Alice* during the adventurous circumnavigation of Lake Victoria—was so intoxicated with joy that he became outrageous in his behaviour. Still I did not suspect that this was madness, and when he advanced to me and embraced my feet, saying, “Ah, master! El hamd ul Illah! We have reached the sea! We are home! we are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming!” the idea of his lunacy was far from my mind. I attributed his tears and wildness simply to excess of emotion and nervous excitement. I replied to him soothingly; but he, seizing his parrot and placing it on his shoulder, plunged into the woods. After a few seconds’ reflection, it occurred to me that the man was a lunatic, and I sent three men instantly to bring him back, and to recover him by force if necessary; but after four hours’ search they returned unsuccessful, and I never saw the sage Safeni more. We probably might have been able to recover him after several days’ search; but valuable as he had been, and dear as he was, death by starvation threatened us all, and we were compelled to haste—haste away from the baleful region to kinder lands.

On the 26th of July I obtained by observation south latitude $5^{\circ} 9'$.

From the bend below Itunzima Falls we had a straight stretch of four miles, on a river which recalled to our minds reminiscences of the quiet-flowing stream below Chumbiri. Clinging to the left, we had a glorious grey sandbank, backed by growths of wild olive and a narrow belt of forest trees, in which the tracks of game were numerous. The right bank was similar, and dome-like

hills rose conspicuous in a deep fold of the retreating table-land.

We reached at the end of this course, on the left bank, a small quiet river, 30 yards wide at the mouth, entering the Livingstone between steep alluvial banks about 20 feet high. The table-land had approached the river again, and formed a high point opposite the place where the little river debouched, and directly below it roared and thundered another cataract. A large island rose, high, rocky, and steep, from the centre. To the



CAMP AT KILOLO.

right it was utterly impassable; but after examining the rapids on the left, and discovering that the main force of the stream was on the other side, we raced down the waters with all hands on board without accident.

On the 28th we began our journey early, and discovered that the river was still much obstructed, rapids roaring at every short distance, and requiring caution and vigilance. By noon however we had passed four series without trouble. Above the islet line above Kilolo I found we had reached south latitude $5^{\circ} 19'$.

There are but few natures among my own race, either

in Europe or America, who would not feel a curious pleasure in, and envy me the opportunity of, exploring the beautiful and endless solitudes of this region, were they but certain that they would be sustained the while by nourishing food, and be secure from fatal harm. For in all civilized countries that I have travelled in, I have observed how very large a number of people indulge this penchant for travel in such unfrequented corners and nooks of wild woodland, glen, or heath as present themselves near home. I myself was conscious that the table-land on both sides of the Livingstone, with its lofty ridges, which ran away north or south to some complicated watershed, enclosing, no doubt, some awesome glens and solemn ravines, or from whose tops I might gaze upon a world of wild beauty never seen before, presented to me opportunities of exploring such as few had ever possessed: but, alas! all things were adverse to such pleasure; we were, to use a Miltonian phrase, subject to the "hateful siege of contraries." The freshness and ardour of feeling with which I had set out from the Indian Ocean had, by this time, been quite worn away. Fevers had sapped the frame; over-much trouble had strained the spirit; hunger had debilitated the body, anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people were groaning aloud; their sunken eyes and unfleshed bodies were a living reproach to me; their vigour was now gone, though their fidelity was unquestionable; their knees were bent with weakness, and their backs were no longer rigid with the vigour of youth, and life, and strength, and fire of devotion. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we yielded at length to imperious nature, and had but one thought only—to trudge on for one look more at the blue ocean.

Rounding, after a long stretch of tolerably calm water, a picturesque point, we view another long reach, and half-way on the left bank we camp. Maddened by sharp pangs of hunger, the people soon scatter about the district of Kilolo. What occurs I know not. Likely enough the wretched creatures, tormented by the insufferable insolence of the aborigines, and goaded by a

gnawing emptiness, assisted themselves with the wanton recklessness of necessity, and appropriated food unpaid for. While I am seated among a crowd from the right bank, who have come across the river to elate me with stories of white men whom they have seen by the sea, and from whom I learn the news that there are whites like myself at Embomma, I hear shots on the cultivated uplands; and though I pretend to take no interest in them, yet a bitter, restless instinct informs me that those shots have reference to myself; and presently the people return, some with streaming wounds from oxide of copper pellets and iron fragments which have been fired at them. Uledi comes also, bearing a mere skeleton on his back, whom, with his usual daring, he has rescued from the power of the men who would shortly have made a prisoner of him: and he and the rest have all a horrible tale to tell. "Several men have been captured by the natives for stealing cassava and beans."

"Why did you do it?"

"We could not help it," said one. "Master, we are dying of hunger. We left our beads and moneys—all we had—on the ground, and began to eat, and they began shooting."

In a very short time, while they are yet speaking, a large force of natives appears, lusty with life and hearty fare, and, being angered, dare us, with loaded guns, to fight them. A few of the men and chiefs hasten to their guns, and propose to assume the defensive, but I restrain them, and send my native friends from the right bank to talk to them; and, after two hours' patient entreaties, they relax their vindictiveness and retire.

When I muster the people next morning, that we may cross the river to Nsuki Kintomba, I discover that six men have been wounded, and three, Ali Kiboga,*

* Some two or three months after we had left Loanda, Ali Kiboga escaped from his captivity, and after a desperate journey, during which he must have gone through marvellous adventures, succeeded in reaching Boma, whence he was sent to Kabinda, thence by the Portuguese gunboat *Tunega* to San Paulo de Loanda. After a short stay at Loanda,

Matagera, and Saburi Rehani, have been detained by the infuriated villagers. It would have been merely half an hour's quick work, not only to have released the three captives, but to have obtained such an abundance of food as to have saved us much subsequent misery, but such an act would have been quite contrary to the principles which had governed and guided the Expedition in its travels from the eastern sea. Protection was only to be given against a wanton assault on the camp and its occupants; arms were only to be employed to resist savagery; and though, upon considering the circumstances, few could blame the hungry people for appropriating food, yet we had but sympathy to give them in their distress. Sad and sorrowful, we turned away from them, abandoning them to their dismal fate.

The river between Kilolo and Nsuki Kintomba was about 1400 yards wide, and both banks were characterized by calm little bays, formed by projected reefs of schistose rock. Just above Nsuki Kintomba a range of mountains runs north-west from some lofty conical hills which front the stream. Below a pretty cove, overhung by a white chalky cliff, in the centre of which there stood a tree-covered islet, we occupied a camp near a high and broad tract of pure white sand.

The inhabitants of the settlement on the right side were unfriendly, and they had little, save ground-nuts and cassava, to sell. Whether embittered by the steri-

the United States corvette *Essex*, Captain Schley, took him to Saint Helena, and thence, through the kindness of the captain of one of Donald Currie's Cape Line steamers, he was carried gratuitously to Cape Town. Again the Samaritan act of assisting the needy and distressed stranger was performed by the agent of the Union Steamship Company's line, who placed him on board the *Kaffir*, which was bound for Zanzibar. It is well known that soon after leaving Table Bay the *Kaffir* was wrecked. From the *Cape Times*, February 19, 1878, I clip the following, in spite of its compliment to myself: "On the bow were some natives of Zanzibar. Among them was the man who had gone through Africa with Stanley. This man was supposed to have been drowned with four others. But early in the morning he was found very snugly lying under a tent made of a blanket, with a roaring fire before him. Of all the wrecked people that night there was no one who had been more comfortable than Stanley's Arab. The power of resource and the genius of the master had evidently been imparted in some degree to the man."

lity of their country, or suffering from some wrongs perpetrated by tribes near Boma, they did not regard our advent to their country with kindly eyes by any means. Indeed, since leaving Ntombo Mataka we had observed a growing degradation of the aborigines, who were vastly inferior in manners and physical type to the Babwendé. They talked "largely," but we had been accustomed to that, and our sense of self-respect had long ago become deadened. We obtained a little food—a supply of ground-nuts and bitter cassava: otherwise we must have died.

On the 30th of July we continued our journey along the right bank. We first passed several serrated schistose reefs; and behind these we saw a deep creek-like cove—no doubt the Covinda Cove of Tuckey.

Observing at Rock Bluffs Point that the river was ruffled by rocks, we struck again to the left bank, and, following the grove-clad bend, we saw a fine reach of river extending north-west by north, with a breadth of about 1800 yards. Again we crossed the river to the right bank, and a mile from Rock Bluffs Point came to some rapids which extended across the river. We passed these easily, however, and continued on our journey under the shelter of brown stone bluffs, from fifty to eighty feet high. On the left side of the river I observed a line of rock-islets close to the shore. At the end of this long reach was a deep bend in the right bank, through which a lazy creek oozed slowly into the Livingstone. From this bend the great river ran south-south-west, and the roar of a great cataract two miles below became fearfully audible, and up from it light clouds of mist, and now and then spray showers, were thrown high into view. Towering above it, on the left, was the precipitous shoulder of a mountain ridge, the summit of which appeared crescent-shaped as we approached it from above. Picking our way towards it cautiously, close to projected reefy points, behind which are the entrances to the recesses in the mountainous bank already described, we arrived within fifty yards of the cataract of Isangila, or Tuckey's "Second Sangalla."

We drew our boat and canoes into a sandy-edged basin

in the low rocky terrace, and proceeded to view the cataract of Isangila. On the left rises the precipitous shoulder of a mountain ridge, the highest summit of which may be 900 feet. On the right a naked and low rocky terrace is projected from a grassy and gently sloping shelf a mile deep, above which the table-land rises 1200 feet with steep slopes. The rocky terrace appears to be covered by the river in the flood season, but at this period it is contracted to a width of 500 yards. The fall is in the shape of a crescent, along which arise at intervals rocky protuberances of an iron-rust colour, seven in number, one of which, near the middle of the stream, is large enough to be called an islet, being probably a hundred yards in length. Near the right side there is a clear drop of ten feet, and close below it another drop of eight feet; on the left side the river hurls itself against the base of the cliff, and then swerves abruptly aside to a south-west-by-south direction; it bounds down the steep descent in a succession of high leaping billows, along a wild tempestuous stretch of a mile and a half in length, disparted in its course by a lofty island, below which it sweeps round into an ample sand-lined basin on the left bank, south of the cataract. To study the nature of the ground I proceeded to a point opposite the basin, and observed the river continue in a westerly course (magnetic). There are abundant traces of lava in the neighbourhood of this cataract, and the cliffs opposite have the appearance of rock subjected to the influence of a fierce fire.

After about two hours' stay here, the inhabitants of Mwato Zingé, Mwato Wandu, and Mbinda visited us, and we soon became on terms of sociable and friendly intercourse with them, but, unfortunately, they possessed nothing but ground-nuts, bitter cassava, and a few bananas. A couple of goats were purchased at a ruinous price; a handful of ground-nuts cost a necklace of beads, while cowries were worthless. Rum, gunpowder, and guns would have purchased ample supplies; but such things required a railway for transportation, and our own guns we could not part with. One chief from the left

bank above the cataract came over with his little boy, a pure albino, with blue eyes, curly white hair, and a red skin, of whom he appeared to be very proud, as he said he was also a little Mundelé. The old chief's hands were bleached in the palms, and in various parts of the body, proving the origin of the peculiar disease.

We received the good news that Embomma was only five days' journey, rated thus:—

From Isangila to Inga	1 day.
„ Inga „ Boondli	„
„ Boondli „ Ntalo	„
„ Ntalo „ Bibbi	„
„ Bibbi „ Embomma	„

We heard also that there were three great cataracts below Isangila, and “any number” of intermediate “Mputu-putu-putu” rapids. The cataracts were Nsongo Yellala, a larger one than either Isangila, Yellala, or Ngufu.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that the Isangila cataract was the second Sangalla of Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith, and that the Sanga Yellala of Tuckey and the Sanga Jella of Smith was the Nsongo Yellala, though I could not induce the natives to pronounce the words as the members of the unfortunate Congo Expedition spelled them.*

As the object of the journey had now been attained, and the great river of Livingstone had been connected with the Congo of Tuckey, I saw no reason to follow it farther, or to expend the little remaining

* I ascertained, upon studying carefully the accounts of the Congo Expedition of 1816, that Professor Smith's account in many respects is much more reliable than Captain Tuckey's. Professor Smith gives the river above Isangila a general width of about one English mile, which is quite correct, and at a place which the officers reached on the 8th September, 1816, he estimates the width to be about half a Danish mile, which Captain Tuckey has unaccountably extended to about four or five English miles, that is to say, from 6640 to 8800 yards! Captain Tuckey, according to Stanford's Library Map of 1874, places the second Sangalla by dead reckoning in east longitude $11^{\circ} 3'$, south latitude $4^{\circ} 59'$, which is very far from being its position. On July 28, 1877, I obtained south latitude $5^{\circ} 19'$ by observation. Captain Tuckey is, however, more reliable in his orthography than the botanist of his Expedition. Both gentlemen have unaccountably passed the largest fall, viz., Nsongo Yellala, with but a mere word of mention.

vitality we possessed in toiling through the last four cataracts.

I announced, therefore, to the gallant but wearied Wangwana that we should abandon the river and strike overland for Embomma. The delight of the people manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah ! Quadruple ration-money was also distributed to each man, woman, and child ; but owing to the excessive poverty of the country, and the keen trading instincts and avaricious spirit of the aborigines, little benefit did the long-enduring, famine-stricken Wangwana derive from my liberality.

Fancy knick-knacks, iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire were then distributed to them, and I emptied the medicine out of thirty vials, and my private clothes-bags, blankets, waterproofs, every available article of property that might be dispensed with, were also given away, without distinction of rank or merit, to invest in whatever eatables they could procure. The 31st of July was consequently a busy day, devoted to bartering, but few Wangwana were able to boast at evening that they had obtained a tithe of the value of the articles they had sold, and the character of the food actually purchased was altogether unfit for people in such poor condition of body.

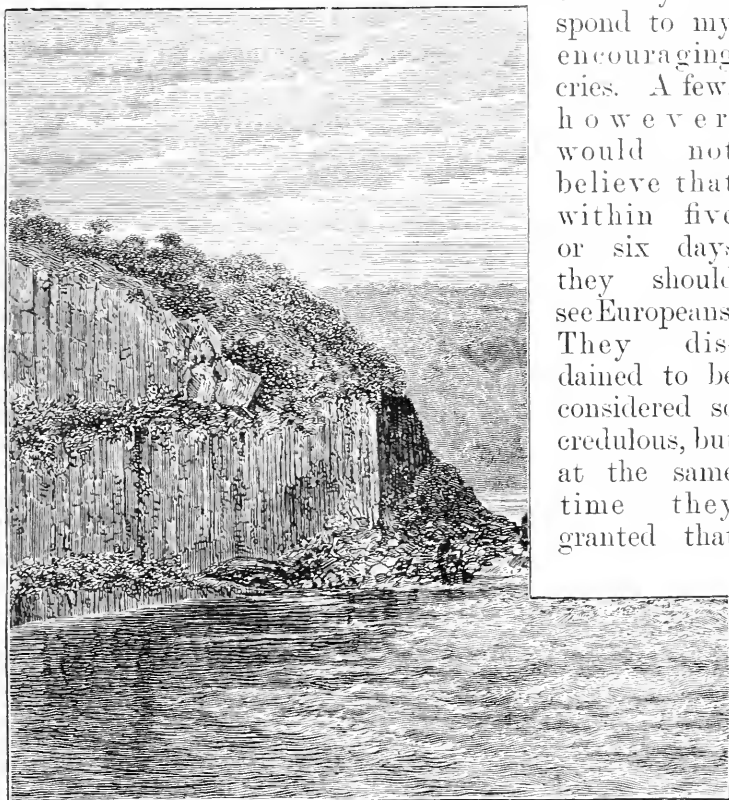
At sunset we lifted the brave boat, after her adventurous journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks about 500 yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. Three years before, Messenger of Teddington had commenced her construction ; two years previous to this date she was coasting the bluffs of Uzongora on Lake Victoria ; twelve months later she was completing her last twenty miles of the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganika, and on the 31st of July, 1877, after a journey of nearly 7000 miles up and down broad Africa, she was consigned to her resting-place above the Isangila Cataract, to bleach and to rot to dust !

* * * * *

A wayworn, feeble, and suffering column were we

when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terracé of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the table-land. Nearly forty men filled the sick list with dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, and the victims of the latter disease were steadily increasing. Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts

cheerily respond to my encouraging cries. A few, however, would not believe that within five or six days they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous, but at the same time they granted that



FOCOCK BASIN.

the "master" was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief.

So we surmounted the table-land, but we could not bribe the wretched natives to guide us to the next village. "Mirambo," the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the table-land, but he also was too far exhausted

through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame to struggle further. We could only pat him on the neck and say, "Good-bye, old boy; farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last." The poor animal appeared to know that we were leaving him, for he neighed after us—a sickly, quavering neigh, that betrayed his excessive weakness. When we last turned to look at him he was lying on the path, but looking up the hill with pointed ears, as though he were wondering why he was left alone, and whither his human friends and companions by flood and field were wandering.

After charging the chief of Mbinda to feed him with cassava leaves and good grass from his fields, I led the caravan over the serried levels of the lofty upland.

At the end of this district, about a mile from Mwato Wandu, we appeared before a village whose inhabitants permitted us to pass on for a little distance, when they suddenly called out to us with expostulatory tones at an almost shrieking pitch. The old chief, followed by about fifty men, about forty of whom carried guns, hurried up to me and sat down in the road.

In a composed and consequential tone he asked, "Know you I am the king of this country?"

I answered mildly, "I knew it not, my brother."

"I am the king, and how can you pass through my country without paying me?"

"Speak, my friend; what is it the Mundelé can give you?"

"Rum. I want a big bottle of rum, and then you can pass on."

"Rum?"

"Yes, rum—for I am the king of this country!"

"Rum!" I replied wonderingly.

"Rum: rum is good. I love rum," he said, with a villainous leer.

Uledi, coming forward, impetuously asked, "What does this old man want, master?"

"He wants rum, Uledi. Think of it!"





"There's rum for him," he said, irreverently slapping his Majesty over the face, who, as the stool was not very firm, fell over prostrate. Naturally this was an affront, and I reproved Uledi for it. Yet it seemed that he had extricated us from a difficult position by his audacity, for the old chief and his people hurried off to their village, where there was great excitement and perturbation, but we could not stay to see the end.

Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught a glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile. Then we descended into a deep ravine, and presently, with uneasy throbbing hearts, we breasted a steep slope rough with rock, and from its summit we looked abroad over a heaving, desolate, and ungrateful land. The grass was tall and ripe, and waved and rustled mournfully before the upland breezes. Soon the road declined into a valley, and we were hid in a deep fold, round which rose the upland, here to the west shagged with a thin forest, to the north with ghastly sere grass, out of which rose a few rocks, grey and sad. On our left was furze, with scrub. At the bottom of this, sad and desolate, ran a bright crystal clear brook. Up again to the summit we strove to gain the crest of a ridge, and then down once more the tedious road wound in crooked curves to the depth of another ravine, on the opposite side of which rose sharply and steeply, to the wearying height of 1200 feet, the range called Yangi-Yangi. At 11 A.M. we in the van had gained the lofty summit, and fifteen minutes afterwards we descried a settlement and its cluster of palms. An hour afterwards we were camped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Ndambi Mbongo.

The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We asked for food for beads. "Cannot." "For wire?" "We don't want wire!" "For cowries?" "Are we bushmen?" "For cloth?" "You must wait three days for a market! If you have got rum you can have plenty!" Rum! Heavens!

Over two years and eight months ago we departed from the shores of the Eastern Ocean, and they ask us for rum !

Yet they were not insolent, but unfeeling ; they were not rude, but steely selfish. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days ! Only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even ! Ah me !

The next day, when morning was greying, we lifted our weakened limbs for another march. And such a march !—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-coloured quartz, which increased the fatigue and pain. The old men and the three mothers, with their young infants born at the cataracts of Massassa and Zinga, and another near the market town of Manyanga, in the month of June, suffered greatly. Then might be seen that affection for one another which appealed to my sympathies, and endeared them to me still more. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old, and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders and tenderly led their wives along.

Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor, hungry caravan. Bleached whiteness of ripest grass, grey rock-piles here and there, looming up solemn and sad in their greyness, a thin grove of trees now and then visible on the heights and in the hollows—such were the scenes that with every uplift of a ridge or rising crest of a hill met our hungry eyes. Eight miles our strength enabled us to make, and then we camped in the middle of an uninhabited valley, where we were supplied with water from the pools which we discovered in the course of a dried-up stream.

Our march on the third day was a continuation of the scenes of the day preceding until about ten o'clock, when we arrived at the summit of a grassy and scrub-covered ridge, which we followed until three in the afternoon. The van then appeared before the miserable settlement of Nsanda, or, as it is sometimes called, Banza (town) N'sanda N'sanga. Marching through the

one street of the first village in melancholy and silent procession, voiceless as sphinxes, we felt our way down into a deep gully, and crawled up again to the level of the village site, and camped about two hundred yards away. It was night before all had arrived.

After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsanda appeared, a youngish, slightly made man, much given to singing, being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. He was kindly, sociable—laughed, giggled, and was amusing. Of course he knew Embomma, had frequently visited there, and carried thither large quantities of *Nguba* ground-nuts, which he had sold for rum. We listened, as in duty bound, with a melancholy interest. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a *makanda*, or letter, to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. He was too great to proceed himself, but he would despatch two of his young men the next day. His consent I obtained only after four hours of earnest entreaty. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and the two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner—three fried bananas, twenty roasted ground-nuts, and a cup of muddy water, my usual fare now—by a lamp made out of a piece of rotten sheeting steeped in a little palm-butter, I wrote the following letter:—

“Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1877.

“*To any Gentleman who speaks English at Embomma.*

“DEAR SIR,

“I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with 115 souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with

this letter craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress; but if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief; and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

“Yours sincerely,

“H. M. STANLEY,

“Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.

“P.S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S.”

I also wrote a letter in French, and another in Spanish as a substitute for Portuguese, as I heard at Nsanda that there was one Englishman, one Frenchman, and three Portuguese at Embomma; but there were conflicting statements, some saying that there was no Englishman, but a Dutchman. However, I imagined I

was sure to obtain provisions—for most European merchants understand either English, French, or Spanish.

The chiefs and boat's crew were called to my tent. I then told them that I had resolved to despatch four messengers to the white men at Embomma, with letters asking for food, and wished to know the names of those most likely to travel quickly and through anything that interposed to prevent them; for it might be possible that so small a number of men might be subjected to delays and interruptions, and that the guides might loiter on the way, and so protract the journey until relief would arrive too late.

The response was not long coming, for Uledi sprang up and said, "Oh, master, don't talk more: I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard."

"And I am one," said Kachéché. "Leave us alone, master. If there are white men at Embomma, we will find them out. We will walk, and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl."

"Leave off talking, men," said Muini Pembé, "and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men."

"I will go too, sir," said Robert.

"Good. It is just as I should wish it; but, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy."

"Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down," said Uledi. "Won't we, Kachéché?"

"Inshallah!" responded Kachéché decisively. "We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us."

Early the next day the two guides appeared, but the whole of the morning was wasted in endeavouring to induce them to set off. Uledi waxed impatient, and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch

him, and said, "Give us the letters, master; we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start. Regard them, will you! They are sprawling about the camp without any life in them. Goe—Go-ee—Go-ee." Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

Meanwhile a bale of cloth and a sack of beads were distributed, and the strongest and youngest men despatched abroad in all directions to forage for food. Late in the afternoon they arrived in camp weakened and dispirited, having, despite all efforts, obtained but a few bundles of the miserable ground-nuts and sufficient sweet potatoes to give three small ones to each person, though they had given twenty times their value for each one. The heartless reply of the spoiled aborigines was, "Wait for the zandu" or market, which was to be held in two days at Nsanda; for, as amongst the Babwendé, each district has its respective days for marketing. Still what we had obtained was a respite from death; and, on the morning of the 5th, the people were prepared to drag their weary limbs nearer to the expected relief.

Our route lay along the crest of a ridge, until we arrived at a narrow alluvial valley, in which the chief village of the Nsanda district is situate, amidst palms, ground-nut, and cassava gardens, and small patches of beans, peas, and sweet potatoes. From this valley we ascended the grassy upland, until we came to what we might call Southern Nsanda. We had proceeded about 200 yards beyond it when a powerful man, followed by a large crowd, advanced toward us, and, like him near Mwato Wandu, demanded to know why we passed through without payment.

"Payment! Payment for what? Look at my people; they are skin and bone. They are dying for want of food in your country. Brother, stand off, or these men will be smelling food for themselves, and I would not stop them."

He became outrageous; he called for his gun; his followers armed themselves. Observing matters getting

serious, I disposed as a precautionary measure twenty men as skirmishers in front of the road and ten in rear, leaving the goods and sick people in the centre. Word was then given to the powerful man that they had better not shoot, for our people were angry, and were very different from any they had seen, and nothing could stop them if they began; and it was possible they might eat every soul in Nsanda. I observed that the last sentence had a potent effect; the angry demonstrations were followed by a loud consultation; the loud consultation subsided into whispers, and soon the "powerful man" said "Enough," and we advanced towards each other, laughed, and shook hands heartily. At this juncture appeared the chief of the central village, who had furnished us with guides, and he, upon hearing of the intended injury to the Mundelé, insisted upon the "powerful man" bringing forth a gourd and jug and wash-basin full of palm-wine, and sealing our friendship by a "drink all round;" which was done, and I promised to send the "powerful man" a present of a bottle of rum from Embomma.

At 3 P.M., after a march of twelve miles, the van of the Expedition descended the slope of the high wood-covered ridge of Ikungu, whence the populous valley of Mbinda lay revealed. Half-way down the slope we camped, being in view of eighteen villages. The entire population of Mbinda—the valley, or basin, derives its name from the south-eastern ridge, which is called Mbinda—I roughly estimated at being about 3000 souls. Each of these villages bears a different name, but the entire number is under three chiefs, who are styled "kings," and are extremely absurd in their pomposity. The people are sufficiently amiable, but terribly extortionate and grasping, and so niggardly and close in trade that the Wangwana became more and more weakened. Fetishism is carried to an extraordinary extent. Idols of wood, tolerably well carved, are numerous, and the various ceremonies practised by these people would fill a volume. Some hideous and ghostly objects, with chalked bodies,

wearing skirts of palm-leaves or grass, hovered about at respectful distance, and I was told by the chief of Nsanda that they had been lately circumcised. Ground-nuts are the chief produce here, as well as of all the region from Manyanga of the Babwendé, because they are in demand by the merchants of Embomma. By means of the markets held alternately in each district, the ground-nuts are being brought from immense distances. But while their cultivation retards exploration, it proves that the natives are willing to devote themselves to any branch of agriculture that may be profitable. In former days the slave and the ivory-trade supported a vast portion of this region, but perceiving that slaves are not now in demand, and ivory not abundant enough to be profitable, the natives have resorted to the cultivation of ground-nuts for the supply of the Europeans at Embomma, palms for the sake of their intoxicating juice, and only a few small patches of beans, vetches, sweet potatoes, &c., for home consumption.

Close to our camp was a cemetery of a village of Mbinda. The grave-mounds were neat, and by their appearance I should judge them to be not only the repositories of the dead, but also the depositories of all the articles that had belonged to the dead. Each grave was dressed out with the various mugs, pitchers, wash-basins, teapots, kettles, glasses, gin, brandy, and beer bottles, besides iron skillets, kettles, tin watering-pots, and buckets: and above the mound thus curiously decorated were suspended to the branch of a tree the various net haversacks of palm-fibre in which the deceased had carried his ground-nuts, cassava bread, and eatables. The various articles of property thus exhibited, especially the useful articles, had all been purposely rendered useless, otherwise I doubt if, with all their superstition, thieves could have been restrained from appropriating them.

On the 6th we roused ourselves for a further effort, and after filing through several villages separated from each other by intervals of waste land, we arrived at

9 A.M. near Banza Mbuko. Haggard, woe-begone invalids, with bloated faces, but terribly angular bodies, we sought a quiet spot a mile beyond the outermost village of the settlement. Mbinda's wooded ridge was in view, and Ikungu's bearded summits were fast receding into distance and obscurity. Banza Mbuko seemed prosperous; the inhabitants appeared to be well fed, but, as though we were denizens of another world, nothing of warm sympathy could I detect in the face of any one of all those that gazed on us. Ah! in what part of all the Japhetic world would such a distressed and woeful band as we were then have been regarded with such hard, steel-cold eyes? Yet not one word of



MBINDA CEMETERY.

reproach issued from the starving people: they threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret, nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but with stony resignation surrendered themselves to rest, under the scant shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant, and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an older child: but the adults remained still and apparently lifeless, each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering. The youths, companions of Uledi, and the chiefs, sat in whispering groups,

removed from the sick and grieving, and darkly dotted the vicinity of the tent; the childless women were also seen by twos and threes far apart, discussing, no doubt, our prospects, for at this period this was the most absorbing topic of the camp.

Suddenly the shrill voice of a little boy was heard saying, "Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"

"What!—what!—what!" broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from amongst the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"Yes; it is true! it is true! La il Allah il Allah! Yes; el hamd ul Illah! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!"

Before many minutes, Uledi and Kachéché were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news, I translated the following letter:—

"EMBOMMA, " 6.30 A.M.,
 " ENGLISH FACTORY. " BOMA, 6th August, 1877.
 " H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

" Dear Sir

" Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 P.M. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you such articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about

them. That is all we need say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Embomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

“ Believe us to remain,

“ Your sincere friends,

“ HATTON & COOKSON.

(Signed)

“ A. DA MOTTA VEIGA.

“ J. W. HARRISON.”

Uledi and Kachéché then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them halfway, when they became frightened by the menaces of some of the natives of Mbinda, and deserted them. The four Wangwana, however, undertook the journey alone, and, following a road for several hours, they appeared at Bibbi after dark. The next day (the 5th), being told by the natives that Boma (to which Embomma was now changed) was lower down river, and unable to obtain guides, the brave fellows resolved upon following the Congo along its banks. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march over many hills, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the “Ingresa” (English), were shown to the factory of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, which was superintended by a Portuguese gentleman, Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, and Mr. John W. Harrison, of Liverpool. Kachéché, who was a better narrator than Uledi, then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.

By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson’s factory had approached, and all eyes

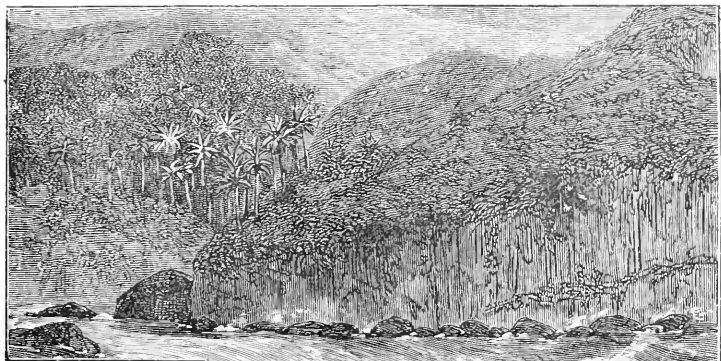
were directed at the pompous old "capitan" and the relief caravan behind him. Several of the Wangwana officiously stepped forward to relieve the fatigued and perspiring men, and with an extraordinary vigour tossed the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles—on the ground, except the demijohn of rum, which they called pombé, and handled most carefully. The "capitan" was anxious about my private stores, but the scene transpiring about the provisions was so absorbingly interesting that I could pay no attention as yet to them. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's licence, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wild wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the "hell of hunger." And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus —

"Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea."

"Enough now; fall to," said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditionally tossed full measures of rice and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where but half an hour previously all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw. But when the provisions had been all distributed, and the noggin of rum had been equitably poured into each man's cup, and the camp was in a state of genial excitement, and groups of dark figures discussed with

animation the prospective food which the hospitable fires were fast preparing, then I turned to my tent, accompanied by Ulédi, Kachéché, the capitan, and the tent-boys, who were, I suppose, eager to witness my transports of delight.

With profound tenderness Kachéché handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eyes as I glanced at the labels, by which



THE LAST RAPID.

the cunning
rogue read my
pleasure. Pale ale!
Sherry! Port wine!
Champagne! Several
loaves of bread, wheaten
bread, sufficient for a week.
Two pots of butter. A packet of tea!
Coffee! White loaf sugar! Sardines and salmon!
Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry
jam!

The gracious God be praised for ever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! It was only an hour before we had been living on the recollections of the few pea-nuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we

were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before my delighted eyes and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

When we all felt refreshed, the cloth bales were opened, and soon, instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire, the people were reeled with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want, the bare ribs, the sharp protruding bones were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow sunken cheeks and baggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze colour which distinguishes the well-fed African.

My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union which we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter:—

“BANZA MBUKO, *August 6, 1877.*

“MESSRS. A. DA MOTTA VEIGA AND J. W. HARRISON,
EMBOMMA, CONGO RIVER.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me, wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye gods! just think of it—three bottles pale ale!), besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store—and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

“For the next twenty-four hours we shall be too busy

eating to think of anything else much: but I may say that the people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, 'Verily, our master has found the sea, and his brothers, but we did not believe him until he showed us the rice and the pombé (rum). We did not believe there was any end to the great river: but God be praised for ever, we shall see white people to-morrow, and our wars and troubles will be over.'

"Dear Sirs—though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness, when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, 'Master, we are saved!—food is coming!' The old and the young—the men, the women, the children—lifted their wearied and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honour of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my attempts at composure.

"Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go is the very earnest prayer of

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY,

"Commanding Anglo-American
Expedition."

At the same hour on the morning of the 7th that we resumed the march, Kachéché and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter. Then, surmounting a ridge, we beheld a grassy country barred with seams of red clay in gullies, ravines, and slopes, the effects of rain, dipping into basins with frequently broad masses of plateau and great dyke-like ridges between, and in the distance south-west of us a lofty, tree-clad hill-range, which we were told we should have to climb before descending to N'lamba N'lamba, where we proposed camping.

Half an hour's march brought us to a market-place,

where a tragedy had been enacted a short time before the relief caravan had passed it the day previous. Two thieves had robbed a woman of salt, and, according to the local custom which ordains the severest penalties for theft in the public mart, the two felons had been immediately executed, and their bodies laid close to the path to deter others evilly disposed from committing like crimes.

At noon we surmounted the lofty range which we had viewed near Banza Mbuko, and the aneroid indicated a height of 1500 feet. A short distance from its base, on two grassy hills, is situate N'lamba N'lamba, a settlement comprising several villages, and as populous as Mbinda. The houses and streets were very clean and neat; but, as of old, the natives are devoted to idolatry, and their passion for carving wooden idols was illustrated in every street we passed through.

On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safu, over a sterile, bare, and hilly country, but the highest ridge passed was not over 1100 feet above the sea. Uledi and Kachéché returned at this place with more cheer for us, and a note acknowledging my letter of thanks.

In a postscript to this note, Mr. Motta Veiga prepared me for a reception which was to meet me on the road halfway between N'safu and Boma; it also contained the census of the European population, as follows:—

“ Perhaps you do not know that in Boma there are only eleven Portuguese, one Frenchman, one Dutchman, one gentleman from St. Helena, and ourselves (Messrs. Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison), Messrs. Hatton and Cookson being in Liverpool, and the two signatures above being names of those in charge of the English factory here.”

On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization.

From the bare rocky ridges of N'safu there is a perceptible decline to the Congo valley, and the country becomes, in appearance, more sterile—a sparse popula-





tion dwelling in a mere skeleton village in the centre of bleakness. Shingly rocks strewed the path and the waste, and thin sere grass waved mournfully on level and spine, on slope of ridge and crest of hill; in the hollows it was somewhat thicker; in the bottoms it had a slight tinge of green.

We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness such as were given by fine linen and twills.

A buzz of wonder ran along our column.

Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white — ay, truly white men!

As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. Poor pagan Africans — *Rwoma* of *Uzinja*, and man-eating tribes of the *Livingstone*! The whole secret of their wonder and curiosity flashed upon me at once. What arrested the twanging bow and the deadly trigger of the cannibals? What but the weird pallor of myself and Frank! In the same manner the sight of the pale faces of the *Embonma* merchants gave me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale colour, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburnt, dark.

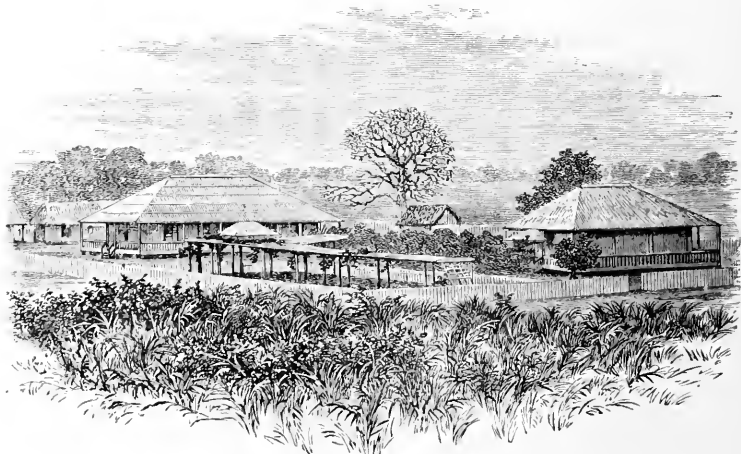
On the 11th, at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid claspings of friendly hands, we embarked. An hour before sunset the “big iron canoe,” after a descent of about thirty-five miles, hauled in shore, on the right bank, and made fast to the pier of another of *Hatton* and *Cookson’s* factories at *Ponta da Lenha*, or *Wooded Point*. Two or three other Portuguese factories are in close neighbourhood to it, lightening the gloom of the background of black mangrove and forest.

After a very agreeable night with our hospitable English host, the *Kabinda* was again under way.

The puissant river below Boma reminded me of the scenes above Uyanzi; the colour of the water, the numerous islands, and the enormous breadth recalled those days when we had sought the liquid wildernesses of the Livingstone, to avoid incessant conflicts with the human beasts of prey in the midst of Primitive Africa, and at the sight my eyes filled with tears at the thought that I could not recall my lost friends, and bid them share the rapturous joy that now filled the hearts of all those who had endured and survived.

A few hours later and we were gliding through the broad portal into the Ocean, the blue domain of civilization !

Turning to take a farewell glance at the mighty River on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I saw it approach, awed and humbled, the threshold of the watery immensity, to whose inameasurable volume and illimitable expanse, awful as had been its power, and terrible as had been its fury, its flood was but a drop. And I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest River to its Ocean bourne.



KABINDA, OUR LAST RESTING PLACE.

CHAPTER XIX.

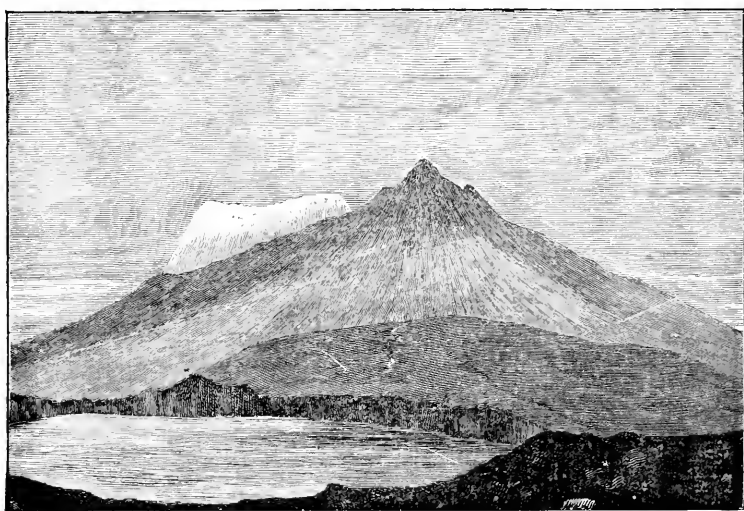
MASAI LAND.

ONE of the most successful of recent travellers in Africa is Mr. Joseph Thomson, who has a right to boast that during his 20,000 miles journeyings over the Continent, he has never shed a drop of blood. His first journey was undertaken when he was only twenty years of age. He went out under the leadership of the late Mr. Keith Johnston. But Mr. Johnston died soon after leaving the East Coast, and Mr. Thomson, little more than a boy, was left in command. Without hesitation, he pushed onwards; past the north end of Lake Nyanza he made for Lake Tanganika, and after exploring the unknown countries to the west, returned to the coast with a vast budget of new information. So successful was the expedition, that in 1882 he was commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to undertake an exploration in the region lying between the East Coast and Victoria Nyanza, the country partly inhabited by the dreaded Masai. There also Mr. Thomson met with remarkable success, opening up many hundreds of miles of new country, and bringing back information concerning its remarkable lakes and mountains. One of the most striking features of the region is the snow-capped mountain Kilimanjaro, and Mr. Thomson's account of the mountain is worth quoting.

Kilimanjaro, in its horizontal and vertical extension, may be described as a great, irregular, pear-shaped mass, with its major axis in a line running north-west and south-east, the tapering point running into the heart of the Masai country. On this line it is nearly sixty miles long. Its minor axis, running at right angles, reaches only to some thirty miles. As we have already had

occasion to remark, the mountain is divided into the great central mass of Kibo, and the lower conical peak of Kimawenzi. Towards the north-west it shades away into a long ridge which gradually tapers horizontally and vertically till it becomes merged in the Masai plain.

The southern aspect of this stupendous mountain (which Von der Decken by triangulation has ascertained to be little short of 19,000 feet at its highest point on Kibo) forms the country of Chaga, which may be de-



VIEW OF KILIMANJARO ACROSS LAKE CHALA.

scribed as a great platform, basement, or terrace, from which the dome and peak abruptly rise. This platform may be described as rising from 4000 to 6000 feet over ten miles of rounded ridges, and characterized by deep glens at its broadest part. The features of this region, though in themselves rich and pleasing in the extreme, and presenting a smiling aspect with variegated plantations, yet somewhat detract from the imposing grandeur of the mountain, as the eye has to wander a distance of more than fifteen miles, before Kibo, at a height of some 12,000 feet, springs precipitously heavenward.

It is from the north side, however (and here we must anticipate the course of our narrative, that the grandest view of the whole mountain can be obtained. Standing a short distance off on the great Njiri plain, we see the entire mountain horizontally and vertically, without moving the head. Rising from the almost level sandy plain at an altitude of about 3000 feet, it springs at an even angle to a sheer height of 15,000 feet, unbroken by a single irregularity or projecting buttress. No cones or hills diversify its surface. Neither gorge nor valley cuts deep into its sides. You see on your left the great cone of Kimawenzi with only one or two slight indentations sweeping round in a saddle-shaped depression, to spring up into a dome of the most perfect proportions, curving over as if projected by an architect's hand, rather than that of nature, which abhors unbroken lines.

The snow-cap shows here to great advantage, forming a close-fitted, glittering helmet artistically laid on the massive head of Kibo, and at times looking not unlike the aureole, as represented in many old pictures of saints, as it scintillates with dazzling effect under the tropical sun. The resemblance to an aureole is made all the more complete by the manner in which long tongues or lines of snow extend down the mountain side, filling up a series of seams or flutings, formed, doubtless, by the erosive action of the melting snow, which, going on incessantly, counterbalances the continuous fall. Here still more than on the south side is Kilimanjaro lacking in the picturesque. You are not startled or bewildered by a multiplicity of detail. The magnificent mass only suggests a divine repose and grandeur. It impresses you by its stupendous size. In contemplating it you experience much the same sensations as when you stand by the sea-side on a calm day, gazing into the boundless distance, filled by that dreamy, pleasing melancholy, rising into awe, with which many aspects of Nature inspire its votaries. Nature, indeed, seems to consider this spectacle too sacred to be always seen, and keeps it, as a rule, enveloped in soft, grey mists and stratus clouds. Occasionally its godlike presence is revealed as it greets

the dawning sun and bathes in the rich hues and crimson glows of its early rays, to be immediately after hidden by a weird, ghost-like haze, which suddenly springing up no larger than the hand, spreads with remarkable rapidity, till nothing but a blank expanse of grey meets the gaze. And yet the scene does not always close thus ; for not uncommonly the upper part of Kibo is descried away up in mid-heaven, cut off apparently from all earthly connection, shining clear and bright with dazzling effulgence, suggesting a sight of the very heavens opened, a marvel of whiteness, and most fitting emblem of ethereal purity. This certainly is the most striking spectacle presented by Kilimanjaro. As seen projected against the upper sky like a mirage, it gives the spectator the notion of stupendous height, and as I have already said, all that he can whisper to himself is the awe-struck words of the Masai warrior, "Ngajé Ngăi !" (The House of God.)

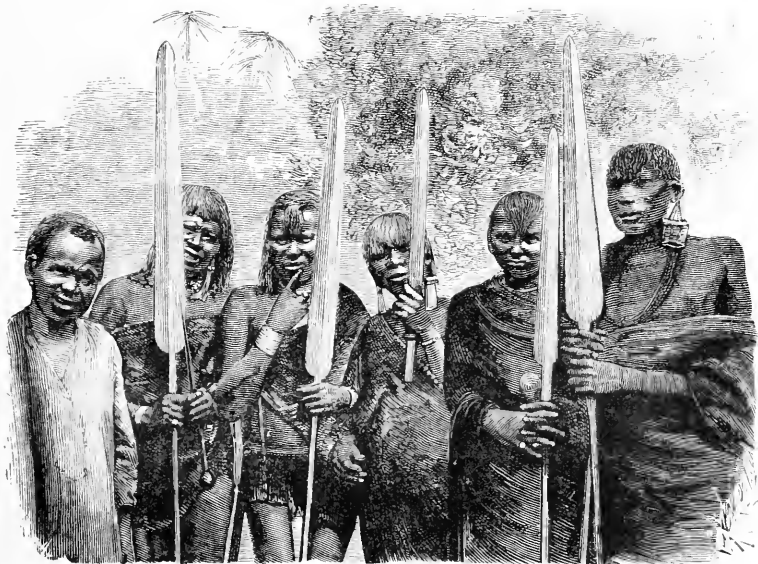
Highly interesting is Mr. Thomson's description of Masai Land, and of the life of the Masai warrior :—

The Masai country is very markedly divided into two quite distinct regions, the southerly, or lower desert area, and the northerly or plateau region. The southerly is comparatively low in altitude, that is to say, from 3000 to nearly 4000 feet. It is sterile and unproductive in the extreme. This is owing, not to a barren soil, but to the scantiness of the rainfall, which for about three months in the year barely gives sufficient sustenance to scattered tufts of grass. The acacia and mimosa have almost sole possession of those dreary plains, except near the base of some isolated mountain, or other highland where small rivulets trickle down, to be speedily absorbed in the arid sands. No river traverses this region, and many parts are covered with incrustations of natron, left by the evaporation of salt-charged springs. We have seen something of this lower region in the flat reach of Njiri, and the forbidding desert of Dogilani.

It is not, however, to be conceived as a monotonous level. Far from it. The colossal Kilimanjaro, and the conical Mount Meru belong to it. The hills of Geléi

and the Guaso N'Ebor circle round in the form of an amphitheatre, to meet the metamorphic masses of Ndapduk and Donyo Erok. Further to the west and north are the volcanic masses of Donyo Engäi, Donyo la Nyitki, and Donyo Logonot, with the hills of Nguruma-ni.

Except in the immediate vicinity of the higher mountains, such as Mount Meru and Donyo Engäi, the country is a large extent uninhabited. To summarize



MASAI WARRIORS.

this tract we may say that it is triangular in general shape, the apex towards the north reaching to within thirty miles of the equator, and extending beyond to Baringo as a species of trough or deep, irregular cutting. The Masai are only to be found at all seasons about such favourable situations as the base of Kilimanjaro, Mount Meru, Ndapduk, Geläi, Kisongo, to the west of Meru, Donyo Engäi, and along the edge of the plain at the bases of the bordering highlands Mañ and Kaptè.

The country is sufficiently characterized when the fact

is stated that it is a region of later volcanic activity, which in a very recent geological period has produced the cones and craters already referred to. These results of volcanic energy may, to some extent, be accounted for—though the statement may seem to savour of reasoning in a circle—by the lower region as an area of depression having subsided or sunk from the higher level of the flanking table-lands.

The northerly or higher plateau region of Masai Land may be described as rising from an elevation of nearly 5000 feet on either side, and culminating in the centre at an elevation of little short of 9000 feet—although through this very line of highest elevation runs from the Dogilani plain the remarkable meridional trough which encloses the charming chain of isolated lakes, Naivasha, Elmeteita, Nakuro, and Baringo; and which, at the last-named place, begins to widen out till it assumes the characteristics of the southerly plain of Masai Land.

On the eastern half of this divided plateau rises, as we have seen, the snow-clad peak of Kenia—and the picturesque range of the Aberdare Mountains, which runs almost parallel with the central line of depression. A more charming region is probably not to be found in all Africa, probably not even in Abyssinia. Though lying at a general elevation of 6000 feet, it is not mountainous, but extends out in billowy, swelling reaches, and is characterized by everything that makes a pleasing landscape. Here are dense patches of flowering shrubs; there noble forests. Now you traverse a park-like country enlivened by groups of game; anon, great herds of cattle, or flocks of sheep and goats are seen wandering knee-deep in the splendid pasture. There is little in the aspect of the country to suggest the popular idea of the Tropics. The eye rests upon coniferous trees, forming pine-like woods, and you can gather sprigs of heath, sweet-scented clover, anemone, and other familiar forms. In vain you look for the graceful palm—ever present in the mental pictures of the untraveller. The country is a very network of babbling



brooks and streams—those of Lykipia forming the mysterious Guaso Nyiro : those of Kikuyu the Tana, which flows to the Indian Ocean through the Galla country ; while further south in Kaptè the streams converge to form the Athi River, which flows through U-kambani to the Sabaki River.

Kikuyu occupies the higher areas of the eastern half of the plateau, cutting across it immediately south of the equator. Some of the higher parts are covered with a dense forest of bamboo ; notably to the east of Naivasha, and between it and the Aberdare Mountains. Hence the Swahili name of one recruiting-place—Mianzi-ni (Bamboo Country).

The greater part of Lykipia—and that the richer portion—is quite uninhabited, owing, in a great degree to the decimation of the Masai of that part through their intestine wars—a fact that has caused them to retreat from the northerly districts, which are in dangerous proximity to the Wa-sūk.

The Masai country, so called, may be said to include the area lying between 1° N. lat., and 5° S. In breadth it is very irregular ; but if we say that the average is 90 miles, we shall be pretty near the truth. In this, however, we are including several isolated areas occupied either by tribes wholly different from the Masai, or by the agricultural Wa-kwafi, who are mere offshoots of the Masai.

The rainfall is very small over the greater part of this large area. Only an approximate guess, of course, can be given—but I think I am within the mark in placing the rainfall of the lower desert region at fifteen inches, and the higher plateau areas at from thirty to forty inches in the year. During the fourteen months in which I travelled in that region my caravan was not caught ten times on the march by rain,—a striking contrast to my experience in the region further south, where, for weeks together, rain was incessant. The rains are almost entirely confined to February, March, and April. The consequence of this insignificant rainfall is, as we have seen, that the lower plains are practically desert,

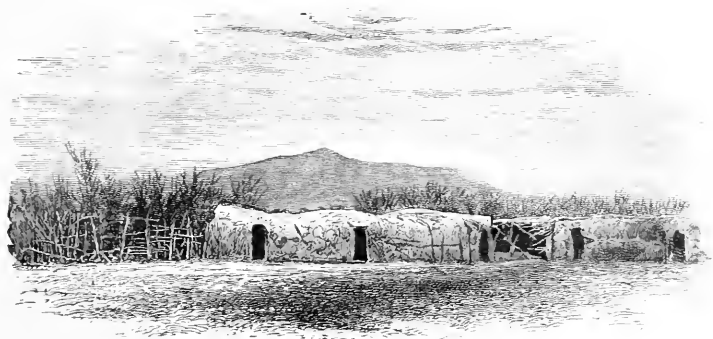
though the soil is of the richest nature. There are absolutely no marshes, with their physical discomforts and poisonous exhalations breeding disease and death. The air is dry and invigorating, and, though the days are hot, yet the breezes blow with refreshing coolness, and a night of low temperature—and even frequently of intense cold—braces one up for the fatigues of the garish day. The contrast, indeed, is felt to be just a little too great, when you rise, shivering, in the morning, to see the grass covered with hoar frost, and then in the afternoon find yourself perspiring in the airiest of costumes, under a shady bush, with the temperature above 90° Fahr. The air, however, being so dry, I felt no inconvenience from these abrupt changes, and it was simply wonderful to see how the men would lie in the open air without a shred of clothing, and with the temperature at the freezing point.

At the high altitudes of this plateau region, hail-storms of very great violence are of frequent occurrence, more particularly in the neighbourhood of the Aberdare Mountains. More than once caravans have been overtaken by them while on the march, and great numbers of the men killed by the exposure; for the damp cold is singularly fatal to the coast natives, who, under its influence, drop down paralysed, apparently utterly unable to make the slightest exertion to better themselves. On these occasions you may beat them with a stick till you are tired, but they will simply put their heads between their knees like an obstinate donkey, and whine out, “Si wezi,” “Si wezi” (I am not able). On my return march at Mianzi-ni, to the east of Naivasha, one of these storms came on, accompanied with thunder and lightning of appalling fury and violence. The hail fell continuously for hours, and when it ceased the country was actually white, and remained so all night. If we had been caught out in that storm, without huts, I question very much if ten men would have survived. As it was, so utterly paralysed were they, that even in their huts they allowed their fires to go out, and they had literally to be compelled to bestir themselves.

So much for Masai Land. Let us now take up the deeply interesting subject of the inhabitants.

In dealing with the manners and customs of this remarkable race, I think I shall best picture them to the reader not by describing them in catalogue fashion, but by setting forth the prominent facts in the life history of a male and female Masai, tracing their career in the various epochs of their savage existence, and trying to understand their ideas of man and nature, and their sociological relations.

Very many years ago, a matron of the Masai lay in what is pleasingly described as an "interesting condition." Her environment was not of a luxurious or



MASAI KRAAL.

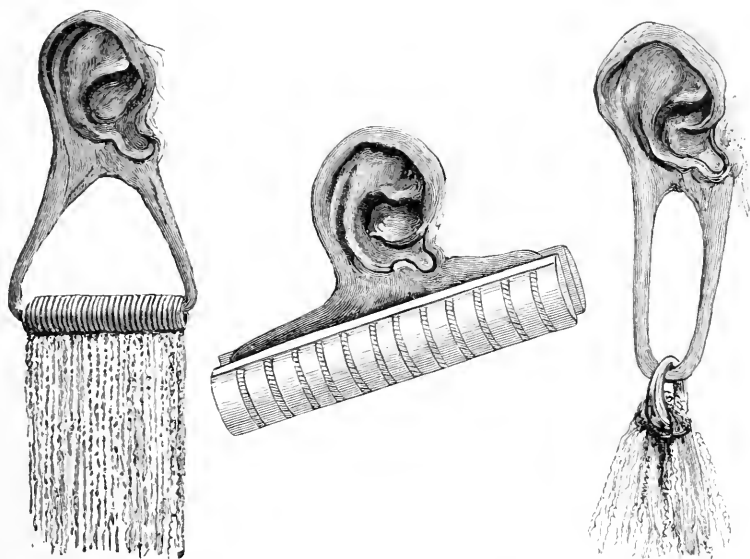
even comfortable nature. She lay on no better a bed than a dressed bullock's hide spread on the bare ground. The hut which protected her from the blazing sun or the cold night was not built on sanitary principles, and was not commodious. It reached a maximum height of three feet and a half, and might be nine feet long by five feet broad. It was constructed of boughs bent over and interwoven together, forming a flat-roofed building with rounded corners. To keep out the wind, a composition of cow's-dung was liberally plastered over the boughs. This sufficed for the dry season, but for the rainy one a further covering of hides had to be laid upon it. The doorway was of the smallest, and stood at right angles

to the line of the house in the manner of a porch. The hut of the expectant Masai lady was one of a circle enclosing a considerable area in which the cattle were kept during the night. As this central space was never swept up, its condition may be better imagined than described. The smells were strikingly suggestive of the farmyard ; and, if the reader is so inclined, he may imagine some charming picture of full-uddered kine, with their mild eyes and expression of repose, as they chew contentedly the cud. For any such picture, however, I can accept no responsibility. Outside the circle of huts there extends a strong fence of thorns as a protection from wild beasts, and in case of an attack. Inside the hut were gathered together the gossips of the kraal, mingling so far as space permitted with calves and goats. A number of large calabashes lay in one corner, and a coarsely-made earthen cooking-pot in another. Fleas in thousands skipped about, and the midwives had their time well taken up with the myriads of flies which pertinaciously would insist on cultivating personal intimacy with them.

The anticipated event passed over safely. Indeed, the whole affair was hardly thought worthy of remark, except on the part of the mother, who heard with deep pleasure that her offspring was a boy. Girls are sadly at a discount among the Masai. They would always prefer to have boys, but happily Nature sees ahead a little, and takes care that a fair supply of girls is provided. As there is no registrar or birth column, I am totally unable to state when our hero first saw the light. That, however, is a small matter. No particular ceremonies marked the occasion, and the happy mother was about next day, attending to her household duties as if nothing unusual had happened, the little stranger being warmly ensconced on her back beneath the bullock's hide which formed the mother's garment.

Babies are babies everywhere, and for the first year or two, the embryo warrior grappled with the problem of life like a philosopher, as he sucked his mother's milk. Then he spoke. Having next found his legs, he grew

apace. Getting above mother's milk, he was soon exercising his incipient teeth on a huge chunk of beef. Now this was a very reprehensible indulgence on the part of our young friend, for it doubtless produced that unpleasant setting of the teeth which belongs to him in common with the whole of his race. The gums being tender, and the beef tough and leathery, the teeth acquired an outward projection unpleasant to behold, and, what was still worse, they seemed to become separated from each other, till they appeared as isolated fangs.



EAR STRETCHERS, AND EAR ORNAMENTS.

It was noticeable, also, that his gums were of a very dark blue colour. Neither of these characteristics, however, were any disadvantage to the young Masai, as in his country to be hideous is to be beautiful.

As a boy, Moran—for such we may call him for convenience's sake—was pleasing in the extreme—when his mouth was shut. He was the very ideal of an imp, and for diabolic versatility would doubtless have made an admirable page, such as were so much in vogue in former times. At a very early age Moran broke away from his

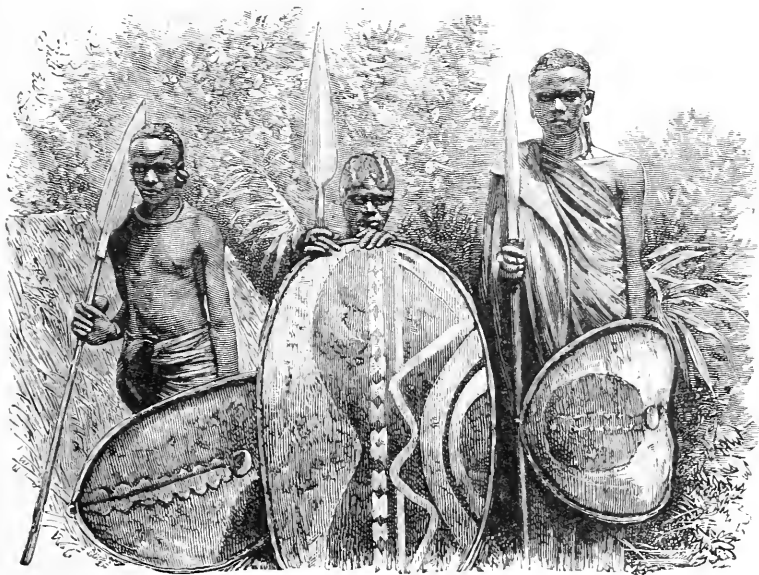
mother's apron-strings, and, with miniature bow and arrow aped the bigger boys in their play. As he had no linen to soil, he only roused his mother's laughter, if he turned up encrusted with filth. He was not even put through the horrors of the tub. Sometimes, however, his mother, in a fit of affection, and imbued with the belief that some day he would make a name for himself as a smasher of skulls and a lifter of cattle, would make up an unctuous and odoriferous composition of grease and clay, and anoint him therewith till he shone forth with a splendour dear to the Masai heart. On these occasions, he would strut forth with all the pride proper to a small boy who has just had a suit of new clothes.

And so life went on, and he was promoted to the rank of a boy proper. He was provided with a real bow and arrow. A square piece of sheepskin was tied over the left shoulder, leaving the legs quite bare. He now began to cultivate, not a moustache, but his ear-lobes; that is to say, he took means to stretch them out till they would almost touch his shoulder, and he could nearly put his fist through the distended portion. This is done by first putting a slender stick through the lobe, and gradually replacing it by a bigger, till a piece of ivory six inches long can be inserted lengthwise.

Our hero now looked longingly forward to the day when he should be a warrior; but meanwhile he must employ himself herding the goats and sheep. This was his first occupation. He had by this time acquired some notion of the geography of the country around, as his parents had not been stationary, having been compelled to move about from place to place according to the pasturage. The donkeys on these occasions conveyed their household gods, though his mother had to carry nearly as much, and build the hut after. He had also to accompany his parents in moving up from the plains to the highlands in the dry season, and *vice versa* in the wet season. Beyond these studies in practical geography his education proceeded in a very irregular fashion. He learned something of the mystery of the universe by hearing his elders continually howl out prayers by the

hour together to some unseen Being called Ngäi (God, or the heavens). He heard also that the place of Ngäi was among the eternal snows of Kilimanjaro, or that the thunders of Donyo Engäi (an active volcanic mountain) were His voice.

It is very pleasing to think of Moran at this period reclining under a bush or standing watchfully over his flock with one foot brought up to his knee, and supported by his bow, trying to penetrate the great problem as to the where, whence, and whither of life. We can



WARRIORS WITH BUFFALO-HIDE SHIELDS.

imagine him, appealing to his father to learn something about his origin, and this I believe is—among other stories—what he was told. The primal ancestor of the Masai was one Kidenoi, who lived at Donyo Egèrè (Mount Kenia), was hairy and had a tail. Filled with the spirit of exploration, he left his home and wandered south. The people of the country, seeing him shaking something in a calabash, were so struck with admiration at the wonderful performance that they brought him

women as a present. By these he had children, who, strangely enough, were not hairy, and had no tails, and these were the progenitors of the Masai. As Moran had not heard anything of the theories which were convulsing scientific Europe and America, he remained ignorant of the fact that he had struck upon an interesting legend which the *savants* of civilized society would have given their beards to have verified.

Meanwhile Moran practised with the spear, and killed innumerable imaginary enemies. He listened intently with beating heart to the stories of daring cattle raids and sanguinary fights, but as yet he could only dye his spear in the blood of an antelope, or, it might be, of a buffalo. His food still continued to be that of a non-fighter, namely, curdled milk, maize, or millet, and meat. But vegetable paste was the meat of women and children, and he loathed it, though he ate it.

As he approached the age of fourteen, he began to develop a truculent and ferocious expression, instead of making himself sick in the attempt to smoke a cigar, or examining his upper lip in the glass, as a lad of proper spirit in England would have done at the same age. It is quite laughable to think of Moran trying to look dangerous, pursing his brow, and generally cultivating the fiendish. And really, I am told he was the admiration and the envy of all the Leon (boys) of the district, and quite won the hearts of the girls.

At last it was agreed that Moran had become a man, and was fit to be a warrior. A certain rite, better known in Asia than Europe, was performed; and Moran was no longer a boy, he was an El-moran—a warrior. His father, who was wealthy, resolved to rig him out in the height of military fashion. For this purpose they journeyed to a neighbouring settlement of Andorobbo—a clan who are despised heartily by their distant relatives, the aristocratic Masai, on account of their ignoble mode of gaining a livelihood by the chase. After making the Andorobbo quake in their sandals, they chose a handsome shield of buffalo hide, beautifully made, elliptical in shape, and warranted to stand a tremendous blow from a

spear. The price being asked, a bullock was mentioned as the very lowest cost price. But the unfortunate maker had to be content with a scraggy sheep—and a blow. This purchase accomplished—for the Masai never make shields or spears, though there is nothing in the possession of which they pride themselves so much—they returned to the kraal, and then called for an El-konono. This is an inferior race kept in servitude to the Masai, for whom they make spears and swords. They do not go to war, and are not allowed to intermarry with their superiors. They all speak Masai, though it is believed they have a language of their own. In response to the call, a miserable, half-starved object appeared with a selection of most murderous-looking weapons. After a careful examination Moran selected a spear, with a blade two feet and a half long, a wooden handle fifteen inches, and a spike at the end about one foot and a half. The blade had an almost uniform width of from two to three inches, up to near the top, where it abruptly formed a point. A sword and a knoberry of formidable appearance completed his warlike equipment.

These important acquisitions made, our hero now proceeded to dress himself up as became his new character. He first worked his hair into a mop of strings, those falling over the forehead being cut shorter than the rest. Instead of the ivory ear-stretcher hitherto used, he put in a swell ear ornament formed of a tassel of iron chain. Round his neck he put a bracelet of coiled wire, and round his wrists a neatly formed bead mitten. On his ankles he bound a strip of the black hair of the *colobus* (monkey) of Central Africa. A glorious layer of grease and clay was plastered on his head and shoulders. This completed, he donned a very neat and handsomely decorated kid-skin garment, of very scanty dimensions, which served to cover his breast and shoulders, but hardly reached below the waist, and thus stood forth the complete military masher, ready for love or war.

And now the great step of his life was taken. Thus far he had lived in the kraal of the married people, and accordingly had to comport himself as “only a boy.”

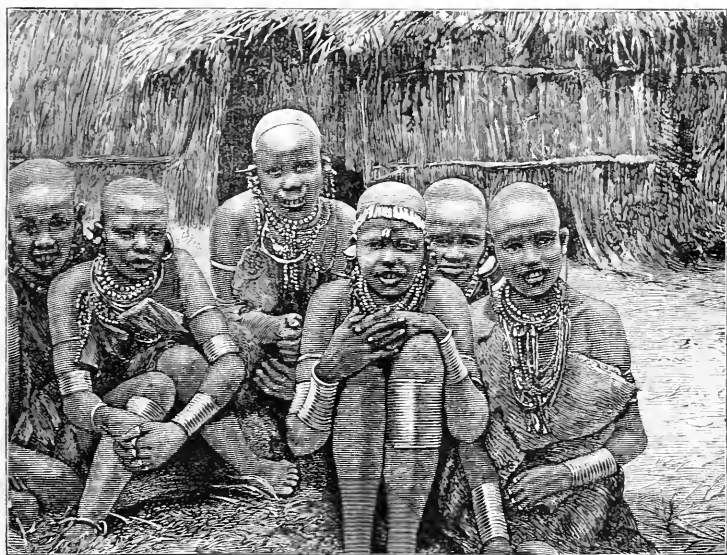
Now he proceeded to a distant kraal, in which were none but young, unmarried men and women. To keep up his dignity and supply him with food, his father supplied him with a number of bullocks. Reaching the kraal, our young friend found himself among a large number of splendidly built young savages—indeed the most magnificently modelled men conceivable. And here let me for the moment pause in my story to indulge in a passing word of description.

There is, as a rule, not one of the El-moran under six feet (I am speaking of a superior clan). Their appearance, however, is not suggestive of great strength, and they show little of the knotted and brawny muscle characteristic of the ideal Hercules or typical athlete. The Apollo type is the more characteristic form, presenting a smoothness of outline which might be called almost effeminate. In most cases the nose is well raised and straight, frequently as good as any European's (though passing into the negro type in the lower class, such as Wa-kwafi). The lips also vary from the thin and well-formed down to the thick and everted. The eyes are bright, with the sclerotic whiter than is common in Africa. The slits are generally narrow, with a Mongolian upward slant. The jaws are rarely prognathous, while the hair is a cross between the European and the negro, rarely in piles, but evenly spread over the head. Hair is scarcely in any case seen on the face or any part of the body. The cheek-bones are in all remarkably prominent, and the head narrow both above and below. The teeth and gums of almost every one are such as I have already described, though I think I have neglected to mention that the two lower middle incisors are extracted. Tattooing is not practised, though every Masai is branded with five or six marks on the thigh.

Such are the main characteristics of the El-moran; but before we resume our narrative, let us note a few facts about the young damsels—the Ditto—who are soon to be flirting with our hero.

Happily facts support the verdict of gallantry when I say that they are really the best-looking girls I have ever

met with in Africa. They are distinctly ladylike in both manner and physique. Their figures are slender and well formed, without the abnormal development about the hips characteristic of the negro. They share, like the men, the dark gums and the bad sets of teeth. The hair is shaved off totally, leaving a shiny scalp. As to dress, they are very decent, and almost classical, if a stinking greasy hide can have anything to do with things classical. They wear a dressed bullock's hide from which the hair has been scraped. This is tied over the left shoulder.



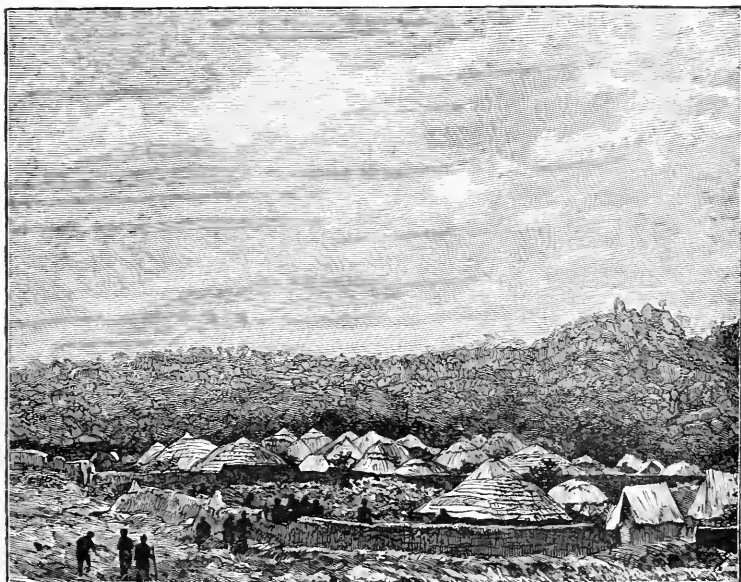
MASAI GIRLS.

passing under the right arm. A beaded belt confines it round the waist, leaving only one limb partly exposed. Frequently it is slipped off the shoulder, and depends entirely from the waist, leaving the bosom exposed. Their ornaments are of a very remarkable nature. Round the legs from the ankles to the knees, telegraph wire is coiled closely in spiral fashion. So awkward is this ornament that the wearer cannot walk properly, she cannot sit down or rise up like any other human being, and she cannot run. Round the arms she has wire similarly

coiled both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more iron wire is coiled—in this case, however, horizontally—till the head seems to sit on an inverted iron salver. When these ornaments are once on they must remain till finally taken off, as it requires many days of painful work to fit them into their places. They chafe the ankles excessively, and evidently give much pain. As they are put on when very young, the calf is not allowed to develop, and the consequence is, that, when grown up, the legs remain at an uniform thickness from ankle to knee—mere animated stilts, in fact. The weight of this armour varies according to the wealth of the parties, up to thirty pounds. Besides the iron wire great quantities of beads and iron chains are disposed in various ways round the neck.

Such, then, were the people that now greeted Moran, who, being a novice, had to suffer a good deal of chaff from both sexes. He was, however, soon initiated into the mysteries of a warrior kraal, and had seen a bit of life. The strictest diet imaginable was the rule. He had to be content with absolutely nothing but meat and milk. Tobacco or snuff, beer or spirits, vegetable food of all kinds, even the flesh of all animals except cattle, sheep, and goats, were alike eschewed. To eat any of those articles was to be degraded—to lose caste; to be offered them was to be insulted in the deepest manner. As if these rules were not strict enough, he must needs not be seen eating meat in the kraal, neither must he take it along with milk. So many days were devoted entirely to the drinking of new milk, and then when carnivorous longings came over him he had to retire with a bullock to a lonely place in the forest, accompanied by some of his comrades, and a Ditto to act as cook. Having solemnly made certain that there was no trace of milk left on their stomachs by partaking of an extremely powerful purgative—they killed the bullock either with a blow from a rungu, or by stabbing it in the back of the neck. They then opened a vein and drank the blood fresh from the animal. This proceeding of our voracious young friends was a wise though repulsive one, as the

blood thus drunk provided the salts so necessary in the human economy ; for the Masai do not partake of any salt in its common form. This sanguinary draught concluded, they proceeded to gorge themselves on the flesh, eating from morning till night—and keeping their cook steadily at work. The half-dozen men were quite able to dispose of the entire animal in a few days, and then they returned to the kraal to resume their milk diet.



MASAI VILLAGE.

If they lived an ascetic life in the matter of food, they could not be said to do so in other ways. Life in the warriors' kraal, as may easily be conceived, was promiscuous in a remarkable degree. They may, indeed, be described as a colony of free lovers. Curiously enough, the "sweetheart" system was largely in vogue ; though no one confined his or her attentions to one only. Each girl, in fact, had several sweethearts, and, what is still stranger, this seemed to give rise to no jealousy. The most perfect equality prevailed between the Ditto and

El-moran, and in their savage circumstances it was really pleasant to see how common it was for a young girl to wander about the camp with her arm round the waist of a stalwart warrior.

Till a war-raid was planned, Moran, our interesting *protégé*, found he had nothing to do but make acquaintances and amuse himself with the girls. His cattle were looked after by some poor menials, and though the kraal was stationed near a dangerous neighbour, yet no fighting took place. It was, however, a rule in the warrior kraals that no fence for protection was allowed, hence the utmost vigilance had to be exercised. Moran thus in the course of his duty had frequently to act as watch. At other times he practised various military evolutions. Unlike negro tribes, they led what might be called a serious life. They had no rollicking fun, no moonlight dancing, no lively songs, no thundering drums. No musical instrument whatsoever enlivened the Masai life, and their songs were entirely confined to such occasions as the return home from a successful raid, or the invocation of the deity. As soon as darkness fell upon the land, the guard was appointed, the cattle milked, and everything hushed up in silence.

Shortly after joining the kraal, Moran was called upon to record his vote in the election of a *Lytumu* and a *Lygonani*. The *Lytumu* is a warrior elected by a number of kraals as their captain or leader, with absolute power of life and death. He is their judge in cases of dispute. He directs their battles, though curiously enough, he does not lead his men, but like the general of a civilized army, he stands aside and watches the progress of the fight under the direct command of the *Lygonani*. If, however, he sees symptoms of his men wavering, he forthwith precipitates himself with his body-guard into the battle. Of course he holds his office purely on sufferance, and if he fails to give satisfaction he is summarily deposed. This, indeed, is almost the only attempt at a form of government. Each war-district elects its own *Lytumu*. The *Lygonani*, again,

is a very different personage. He is the public pleader of a kraal, leads and guides the debate in cases of dispute. To be such arrogant and pugnacious savages, the Masai are the most remarkable speakers and debaters imaginable. In some American novels we have the Indian belauded for his eloquence and dignity, but commend me to the Masai for grace and oratorical power, for order and decorum in debate; and, indeed, for most of the good qualities which in these days are conspicuous by their absence in our own House of Talking. Not that their genius in this line is always worthily applied; for in their finical persistency in talking out a question they might even beat our Parliamentary Obstructionists. They will spend days discussing the most trivial question—nothing, indeed, can be settled without endless talk. But we must proceed with our history.

The *Lytunu* and *Lygonani* having been elected, a raid to the coast was determined on. For a month they devoted themselves to an indispensable, though somewhat revolting, preparation. This consisted in their retiring in small parties to the forest, and there gorging themselves with beef. This they did under the belief that they were storing up a supply of muscle and ferocity of the most pronounced type. This strange process being finished, and the day fixed on, the women of the kraal went outside before sunrise, with grass dipped in the cream of a cow's milk. Then they danced and invoked Ngai for a favourable issue to the enterprise, after which they threw the grass in the direction of the enemy. The young men spent several hours at their devotions, howling out in the most ludicrous street-singer fashion, "Aman Ngäi-äi! Aman Mbaratien!" ("We pray to God! We pray to Mbaratien!"). Previous to this, however, a party had been sent to the chief lybon of the Masai—Mbaratien—to seek advice as to the time of their start, and to procure medicines to make them successful. On their return the party mustered, and set off. It was a remarkable sight to behold these bloated young cut-throats on the march, and it

is almost an impossibility to convey any clear picture of their appearance in words.

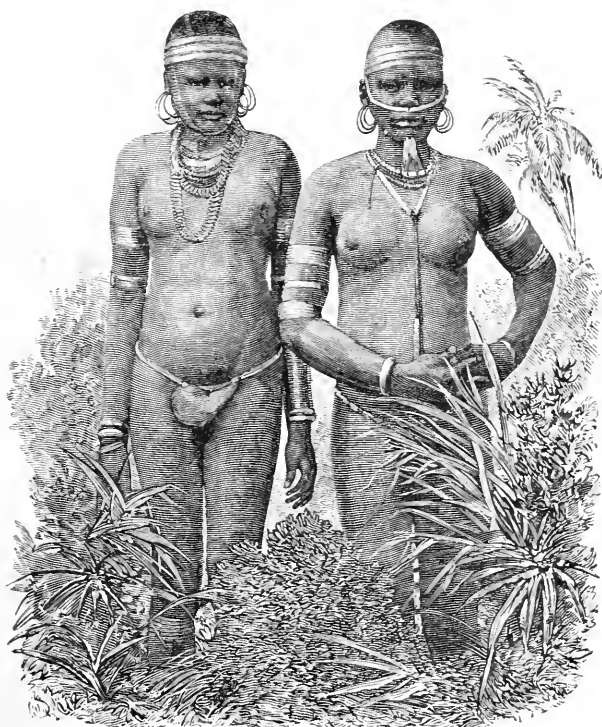
Let us pause and in imagination watch some enthusiastic young ditto buckling on the armour of her knight. First there is tied round his neck, whence it falls in flowing lengths, the *naiberè*, a piece of cotton, six feet long, two feet broad, and a longitudinal stripe of coloured cloth sewed down the middle of it. Over his shoulders is placed a huge cape of kites' feathers—a regular heap of them. The kid-skin garment which hangs at his shoulder is now folded up, and tied tightly round his waist like a belt, so as to leave his arms free. His hair is tied into two pigtails, one before and one behind. On his head is placed a remarkable object formed of ostrich feathers stuck in a band of leather, the whole forming an elliptically-shaped head-gear. This is placed diagonally in a line beginning under the lower lip and running in front of the ear to the crown. His legs are ornamented with flowing hair of the colobus, resembling wings. His bodily adornment is finished off by the customary plastering of oil. His *simè* or sword is now attached—it does not hang—to his *right* side; and through the belt is pushed the skull-smasher or knobkerry, which may be thrown at an approaching enemy, or may give the quietus to a disabled one. His huge shield in his left hand and his great spear in his right complete his extraordinary equipment. For the rest you must imagine an Apollo-like form and the face of a fiend, and you have before you the beau-ideal of a Masai warrior. He takes enormous pride in his weapons, and would part with everything he has rather than his spear. He glories in his scars, as the true laurel and decorative marks of one who delights in battles.

With astonishing hardihood, Moran and his comrades, thus terribly arrayed, shaped their course towards Swahili-land; for, strangely enough, they have found that they can lift the cattle with greater impunity there than anywhere else—in spite of the Swahili guns and a large population. The reason is the complete absence of any-





thing like patriotism or public spirit among the coast people. Their argument is that they receive no benefit from the cattle of their neighbours. "We get neither meat nor milk," they say; "why, therefore, should we fight for the preservation of your cattle?" With a consummate knowledge of the region, the Masai warriors threaded their way by special pathways, passing Taveta.



DAUGHTERS OF A MASAI CHIEF.

and crossing the Nyika. Nearing the coast, they stowed themselves away in the bush, while a few of the bravest went forward to spy out the land, knowing, however, full well that the very sight of one of their number was quite sufficient to stampede a hundred Wa-nyika or Wa-digo. Sadi, indeed, told me that on one occasion he actually met some of these spies *in the town of Mombasa at midnight*. This is, I think, doubtful, but it shows

what they are considered capable of; and there can be no doubt as to the astonishing hardihood of these scouts. Stories are continually heard to that effect, thus rendering the Masai a terror in the land; and it is a fact that they have even reached Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar.

The raid was, of course, successful, and our savage friends returned in great glee. On reaching their homes, however, matters had to be squared up, and the spoil divided. So many head of the captured cattle were set apart as the portion of the lybon Mbaratien, who had directed them so well, and whose medicines had been so potent. Then followed a sanguinary scene over the apportionment of the remainder. There was no attempt at a fair division. The braver men and bullies of the party, consulting only their own desires, took possession of such cattle as pleased them, and dared the rest to come and seize them. The understood rule was that if any warrior could hold his own in single combat against all comers for three days, the cattle were his. And thus began the real fighting of the expedition, revealing sickening sights of savage ferocity. There were more warriors killed over the division of the spoil than in the original capturing of it. To kill a man in this manner was considered all fair and above board. Blood feuds were unknown, a man not being considered worth avenging who could not hold his own life safe. If, however, a man was murdered treacherously, the criminal had to pay forty-nine bullocks. Our young warrior, as he was only as yet winning his spurs, had to be content with the honour and glory of the raid, and he had the modesty not to pit himself against abler and more ferocious fighters. It must be remembered that the cattle thus captured did not remain the property of the successful warriors. A warrior can have no property, and hence they all became his father's.

The spoil being divided, the party were next able to do full honour to the men lost in the raid—those being considered worthy of all praise “who *rush* into the field, and foremost fighting *fall* ;” while men who die ignobly

at home are only worthy to be despised and thrown to the vultures. Hence the warriors howled and jumped into the air in the dance, till the dead were duly commemorated.

In this manner, Moran saw a good deal of fighting, and soon rose to fame in many a campaign to Ū-kambani, Galla-land, the Coast region, Sūk, Kavirondo, Elgumi, and Nandi. The two latter tribes proved to be the most difficult to deal with, the one from its great numbers, the other from its fighting powers.

Civil war next broke out, and he had to proceed to the assistance of his brethren of Naivasha, who were hard pressed by the Wa-kwafi. In these civil wars, the affair was gone about in a very civilized fashion. Sudden and unexpected attacks were not indulged in. A cause of war was first discovered—probably, as in more civilized countries, merely to keep their hands in or as an outlet for internal unrest. Preliminaries were then settled most amicably, and the stakes arranged. A place was next chosen as the field of battle, and to this all the warriors of the two districts came with their cattle and young women. As the fighting would be protracted, a truce was declared, while kraals were built in the opposing camps. A certain number then proceeded from both sides, and like gladiators in the arena, they closed in furious strife, spurred to deeds of daring by the women on both sides. The Wa-kwafi were the conquerors, and the cattle of the Masai fell into their hands; and following up their advantage, they nearly drove their brethren from the entire region.

As a mild relief, and a variation from these serious matters, it was the dearest delight of our swaggering young friend Moran to “draw the badger” in the person of the Swahili porters who might be meekly endeavouring to pass through his country. These he would dub “donkeys,” in allusion to their being burden-bearers like those interesting quadrupeds. He could keep the kraal in a roar of delight, as he described how he had frightened this one out of his wits, or spitted another on his spear, or smashed the skull of a third into jelly. The

senengè and the beads he received from the traders, he, of course, did not keep himself, but divided among his sweethearts of the kraal.

And so with war and women, life passed in happy fashion. His demeanour was serious, and his expression ferocious, though he acquired an aristocratic *hauteur* truly striking. He showed curiosity in a dignified manner. He rarely indulged in vulgar laughter, and smiling was hardly possible on a face which could only be called fiendish.

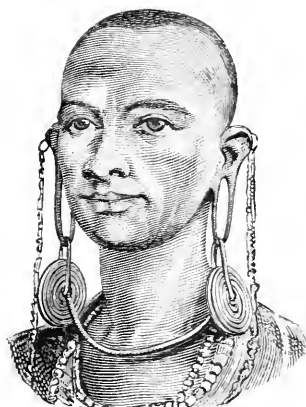
He passed some twenty years in this manner. At last his father was found to be on the point of death, and he was sent for. Shortly after his arrival, the old man succumbed. It was not thought necessary to recognize this commonplace occurrence in any way whatever, and therefore, Moran lost no time in picking up the corpse and throwing it outside the kraal. Next morning, he smiled grimly as, on going out, he kicked aside some freshly-picked bones, and glanced at some disgusting hyenas slinking away, in company with marabout storks, while vultures flapped grossly overhead.

He was now sole heir of his father's herds, for his younger brothers did not receive a single head of cattle, though they had captured in their raids considerable numbers of them. Any they might secure now, however, would be their own property. Moran decidedly preferred the free and easy life of the warrior's kraal, but, alas! he discovered, not that he was becoming bald or developing grey hairs, but that he could not take the regulation dose of purgative as formerly. From this, coupled with the fact that he could not take such liberties with his stomach, he gathered that he was not quite so strong as formerly. We can imagine how he would curse his luck and look fiendish on discovering this unpalatable truth. There was nothing for it but to marry, and become a staid and respectable member of society. He had sown his wild oats.

Casting about, he fixed upon a damsel after his heart. The preliminaries having been arranged—the number of bullocks to be paid, &c.—she was sealed to him.

Then an operation was performed on the damsel. Recovered from its effects, she had to wait till the calving season, as abundance of milk is an indispensable requisite in the honeymoon. Meanwhile, she allowed her hair to grow till it assumed the appearance of an old shoe-brush clotted up with blacking. Round the head she wore a band of cowries from which depended a number of strings, forming in fact the bridal veil. At last the happy day arrived, and the final seal was put upon the marriage by both parties disposing of their chain earrings, and substituting a double disc of copper-wire arranged spirally. The lady also shaved her head, laid aside the garment of the ditto, and clothed herself with two skins, one suspended from the waist, the other from the shoulder. Strangest of all, however, and strikingly indicative of the fact that he had exchanged the spear for the distaff, Moran had actually to wear the garment of a ditto for one month. Just imagine what fun it would be in this staid and dignified country of ours, if a young man had to spend his honeymoon in a cast-off suit of his wife's maiden clothes. What our friend's feelings were in this guise, I do not know, and this veracious chronicle does not admit of conjecture.

He was now wholly a changed being—as indeed who is not when he gets married? His strict rules of diet were abandoned, and, though meat and milk were still the main items of his eating, he could now vary it with vegetable food, obtained by his wife from neighbouring agricultural tribes. Luxuries, also, he might now indulge in. He sported a fancy snuff-box and tobacco-box of ivory or rhinoceros' horn, and delighted to rap up its contents as he handed it to a friend. He chewed tobacco



EAR ORNAMENTS—MARRIED WOMAN.

(mixed always with natron), though he never smoked. Then, as often as convenient, he liked to foregather with his friends, and have a jolly carouse over beer or mead.

It is pleasant to know that with this change in his mode of life there was a corresponding alteration (very much for the better) in his views of things. He delighted to talk with the traders whom before he had gloried in killing or annoying, and would in token of good-will cordially exchange the courtesies of life by spitting upon them and being spat upon. In his conversation he showed an intelligence far superior to any specimen of the Bantu tribes. He had no suspicions, and was communicative about his affairs and beliefs. He would even at times exercise a friendly guardianship of passing traders, and was able to ward off many a disaster by judicious warning. He was not stinted in his presents, and generally gave far more than he got. He has been known even to protect strayed porters, and tend sick men left behind.

The softening down of his ferocity reacted upon his face. The habitual scowl gradually died away, and was replaced by a more pleasing and genial expression. His thoughts turned more to the strange mystery of life. He, alas! had little that was cheering to look forward to. He believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, and yet had not the faintest conception of an after-life. Unlike the men of the Bantu races, he did not believe in ghosts or spirits. He had no theory of dreams, and did not imagine like the negro that when he dreamed he was really experiencing all that was passing through his brain, and that his soul or spirit was actually knocking around somewhere, having a good time of it, unclogged by his body. Moran believed nothing of that; indeed whether he had any idea on the subject, I have not been able to determine. When the man died, he was finished utterly, except so far as he might go piecemeal to build up the body of a hyena, a vulture, or a marabout stork. The Masai believe in annihilation. To bury a corpse would, they think, be to

poison the soil : it must be thrown to the wild beasts without ceremony.

In connection with the decided belief of the Masai in a God, it may be noted that they have also some minor deity called Neiterkob—apparently, as far as I could learn, an earth spirit. They have faith in witchcraft, though the power of the lybon, or medicine-man, lies not in any innate power of his own, but in his power of intercession with Ngäi, who works through him, and imparts magical virtues to various objects. Their conception of the Deity seems to be marvellously vague. I was Ngäi. My lamp was Ngäi. Ngäi was in the steaming holes. His house was in the eternal snows of Kilimanjaro. In fact, whatever struck them as strange or incomprehensible, that they at once assumed had some connection with Ngäi. Their prayers to him were incessant. Nothing could be done without hours of howling, whether it was to seek direction where to slaughter their enemies, or to ward off a disease. The most sacred thing among them is the grass. Held in the hand, or tied in a sprig to the dress, it is a sign of welcome and peace. Thrown at any one, or into some mysterious place, it is an invocation for a blessing on the person, or a propitiatory offering. Next to the grass comes the milk. No liberties may be taken with it. The milk must be drawn into calabashes specially reserved for its reception, into which water is not allowed to enter—*cleanliness* being ensured by wood-ashes. To boil it is a heinous offence, and would be accounted a sufficient reason for massacring a caravan. It is believed that the cattle would cease to give milk. The cows, it may be remarked, are never milked except in the dark.

Moran found married life sadly dull after his warrior experiences, and to kill time he accompanied one or two war-parties. But that was exceptional. His time henceforward was chiefly occupied in eternal and interminable discussions on the most trivial questions, or wandering long distances on visits to his friends, while his wife stayed at home to milk the cattle, or occasionally made journeys to neighbouring hostile tribes to

buy grain. She, however, was in her element when a caravan came round, and then she enjoyed the double pleasure of an intrigue and a lovely present of iron wire and beads.

In time Moran's first wife became old and ugly, and he took to himself a second—the former being stripped of all her iron wire for the purpose of decking the new comer. At last the day closed for both of them, and one after the other, they formed the subject of horrible hyenas' laughter. These fierce creatures, with the vultures and the storks, tore their flesh under the light of the moon. Nothing remained but a couple of grim skulls and some bloody bones when the sun rose over the grassy plain in the morning; and the young urchins of the kraal kicked them about and laughed as they threw them at one another.



MASAI MARRIED WOMAN.

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